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Portrait of L. V. H.

Your affectionate Father  
L. Vane Hall

THE AUTHOR  
OF  
"THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

An Autobiography.

*John Hall*

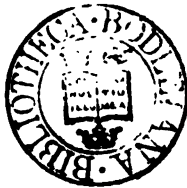
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NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS book is a genuine Autobiography. The MS. is so carefully written that scarcely a word needed correction, and I have abstained from editorial comments. My work has been simply that of selecting, from fourteen closely written large 4to volumes, those portions which I thought most likely to interest the reader, to illustrate impartially the character of the Autobiographer, and to accomplish his main object in writing.

If any reader should censure me for making the book too large, he might, could he see the quantity of material before me, give me some credit for self-restraint in publishing so little.

The repetition towards the end of the diary may appear tedious, but it is a faithful representation of the habitual character of the Autobiographer's penitence, gratitude and zeal; and may be a useful lesson of "patient continuance in well-doing."

I hope I shall be excused for having inserted a few, out of many, references to myself. To have excluded the whole would have been an affectation of modesty on my part, and would have implied an unnatural omission on that of my father.

If any reader is surprised that a son should publish a record of painful circumstances which half a century of godliness and philanthropy had obliterated from the memory of every one but the father who wrote it, my reply is—that the very love and reverence I cherish

towards that father demand, at any cost of personal feeling, the fulfilment of his own long cherished purpose. He often spoke of his diary, intimating that after his death it would be made public. It bears internal evidence of this intention. On several occasions he solemnly entrusted the task to myself. Having undertaken it at all, I was bound to execute it so as to accomplish his own object. All who knew him, and all who read his Autobiography, must feel that this object during nearly fifty years, was, by his own history, to magnify the mercy of God in the salvation of sinners. Knowing him only after his great deliverance, I feel pained in perpetuating a record of what is so contrary to the idea of him with which alone I am familiar. But no personal considerations would have justified the omission or even the softening down of his own language in relation to his earlier life. Moreover, as with the biographies of the bible, the record of the faults of God's saints is not the least profitable element in their history.

May he who, during life, was made so useful to multitudes, and who "being dead, yet speaketh," still, by the Divine blessing on this Autobiography, encourage desponding sinners to trust in the sinner's Friend, and stimulate many professed Christians to a life of more fervent love to God and more habitual zeal in his service.

NEWMAN HALL.

HAMPSTEAD, *February 1, 1865.*

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### RETROSPECTION.

Providential escapes—Youthful dissipation—Infidelity—Settlement at Worcester—Courtship and marriage. Age 32 . . .	PAGE 1
---	-----------

## CHAPTER II.

### CONFLICT AND DEFEAT.

DIARY—1810 to 1813. Smoke shops—Appeal of conscience—Intemperance — Escape — Conviction of sin — Repentance—Death of his mother—A member of the Methodist church—Trustee and Treasurer—Family and public prayer—Fall—Recovery—Repeated falls into sin—Anguish—Earnest prayer—Backsliding. Age 36 to 39 . . . . .	22
--	----

## CHAPTER III.

### CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

1814—1819. Penitence and pardon—Removal to Maidstone—Adam Clarke—Overcome—Power of tenderness—Defeated again—Temptation to suicide—The help of the Physician—Hope revived—Defeated again—Terrible conflict—Alternate failure and success—Spirits discontinued—Wine—Porter—Table-beer—Total abstinence—Victory—The snake. Age 40—45 . . . . .	34
--	----

## CHAPTER IV.

### DIARY. 1819—1821.

Fate of companions—The brand plucked—Temptation—Retrospect—Sabbath observance—Bible reading—Embezzlement—Sympathy—Dreams—"Bread upon the waters"—Disinterestedness. Age 45—47 . . . . .	65
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

### "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

1821. Origin of "The Sinner's Friend"—First edition of one thousand—First efforts at distribution—First copy rejected—Encouragement—Second edition of two thousand—The swearer—The resurrectionist—The dumb woman—The prison chaplain—Rowland Hill—Friend of James Covey—The poor
---



	PAGE
veteran—Answer to prayer—Dedication of first copies of new edition—W. Wilberforce—Le Fevre of "No Fiction"—Welsh edition—Williams the Missionary and Tahitian edition—Reprinted in America . . . . .	84

## CHAPTER VI.

## LABOURS FOR PRISONERS.

Dunk, the forger—Hartley, the murderer, &c. . . . .	105
---	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

## DIARY. 1822—1824.

Retrospect—Temptations—Prayer—Indwelling sin—Fiftieth birthday—A good hope—Recognition in heaven—A prayer—Isms—Scott's Bible—Happier than a king—The Tractors—Rev. H. Townley—Lord *'s conversion—Widow B. and others—The Scriptures. Age 48—50 . . . . .	126
---	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE METALLIC TRACTORS.

Cures of lameness—Sprain—Contracted hand—Rheumatism—Bruise—Lock-jaw—Blindness—Tooth-ache—Sciatica—Burn—Wasp Sting, &c. . . . .	151
--	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

## DIARY. 1825—1838.

Dangerous illness—Wine refused—Trip to France—The deaf schoolmaster—Evil thoughts in prayer—Forty years—Old companions—Usefulness of "The Sinner's Friend"—Editions in Gaelic, Irish, Tahitian—"Sinner's Friend" rejected—Spiritual despondency—Mr. Williams the Missionary—Fragments of time—A penitent's prayer—"Sinner's Friend" in Manx, French, and German. Age 51—64 . . . . .	179
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

## DIARY. 1839—1841.

Spiritual joy—Sixty-fifth birthday—Regrets and thankgivings—Conversion of Colonel H.—Letter to a Clergyman's parishioners—Journey to Norwich—Speech—"The Sinner's Friend" at Jerusalem—Papal edict against "The Sinner's Friend"—Loss of temper—Mid-day prayer—"The Sinner's Friend" in Bengalee—The Irish pack-man—Rev. R. W. Hamilton—Rev. J. A. James—Special answer to prayer—Love to Christ. Age 65—67. . . . .	197
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

DIARY. 1842—1844.

PAGE

Sixty-eighth birthday—"Sinner's Friend" in Greek—Letter from the Prince of Rarotonga—Dedication of Albion Chapel, Hull—Ordination of his son N.—Usefulness to a gentleman's butler—Sin of anger—Labours at Hull—Wandering thoughts—Sinful imaginations—Three-score and ten—The love of God—Letters from Rev. J. A. James. Age 68—70 . 219

## CHAPTER XII.

DIARY. 1845—1847.

Visit to Hull—Dr. Gordon—Christ raising the dead—Spiritual dreams—Sufferings of Christ—Encouragement—Bigotry—Letter from his son V.—A visit from the Lord—Madness—Wife's birthday—Hull—The poor cobbler—"The Sinner's Friend" in Italian—Cæsar Malan—"The Sinner's Friend" in Dutch and Russian—A backsliding deacon. Age 71—73 . 236

## CHAPTER XIII.

DIARY. 1848—1852.

"Come to Jesus"—The wedding and the funeral—Providential escape of daughter—Conversions by "Sinner's Friend"—Hasty temper—Illness and death of Dr. Gordon—Rush the murderer—B. the cobbler—Spanish giant—Bishop of C.—Conversion of his son A.—Scott's Commentary—Seventy-sixth birthday—Endangered eye-sight—Archbishop of Canterbury—Heart's desire—Well-stored memory. Age 74—78 . 252

## CHAPTER XIV.

DIARY. 1853—1855.

Alone, not alone—Eightieth year—Memory of courtship—Visits to workhouse—Last visit to Hull—Conversion of a Romish priest—Long absent son—N. at Surrey Chapel—Farewell to Maidstone—Removal to London—Heath-cottage—Old negro—The cobbler not forgotten—"More than ever"—"Sinner's Friend" in Chinese—A. and the ministry—Robbery—V. and the loss of the *Cæsus* by fire—"Sinner's Friend" in Turkish and Armenian—Visit to an acquaintance of youth—Oxford—Appointed elder of Surrey Chapel—Letters from Rev. J. A. James and R. Knill—Archbishop of Canterbury—Watch-night service. Age 79—81 . . . . . 273

CHAPTER XV.

DIARY. 1856—1857.

PAGE

"Sinner's Friend" in Malagassy and Telooogo—Conjugal barometer—Trip to Minster—Ascent of Snowdon—Trip to Isle of Man—Tractors—Sin finite, the remedy infinite—Fiftieth wedding day—Fortieth anniversary of victory—Joseph in Egypt—Chilworth—Death of Rev. E. Jinkings—Bishops of Carlisle and Ripon—Private prayer-meeting—Visit to the House of Commons—Eighty-third birthday—Chilworth—Leith-hill—A contrite heart—Indian mutiny—Temperance speech—Visit to Scarborough—"Sinner's Friend" in Tamil. Age 82—83 . 297

CHAPTER XVI.

DIARY. 1858—1860.

Ministry in omnibuses—New wedding ring—Excursion to Minster—The Lord's Prayer—Chilworth and Leith-hill—Trip to Matlock—Private prayer-meeting—Visit to Oxford—Social parties—Drunken driver—Conversion of an octogenarian by "Sinner's Friend"—Visit to Boxley—Anger and sorrow—Visit to Yorkshire—Ordination of his son A. at Luddenden-Foot—A blind Christian—Last new year's eve—"A spree"—His son V. captain of *Great Eastern*—His son W.'s wedding—Last visit to Chilworth—Accident at Leith-hill—Illness—Last words—"Mary," "Jesus"—Enters into rest. Age 84—86 . 315

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS FROM 1825 TO 1860.

To a nobleman—To a young sailor—To a gentleman struggling against intemperance—To a clergyman—To Colonel Holcombe—To the father of his apprentice—To Dr. Gordon—To his children, &c. . . . . 341

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS BIBLE . . . . . 423

CHAPTER XIX.

POSTSCRIPT.—FILIAL REMINISCENCES.

Pleasant Companion—Courage—Firmness—Diligence in business—Punctuality—Caution—Maxims—Testimony of Mr. B.—As a deacon—Generosity—Tenderness—As a son—As a father—Sunday evening at home—Long conflict between conversion and triumph over besetting sin—Why—Argument for total abstinence—Answers to prayer—His Christianity charitable, humble, and zealous—His monument . . . . . 442

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
**OF THE**  
**AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."**

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**CHAPTER I.**

**RETROSPECTION.**

[This Retrospection was written in 1820, ten years after the commencement of the diary which will be found in subsequent Chapters.—Ed.]

**A. D. 1774 to 1806.**

**PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES. YOUTHFUL DISSIPATION. INFIDELITY. SETTLEMENT AT WORCESTER. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. AGE 32.**

SURROUNDED now with every blessing, my mind is led to contrast present happiness with past trials, and to reflect on the manifold wisdom of God in his dealings towards me. The great scroll of Providence has been gradually unfolding from my birth to the present hour.

I am now seated as master of that house in which as a boy I occupied the lowest place. I was of a willing disposition, and desirous to please everybody. God blessed my endeavours, and in turn everybody became pleased with "little Jack." In the course of time I became more useful, and drudgery work was conferred on another. I continued to rise step after step, but through scenes of wickedness of every description, till my heart became changed and filled

with desire to love and honour that God whose laws I had set at defiance. O the depths of the mercy of God to sinners, even if their sins have been red as crimson, for mine were surely such, and yet I have been restored through Jesus Christ, who has indeed "redeemed my life from destruction and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Indeed I may well say that God himself hath saved my life from absolute destruction, when I record the following accidents which have already happened to me, although I have doubtless been preserved by the same invisible hand from a far greater number of unseen dangers.

When about four years old, I fell through the ice upon a small river, at Gissing, in Norfolk, but was rescued from death. About the same time a horse I was playing with in a field kicked me in the stomach and threw me into the air, but did me no other injury than a few bruises. When eight years of age, I got a horse out of my father's stable, mounted his bare back, and stood my brother Joseph up before me, he being only four years old. In this manner we were suffered to proceed several miles. When turning the horse to return home, he set off at full gallop. My brother fell off first and was taken up for dead, and I was pitched upon my left shoulder and taken up with my left arm broken.

The next year (1783) I was playing with other boys in a loft, and trying to jump across a large space in the floor, I fell to the ground below, and my head was thrown with great violence against the edge of a sharp flint-stone, which sunk into my forehead close over my left eye, and made a dreadful wound. I was taken up for dead, but I recovered after a long illness, retaining a scar which forms a very prominent feature in my countenance, to keep me in remembrance of the mercy of God. But, as I was a sadly wicked boy, these great escapes had no effect whatever to make me better. I was become so notoriously bad that when any

mischief was perpetrated all the neighbours would cry out, "Ah! it is done by that wicked boy, Vine Hall."

When I had attained my eleventh year my father put me apprentice to Mr. G., a schoolmaster, who taught me to write the law hands, and, by way of making the most of me, hired me to the then clerk of the peace. Going one morning to the office, my attention was attracted by some birds' nests in the elm trees. I soon climbed up and made myself master of the eggs which I placed in my mouth and began to descend; but a bough gave way, and I fell on some spiked palings below, which pressed hard into my loins, and I was suspended for a considerable time, till the agony I endured was so great that by a violent effort I threw myself off the pales upon the ground, where I lay for half an hour unable to move.

Whilst engaged in the office of Mr. P., I was sent all kinds of errands, many of which were to the shop of Mr. M., stationer and wine merchant. It so happened that at Christmas, 1785, my master failed, and in consequence I was sent home. Soon after, a letter was received by my father from Mr. M., stating that he had before written two letters to know whether he would like his little boy to be an errand boy in his shop, and if so to send him down to Maidstone by the first coach. This third letter being the first my father had received, he hurried me off in an instant, on Tuesday, January 24, 1786, and here commenced that good fortune which, under the direction of heaven, has followed me ever since. But to return to absolute accidents.

In the summer of 1798, I was one evening returning in a boat by myself from "Gibraltar," a tea-drinking house on the Medway, about a mile below Maidstone. I pushed the boat along by means of a single oar. Coming to where the water was deeper, I put the oar into the water, as before, leaning upon it with all my might, supposing it would be sure to reach the bottom, but here I was terribly mistaken,

and I plunged head foremost into fifteen feet water. Down I went, and up I came again. Down I went again, and the sudden effect of the first plunge being a little over, I began to swim for my life, and reached the shore in safety, with only the loss of my hat.

About five years afterwards, two porters were putting down a hogshead of wine into my cellar, the steps of which were exceedingly steep. I desired them to stop till I had gone down to place straw at the bottom in case of accidents. Whilst there, my leg being between the two sides of the pulley, and an iron bar being close behind the calf of my leg, a voice called out "Take care." On looking up I saw the hogshead of wine descending with the utmost rapidity, the men having lost their hold. Through the mercy of God I extricated my leg in the twinkling of an eye, and before I could have time to breathe, the cask passed close to my stomach and tore its way through the straw to the floor. Had my leg been in the least entangled, or had I been a single moment later in jumping from between the pulley, I should have been thrown upon my back, my leg torn to pieces, and the weight of the cask would have stripped my face completely off, from the chin to the forehead.

In the same year, riding in a gig from Worcester to Malvern Wells, the horse started at full gallop, overturning the chaise, by which I was thrown out with great velocity, but was preserved from broken bones or severe bruises. On the 15th November, 1810, at Kidderminster, it being tremendously dark, I was walking in a proper direction towards the bridge, as I thought, but finding that the toe of my foot did not rest firmly on the ground, I bent forward to examine more closely into my situation, when I found that I had got to the very farthest edge of a dipping place in the side of the river, which at that time was swollen to the edge of the bank, from the quantity of rain that had lately fallen. Had I stepped only six inches further I should have been precipitated into a rapid

stream, in total darkness, and lost for ever. But again that same invisible hand was stretched forth to give me renewed time for repentance.

On the 13th March, 1811, I went to S., to visit Mr. B., and we drank so much wine, that I lost my recollection, and instead of returning into the house, I wandered down the hill amidst the blazing fires of the iron works, and the frightful coal-pits with which that country abounds. I wandered insensibly till I found myself rolling over and over down a precipice and was suddenly stopped by something. This brought me to a momentary recollection, and I was struck with the most inconceivable terror on finding myself close to the edge of a deep canal. I lay motionless to survey the danger and to study my escape, and I perceived that if I had rolled over only once more I should have been plunged into a very deep place, where the sides were bricked up perpendicularly, and thus my thirty-sixth birthday would have commenced in eternity. I now began to consider how I should re-ascend the sloping bank, and I had sense enough left to be aware that if I offered to stand upon my feet I should in all probability fall backwards into the water. I therefore turned gently round, so as to get my heels towards the canal, and by fixing my hands one after the other firmly into the ground, I crawled gently up the steep; but more frightened than ever I had been in my life, for I saw death so very close that even the rolling of a stone might have brought on destruction. The night was exceedingly dark, and I began to recollect that I had passed the dangerous coal-pits in safety, but if I should attempt to return I might not be so fortunate. Next morning on passing the place I felt that nothing but an invisible hand had rescued me from death. When I arrived at Mr. B.'s, I found that their fears on my account had been so great that they had employed a vast number of persons to go among the coal-pits, and also to search the country round with lanterns, and had sat up all night with fearful appre-



hensions that I had fallen into one of the coal mines, which are left so exposed that any straggling traveller, without being intoxicated, might unwarily fall into them. Some are five hundred feet deep.

I was so stung with remorse at the grief which had been occasioned that I took a hasty leave and returned to Worcester, with one of my usual determinations never to drink any wine again as long as I lived. But this resolution, like all the others which had been formed in my own strength, gave way to the very next temptation that assailed me; and one evening, as I was attempting to go down the wine-vault stairs, I fell from top to bottom, instantaneously. The steps were almost perpendicular, and I pitched upon my head in the midst of three or four dozen bottles of wine, which were broken in all directions. But most providentially my hat remained firm upon my head, and none of the splinters were permitted to wound me. I lay some minutes after the fall to consider whether I was or was not dreadfully cut by the glass bottles, and not feeling any pain or any moisture from the flowing of blood, I carefully extricated myself and regained the house. Whilst I review these wonderful escapes, I would most humbly bow before that Almighty Being whose saving power alone has effected these deliverances, and whose long suffering has preserved me to be a monument of his great love.

In early life I made several attempts to quit this house, but God overruled all my endeavours. At the age of seventeen, I fancied that the situation of a writer to an attorney would suit my purpose, and therefore I waited on Mr. B., of Wrotham, but without success. I next turned my attention to the navy, and was on the point of engaging myself as clerk to Captain W., of the *Majestic*, then fitting out as part of the channel-fleet, under Lord Howe. But duty interposed. I found my mother had been pacing the room all night in distraction. She wept bitterly, and implored me not to leave her, for then all her comfort would be gone.

My heart was melted, and the command, "Honour thy father and thy mother," rushed upon my mind. My resolution was immediately changed, for although I was indifferent about religion, or rather hated it, yet this commandment had long been impressed upon my mind so strongly that I used to take hold of it as a kind of anchor, and say to myself—"If I honour my poor mother, I shall be sure to do well." Thus I gave up all my airy schemes of becoming a purser of a man-of-war, and acquiring wealth to support my mother in her old age. But a gracious God had appointed other means by which I should perform that pleasing duty till her eyes were closed in death.

Soon after, an anxious affair had very nearly determined my fate. My mind had been so much harassed, that in an hour of phrensy I determined to enlist as a soldier. I packed up a small change of linen in a bundle, and putting a flute in my pocket, actually quitted the house without taking leave of any person, intending to go to Gravesend, where troops were embarking for India. Fully bent on my mad-brained scheme, I walked very rapidly till I began to ascend Boxley Hill, when, becoming fatigued, I stopped to rest. I considered that I was flying from every prospect of doing well, and I was also deserting my poor mother, whose grey hairs would probably be brought with sorrow to the grave. Whilst thus musing, the lines "Turn again, Whittington!" rushed forcibly on my mind, and although I thought it very foolish, yet I could not get rid of the impression. Blessed be God, I did turn again, and retracing my steps reached home before my absence had been discovered. Thus was I again saved from inevitable ruin.

My restless spirit however soon broke forth again, and my next effort was to obtain the situation of quarter-master in the 14th regiment of Dragoons. I qualified this attempt by thinking that I should be enabled to allow my mother something comfortable out of my pay, but my designs were frustrated by a new regulation, that the situation should be

filled by old serjeants only. From the respectability of my application I was almost certain of being appointed, and some stress was laid upon my belonging to the Coxheath troop of yeomanry cavalry, in which corps I had acquired a very expert use of the sword; so much so, that I frequently officiated as fogleman.

It appeared unaccountable that I should be so restless when I had everything comfortable around me and was highly respected. My employer kept a horse on purpose for my use in the cavalry, of which he himself was also a member, and so master and servant frequently rode together through the street armed at all points. He also felt pleasure in taking me with him to the weekly concerts, where I played principal flute, and sometimes exhibited my talents in performing a solo. But this talent was mischievous, as it filled me with pride, and also drew me into evil company. Indeed at this time I was living in all kinds of wickedness—a deist in principle and practice. Volney's "Law of Nature," and Paine's "Age of Reason," were my favourite pocket companions, and I followed their pernicious precepts most faithfully. I was a truly jolly fellow, sitting up late at nights, either at cards or dancing. I had not then become intemperate in drinking, but in everything else I was sensual and devilish.

At this time I belonged to a spouting society, and we became so pleased with our own performances that it was determined to fit up an old warehouse as a theatre, where it fell to my lot to perform the part of Robin in "No Song, No Supper," and of Justice Mitimus in "The Village Lawyer." All things being prepared, a representation was announced, and tickets issued gratis, which brought a crowded audience, and we received great applause, particularly the female performers, who consisted of mantua-makers and milliners. On this occasion I began the folly by strutting through the prologue. There being a company of comedians in the town, performing at the public theatre,

I was tempted by my own vanity, of which I had a large stock, and the entreaties of one of the performers, for his benefit, to undertake the part of Henry Woodville, in the "Wheel of Fortune;" upon which occasion the house was completely filled, and the applause awarded me induced me to repeat the same folly. Most fortunately my theatrical mania now subsided, but not so my disposition to wander.

A short time afterwards a new temptation assailed me, arising from a correspondence carried on between myself and the daughter of a clergyman at E., where my uncle resided as an apothecary. Nothing could serve my turn but to become a surgeon, and for this purpose I furnished myself with a set of instruments, being resolved to reside with my uncle, that I might be constantly near the object of my attentions. I now made sure of quitting a house where I had been fostered for eight years, yet my attempts were again frustrated by the lady herself giving me a formal notice to retreat, and make way for a gentleman who would be more attentive than I had latterly been.

My ardour had already been a little damped from the following circumstance. A poor cottager, residing about two miles from E., had, through sickness, been unable to make his payments in proper time; so his only bed had been taken from him by his creditors, and deposited for security in a farm-house. His wife and children had now no other place for repose than a cold brick floor. I happened at this time to be on a visit to my uncle, and the story having reached my ears and my heart also, I was on the tip-toe to render assistance. I remonstrated with the creditor, and obtained his consent that the bed should be restored, which gave me so much delight that my feet were instantly directed towards the farm-house where the bed was deposited. So great was my eagerness that I quite overlooked an engagement to meet the lady at noon, and instead of spending two or three hours in an unprofitable manner, I trudged away to be a messenger of comfort.

The farmer had no servants at home to convey the bed to the poor family, therefore, full of youthful ardour, I took it on my back, and after toiling with great pleasure upwards of a mile and a half, along a dirty road, and under a pleasant perspiration, I found the cottager's abode. It was a miserable hovel indeed. I did not stay to knock, but opened the door without ceremony, and found a poor sickly woman, with two small children, sitting before a few embers, in a state of wretchedness. The poor woman was speechless with surprise as I dragged the bed through the narrow doorway, but a grateful smile illuminated her haggard countenance when I told her that the creditor had relented and would not trouble her husband again. Having endeavoured to cheer her spirits, I threw five shillings into the poor creature's lap and took my leave, not a little pleased with my adventure. I now hastened to the waiting lady to account for my breach of promise. I was so well pleased with my own conduct that I thought every person would be the same, and particularly the lady in question; but, to my great mortification, she did not approve of my having forfeited my word, even upon such an interesting occasion. From that moment I began to cool, and at length I received a point-blank discharge for neglect. A happy discharge for me. The new lover soon became cool also, and left the lady in the lurch,—but she was afterwards married to a respectable surveyor in London. I now gave up all thoughts of physic, and returned once more to business.

My next attempt to quit the counter seemed to promise a greater prospect of success than any previous effort. I had imbibed a strong desire to become a clerk in the Bank of England. I waited on Mr. B., a director, and was received with special kindness, but gladly returned to the work which I had so proudly sneered at; for I considered the salary of £50 to be very inadequate to the security required. This was £2,000, and though I had no relatives

to help me, my character stood so high in the estimation of Mr. S., of Maidstone, that he nobly came forward as my bondsman for the whole amount. I returned to my old quarters with a new resolution to be contented ; and when my employer inquired if I was going to the Bank of England, I replied that, "I had been to London to find out that I was better off in the country."

I went on in a most dangerous course for the next seven years, not having the fear of God before my eyes, and spending the Sunday with other riotous young men, who, like myself, with good characters for integrity, were in the constant practice of immorality. Frequently I did not enter a place of worship for months. Instead of looking into any religious book on Sunday, I amused myself with Paine's "Age of Reason," or Macleod's "Answer to the Apology for the Bible." I felt great pleasure in these dreadful publications, therefore treated the Bible as a "cunningly devised fable." I not only read these books myself but preached them to others. O what an astonishing wonder that a holy God did not consign me to perdition !

During all these seven years I was a member of the Coxheath yeomanry cavalry, and was not a little proud of being a soldier. I took great pains in being well versed in the use of the sword ; and, having cherished Lord Chesterfield's maxim, that "if it is worth while to do anything, it is worth while to do it as it should be," I was punctual in my attention to duty and cleanliness, and was often complimented on being one of the best soldiers in the troop.

I was very regular at the business all the day, so that my employer left it entirely to my care. But my evenings were always spent in the company of careless young men like myself. If we sometimes went to church, it was more to see and be seen than from any sense of religious duty. I well remember it once came into my head whilst at

church, that I would endeavour to suppose myself in the immediate presence of God, and try to worship Him for once in sincerity, just to see how I should feel. I shut my eyes and went through part of the Litany in this manner, fancying that God stood before my face. It was too much for me. I could not endure it. The thought of being holy and giving up my reigning lusts, or sink into hell, operated so powerfully upon my imagination, that I opened my eyes to get rid of the impression, and resolved never to try the same scheme again, but to go on as carelessly as before. Thus I completely turned my back on this ray of conviction.

I was blessed with a disposition to do good to any person in distress, and also to forgive any one who had offended me. Indeed I was all on fire to do anybody service, no matter who. I thought that thus I should rub out bad practices, and make a kind of balance between good and evil. I totally discarded the idea that a merciful God would ever punish the frailties of human nature. O the deceitfulness of the heart!

Thus I murdered away seven years of my time in all manner of sin, and yet preserved a fair character with the people of the world. Sitting one evening chatting with Mr. P., a wine merchant, he unexpectedly said to me, "I wish you would come and live with me as my clerk," and named his salary, which was more than I had ever received. I now proposed to quit the scene of my boyish days, and although I had many times before endeavoured to change my situation, yet now that I was on the point of doing so my feelings were so much excited that I was very unwell for several days. But the pleasing hope of being enabled to render more assistance to my impoverished mother operated as a powerful stimulus, and following the impulse of nature, aided by a sense of duty, I tore myself away from the place in which I had remained from twelve years of age until I had nearly completed my twenty-seventh year.

Now commenced a course of life worse than ever. Public-houses of all descriptions were to be visited for my new employer, at all hours, and where all sorts of vile and low company resorted. I blushed and shuddered at first; but the recollection that this was now my path of duty soon reconciled me. And yet I did not think so much of the evil connected with my situation as I did of my wounded pride, in being obliged to enter the lowest kind of gin-shops to ask for orders. To commit sin in a cleanly manner was not in the least unpleasant to my feelings; but to be seen doing a dirty action was rather more than my pride could endure. But O what filthiness did I wallow in when the shades of night prevented the deeds of darkness being witnessed by my fellow sinners. Had not the Almighty God promised to turn the scarlet into snow and the crimson into wool, the very remembrance of the depravity in which I then encouraged myself would annihilate every hope of mercy. But, blessed be his name, with Him there is plenteous redemption.

I was a deist in principle and in practice. Card playing and singing foolish songs were often my Sunday amusement. I was so desperately hardened that I could scarcely utter a sentence without making use of some blasphemous expression; but I was never known to tell a lie. This was a meanness which I abhorred, and therefore was always honoured with the title of an honest fellow, although at all times ready to join in revelry and dissipation. Little did I think that I should ever be brought to feel a burning and sincere affection towards that God whose written word I so lightly esteemed, and whose commands (except "Honour thy father and thy mother,") my conduct openly defied. Yet I dare not say that conscience did not often accuse me, but my love of sin stopped my ears, so that I would not hear.

My daring and open avowal of infidelity reached the ears of the Rev. Mr. Cole, curate of Maidstone at that time



(1802), and he requested me to read Porteus' "Evidences of Christianity." I was quite indifferent about the subject, but Mr. C. entreated me with so much good nature that I determined to read the book merely from complaisance. Through the infinite mercy of God, my eyes began to see what they had never seen before. I found that I had been led away by sophistry. I commenced reading Porteus a second time, and became so fully convinced of the fallacy of Paine's "Age of Reason," that I took that infamous book from off the shelf and stamped upon it, denouncing the author as a liar. I then threw it into the fire, saying, "Go to the flames with you, Tom Paine; you've deceived me long enough; you shall do so no longer." One would naturally have thought that a conviction so strong as this was would have produced some alteration in my conduct, but this was reserved for a future day.

My situation as a wine merchant's clerk demanded that I should be continually in company with persons who could drink and sing, and my inclinations were in unison with these circumstances, although I never (at this time) indulged in private drinking; but the vivacity of my nature made me the life and soul of a company. I went on in a continual round of gaiety till the latter end of the year 1803, when a gracious God opened a way for my escape.

On Saturday morning, 24th September, 1803, I was very much distressed on account of my dreadfully irregular and wicked conduct, and finding myself unfit for business, I determined to take a ride. Without having any fixed course in view, I suffered my horse to turn whichever way he pleased. He took the road to Ashford, and as I rode along I was led to reflect on the dreadful consequences which would ensue if I should be cut off whilst pursuing such a wicked course. The more I thought of this, the more deeply was my mind impressed with the danger which surrounded me, and yet it seemed almost impossible to escape. As I passed up a narrow lane, between Harriet-

sham and Charing-heath, my feelings so overpowered me that the tears began to flow, and I cried out in an agony of distress, that if God would but open a door for my escape I would willingly give up my situation, however enviable it might appear to some, and would be content to dig in a hop-garden, so that I might be rescued from such a dreadful state of wickedness. I believe I prayed with sincerity, and I well remember that I looked very sharp around me to see if any person had observed my conduct, for I felt half ashamed, although I was in hopes that I had not acted the hypocrite. When I reached the "Red Lion," the landlord said—"Mr. Hall, here is a newspaper, just brought by the postman, and perhaps you would like to read it while your breakfast is preparing." The very first thing that struck my attention was this advertisement :—"An eligible opportunity offers, in one of the genteelist cities in England, for any industrious young man, with a small capital, to take an old established business in the bookselling and stationery trade. For particulars apply, &c."

I was struck with astonishment, because it appeared as if God had answered my prayer in the most extraordinary manner ; for if I had not stopped at this very public-house, I should never have seen the newspaper, and if I had been a few minutes sooner or later, the paper would most likely not have arrived or have been sent out of the house. I felt an awful responsibility to answer the advertisement immediately. The situation was in the city of Worcester, to which place I repaired on the 5th December, 1803, and entered into such negotiations as led me finally to settle in that city on the 25th February, 1804.

From this important circumstance arose all the happiness which has since followed me, and which promises to end in my eternal felicity. Yet on the conclusion of this very journey, and after I had despatched this letter of inquiry, I became so intemperate that I rode my horse at full speed into Maidstone, and was thrown over his head upon the

pavement, and picked up in a state of complete insensibility, but without any marks or outward appearance of bruises, although the horse was standing over me, with one of his feet close up to my stomach. Surely if God had not been slow to anger, He would have cut me down for this daring rebellion.

When I quitted Maidstone I felt like Jacob when he passed over Jordan with nothing more than his staff. I passed over the Medway with no more than five pounds in the world, except my clothes, and in addition to this I had my poor mother to support. I went to Worcester quite unconscious of any work of grace having been begun in my soul, but I was tired of what I now knew to be a sinful life, and therefore determined to reform and live a life of sound morality.

My character stood very fair notwithstanding all my levity of conduct, and upon my character alone I borrowed £300. The house I had taken was well situated for trade, being in the High Street, but the business had been ruined by the idleness and extravagance of the two former tenants. I determined to be an example of industry, as well as to deserve the good opinion of those who had entrusted me with their property. I arose early and went to bed early, and constantly studied Franklin's "Way to get Wealth." My conduct was soon noticed by the citizens, and new customers came daily to encourage my exertions. I broke off instantly from old habits of drinking wine; although my mother, who kept my house, frequently requested me to take a glass or two, as she was fearful that the sudden change might injure my health. Still I persevered in sobriety, and was blessed with abundance of health and strength.

On Sunday evening, 25th March, 1804, an evening never to be forgotten by me, I was strolling along the High Street, when a gentleman accosted me by saying, "What are you going to do this evening?" I replied, that being a total

stranger in Worcester, I was merely sauntering about the city. "Come along with me," said he, "and I will take you to hear a funeral sermon." I accompanied him, and was so much pleased with the good language of the preacher (the Rev. George Osborn) that I made up my mind to attend regularly, and accordingly applied for a seat. My mother also attended with me. Being lame she always walked to chapel leaning on my arm, and my heart was gladdened by the opportunity of becoming her stay and support. The second Sunday of our attendance, I was particularly struck with the serious deportment of a young lady who sat opposite to myself. When my eyes were not fixed on the preacher they came in contact with hers. I found that, similarly to myself, this young person was accompanied by an elderly lady, who appeared to be her mother; and the thought struck me that she might be a widow blessed with a dutiful daughter. This thought was too much in unison with the vivacity of my imagination to die away. I watched them out of the chapel, the elderly lady leaning on the arm of the younger; but, as they were utter strangers, I had to wait the tedious approach of another Sabbath, when the same scene was renewed, and my hopes and fears were again excited.

I now made up my mind that if this young lady should prove to be a person of good character I would make an attempt to gain her affections, and trust to Providence for the result. But I knew neither her name nor residence. On Sunday, 20th May, I watched her return from worship, and found that she took the road which led across the bridge into the village of St. John, and knowing that she could not return to the afternoon service by any other path, I posted myself on the bridge to await the approach of my interesting unknown. She came; and came alone. She passed me, and I spoke with my eyes, but my tongue was mute. I followed gently behind her till we approached the chapel. From that time commenced an acquaintance which has proved to be the happiest of my life.

The next morning a gentleman surprised me by asking how long I had known Miss Teverill? "Miss Teverill? Who is Miss Teverill?" replied I. He answered, "The young lady with whom you were walking yesterday afternoon." This was the very thing I wanted to know; and the questions, "Who is she? Where does she reside?" were asked all in a breath. The reply was of such a nature that I said mentally, "Then she is mine, if perseverance can gain her;" and I immediately commenced a regular siege. I soon obtained a very respectable introduction, and was admitted a visitor at the only house I thought of any consequence in the county of Worcester.

Everything went on favourably. Mutual affection ripened apace; but an enemy was lurking unseen to poison all my hopes. Her father requested me to desist; but my affection was too deeply rooted to be extinguished, and the prospect of happiness too bright to be given up for trifles. My character was unimpeachable as to integrity and industry, and my natural ardour was not to be damped by a few heavy clouds. Her extreme youth was the next plea. I agreed to wait, but never to give up. I could not do it. It was against all reason, and against my nature, and therefore I stood as firm as Ajax. Opposition only strengthened our attachment.

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[The Autobiographer has treated this part of his history, so essentially influencing his subsequent career, with such interest and emphasis, and it is so illustrative of his character, that the Editor could not refrain from introducing these few extracts. The following incident will suffice as a sample of many difficulties and the spirit in which they were met.—Ed.]

Five days after this I was electrified by receiving consent to renew my visits. I supped with the family on the following Wednesday evening. On the Saturday following (only three days) a friend called on me, and made me understand that Miss T. had been hurried away from home

to a friend's house, about ten miles from Worcester. This was on a market day, when the city was full of people and my shop full of customers. But I was determined to follow her even to the world's end. It was towards evening, and my road lay near Pershore, to which town I directed my steps. Being on foot I availed myself of a butcher's cart returning from market. Night had now come on, and as the country I had to travel was very intricate I passed the night at the Angel Inn; arose at three o'clock the next morning, and set out for S., where, after innumerable inquiries, I arrived at six o'clock. The family had not arisen, but a maid servant soon appeared and I despatched her with a note to Miss T., to say that I had found her retreat. I found she had been forced away at an hour's warning. This only increased our attachment. We passed the day most happily together, but this happiness was soon to be interrupted.

We were walking in the fields in the evening, when suddenly a post-chaise appeared. We were alarmed, and fearing the worst, renewed our vows of constancy. The chaise slowly approached, conveying Mr. and Mrs. T., and I desired my Mary not to fear, but to take hold of my arm and advance boldly. I civilly inquired after their welfare; and although I knew that a storm would soon break forth, yet I could not help smiling at their chagrin at finding that I had been too cunning for them. This brought on a parley, and it was finally agreed that she should remain at S. in quiet, if I would leave the house. I reasoned with Mrs. T. on the impropriety of treating me with so much kindness on the Wednesday, and then forcing her daughter away from me in three days afterwards, without assigning any other reason than that she had changed her mind. She was as hard as a flint; and yet she afterwards became as fond of me as if I had been her own son. During this discourse dear M. had been ordered into another apartment, and I was fearful that some scheme might be planned to

take her away without my knowledge, therefore to prevent a surprise of this kind I quitted the room a little abruptly and found out the post-chaise, from which (unperceived by any one) I took away the pole, and deposited it in the middle of a large field. Having thus prevented the return of Mr. and Mrs. T., I went again into the room, and told Mrs. T. that I should not quit the house until I had taken leave of her daughter. I then restored the pole of the chaise, and agreed not to write to M. provided her friends allowed her to remain in quiet retirement at S.

\* \* \* \*

I was miserably tormented by these circumstances, and my mother having left me I had no one to converse with after the business of the day, and having lost all relish for reading, I began to spend my evenings with the citizens at the Porter Rooms, or "smoke shops," as they were called. This was a bad resource, and bad it proved in the end. \* \* \* \* Many and many a gloomy night, when the darkness might almost be felt, I have stolen into the garden around her father's house and waited amongst the shrubs to catch a glance only of her who had such complete possession of my heart. \* \* \* \*

[The Autobiographer goes on to relate how the mental conflict between love for her future husband whom she could not resign, and honour for her parents whom she would not disobey, so seriously threatened Miss T.'s health, that full consent to the marriage was at length given.—ED.]

The long expected day at length arrived, and on Tuesday, the 26th of August, 1806, we were married at St. Clement's church, Worcester.

Having narrated the way in which it pleased God to bestow upon me his greatest earthly blessing, I must enter my protest against the doctrine of chance. Chance did not lead me to my first situation. Chance did not preserve me there through all the attempts to quit it. Chance did not lead me to Worcester; neither did chance lead me to

the chapel to behold, for the first time, her who was to become the happiness of my future life. Chance did not give me perseverance in pursuing that object; neither did chance bring it to a happy termination. Chance did not obtain for me my friends; neither did chance preserve to me that friendship when I deserved to lose it. Chance did not preserve my life under the various accidents which have befallen me; neither did chance raise me to be master in that house into which I first entered as a poor boy. Chance did not bring me acquainted with Doctor Day, who was the instrument in the hand of God to relieve me in a great measure from the influence of a dreadful malady; neither did chance restore my forfeited character. Lastly, chance does not give me a grateful heart to God for all his mercies; but it is God himself who has done all these things for me, to whom be all the glory.



## CHAPTER II.

### CONFLICT AND DEFEAT.

[The reader is reminded that the preceding Chapter was written ten years after the date of Chapter II. Chapter II. is the real commencement of that portion of the diary which has been preserved; the earlier portion of the first Vol. of MS. having been torn out and destroyed by the Autobiographer.—Ed.]

DIARY—1810 TO 1813. SMOKE SHOPS—APPEAL OF CONSCIENCE—  
INTEMPERANCE—ESCAPE—CONVICTION OF SIN—REPENTANCE—  
DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST CHURCH  
—TRUSTEE AND TREASURER—FAMILY AND PUBLIC PRAYER—FALL  
—RECOVERY—REPEATED FALLS INTO SIN—ANGUISH—EARNEST  
PRAYER—BACKSLIDING. AGE 36—39.

FEBRUARY 2, 1810.—Almighty God, kindest Father of every thing, O look with pity, yet with just reproach upon the sad misdeeds of thy humble suppliant, and when he reads what may be penned in a moment of reflective intoxication—sad idea! or in actual inebriety, may he be sensible of thy goodness in not snatching him to eternity in a moment so unprepared.

APRIL 16.—My friend, Mr. E., kindly opened my eyes. No more smoke shops for me. J. V. H. be more careful how you walk! You have a wife and children. Do you love them? Then oh forbear! Would you be a slave to the worst of tyrants? Rather prepare for a glorious struggle, and persevere till you conquer this hideous monster, then shall you be indeed a prince of conquerors. Come, J. V. H., listen to me, your true friend, Conscience; and if you have ever done any good actions, do not erase

them by the indulgence of bad ones. I shall be sure to accuse you, and with great severity, if you shun my admonition; but if you will only obey my warning voice I will surely promote your future happiness and draw a veil over the past. Rouse yourself then, and I will assist you in the battle. Think of the rich prize to be gained. Think of your affectionate wife, and let this day be the dawn of liberty and of glory.

JULY 24.—Drunkenness—horrible depravity.

MAIDSTONE, AUGUST 6, 1838.—On looking over this journal, finding these blank leaves, I here record the astonishing mercy of God towards so dreadful a sinner as I have been.

At the time of the entries made on the preceding page, my business was gone, health destroyed, character ruined, a dear wife miserable. O what a change do I witness this morning! Business flourishing—health most perfect—my dear wife and children happy—my own character restored, and myself, through especial grace, a deacon of the Independent chapel. My house a house of prayer, my heart a heart of prayer; and twenty years have passed away, during the whole of which not a drop of spirituous liquor has ever passed the surface of my tongue. O what wonder has the Lord wrought!

MARCH 11, 1845.—Again looking into this journal of my former depravity, I record the continuing mercy of my gracious God. Twenty-seven whole years without ever once having drunk a drop of spirituous liquor! O what mercy, that Jesus Christ ever lives in my heart, a million, million times welcome guest, the joy of my soul, my only hope, my confidence and trust.

JANUARY 17, 1811.—Never suffered so much from the bile in my life: will never have a repetition if I can help it! Must be careful or die, and of all events that is what I am the least prepared for; but the time may come, and I trust it will. Once more returned to a sense of duty, and looking back with the deepest regret, I trust that these sentiments, and affection for my children and too good a wife, will unitedly prevail.

MARCH 12.—Walked to H., where I was most hospitably received. Mr. B. and self drank out two bottles of wine, and from my being fatigued, it so overpowered me

that on going out of the house after dark I lost my way. When I awoke next morning all was strange; yet as I found myself alive and well it so far satisfied me. On making inquiries I found that I was in a public house, to which I had been conducted by some man who had discovered me wandering in the dark, and who feared that I might fall into some one of the numerous coal mines in that romantic country. I walked back to Mr. B.'s, and when I saw the path of my night wandering, I hugged myself to find what a lucky escape I had experienced from either being drowned in the canal or breaking my neck in a coal pit. A strange frolic—but entirely owing to Mr. B.'s wine.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1812.—Attended Pump Street Chapel and took sittings. Mr. Byron preached two very searching sermons. No flattery—all plain truth, and home to the conscience.

MARCH 1—6.—Drunkenness—six days drunk! awful ruin!

MARCH 11.—My birthday—not only a birthday of nature, but, O God, a birthday unto repentance, and a forsaking of all sin according to thy most gracious call this very morning. O give me strength to make another effort to leave off every kind of sin. This morning, whilst busied in the shop, and being fretted, the effect of recent intemperance, I said, with petulance—"Aye, aye, it's no use my endeavouring to become steady. My sins are too great to be forgiven." The fretful thought was stopped suddenly by a voice whispering in my ear—"If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven thee." The emphasis upon *forsake* and *shall* was so strong that I could have fancied that some person really stood behind me, but it was all within, and I, who but the very instant before was quite in a passion, was struck as with a flash of lightning, and the tears ran down my cheeks, I knew not why. The more I tried to suppress them the more they would flow. Finding

it useless to go on with business, I went up stairs, but there I got worse, and I began to think surely this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance. I took up the Bible and hastily scanned my favourite fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and this affected me so deeply that I instantly fell on my knees and poured out my soul to God, and confessing my sins implored most fervently, and with heartfelt sighs and tears, that He would have mercy upon me. I never knew (to my shame) what it was to pray with the heart till now. I felt quite a new creature, and thus I trust that my birthday may become a day of earthly and eternal joy.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15.—Renewed my confessions of sin, and prayed most fervently for mercy, and for the first time (O shame!) since I have been in Worcester commenced family prayer. What a sad, abominable life I have led, even whilst surrounded by every blessing. O gracious Lord make me truly penitent, and preserve me to be a striking monument of thy redeeming mercy. In the afternoon we had a church of our own at home. At night we attended chapel again, and after supper we had family prayer. Thank God for it.

MARCH 18.—Farewell—a long farewell—to thee, my poor and long afflicted mother. Thou art gone to rejoice for ever in the presence of Jesus, whom thou hast long served with faith and patience under afflictions of the most excruciating nature for more than twenty years. O may thy God become my God, so that I may meet thee in those happy realms! My dear mother departed this life this evening, under great bodily pain. She died praying two hours for me, her prodigal son. Her latest breath was for me, in earnest cry—"The Lord bless him—the Lord bless him—the Lord bless him!"—and so she entered heaven. God of all mercies, I thank thee for thy goodness in raising me up to support (for so many years) a virtuous and afflicted parent, and didst make it my hap-

piness to contribute to all her earthly wants.\* I deeply lament my total unworthiness of thy favour; but O have mercy upon me, and turn my heart from all evil.

MARCH 24.—Mr. C. took me to a Methodist class meeting.

MARCH 28.—Rather low in spirits, thinking I could not consistently receive the sacrament to-morrow. I prayed fervently several times in the day, and kept a strict watch over every thought, determined to resist every temptation to evil.

EASTER DAY.—The feast of the Lamb of God. O what a feast! Chapel at seven o'clock. Again at half-past ten. In the afternoon upwards of four hundred sinners knelt before the Lord at his table. Realized the presence of Jesus Christ granting a free pardon and an assurance of protection if we persevere in forsaking our evil ways. My heart beat high in rapture when I took the seal of the covenant, and as a sick man takes from the hand of his physician the long wished for medicine that shall cure the raging disorder in his body, so did I, with grateful tears, drink of that blessed cup which was, through faith, to heal the disorder of a long distempered soul.

MARCH 31.—I went to the class this evening. Such meetings are of great advantage to those who are seeking the Lord Jesus. Private prayer is a blessing indeed. Even my dreams are dreams of prayer and happiness in religion. I this morning made my first essay to pray with the family without a book.

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 5.—Again I put up our petitions from my heart without the aid of a book. O may God make me as bold as St. Paul in the gospel. What an honour it would be if I should ever be allowed to become a champion in the cause of Christianity, and to be the instrument of bringing souls to God! O that He would give

\* His mother used to call him her "Joseph in Egypt."

me a boldness of speech to declare to many thousands that "his mercy endureth for ever." Indeed his mercy does endure for ever, or my soul would have been cut off and destroyed, many, many years ago.

APRIL 17.—Mr. B. induced me to become a trustee to the new chapel, and I also entered my name to lend fifty pounds towards the building.

APRIL 24.—I, even myself, made another effort in public to show forth the goodness of God. I believe that my prayer aroused the gratitude of many a heart in supplications for a continuance of mercy to me. Wonderful indeed that my sentiments should have been so completely changed as to enable me in six weeks to come boldly forward and declare in public prayer before the people the great and mighty things which God (through my firm faith in Jesus Christ) had done for me. O God of all mercy continue thy work, and make a repentant prodigal useful to all people by declaring thy goodness in his life and conversation. O may he ever be upon the watch to resist temptation.

APRIL 30.—P. and T. drank tea with us. We boldly declared ourselves Methodists. Yes, poor despised Methodists. I felt glad to show forth to my gay companions the change which religion had effected. This day I received a ticket of admission into the Society of Methodists. A great honour.

MAY 6.—Mr. C. and Mr. R., old companions from Maidstone, called on me. I stopped Mr. R. in his swearing, and rather surprised them both by a serious conversation. This evening, being at the prayer meeting, I gave the people an exhortation to watch and pray.

MAY 18.—I am suddenly fixed into four offices for the church of God—trustee, treasurer, committee-man, and prayer-man. See what the Almighty can perform in a short time! A sinner snatched from the very centre of hell, and made an instrument of public service in the house

of God in a very few days. What a miracle—even in this our day!

MAY 19.—I was so happy in prayer this morning that I could hardly contain myself.

MAY 21.—At our class I expounded, and was blessed with a lively affection towards my hearers and with gratitude for such a precious privilege. O my Saviour, though my sins have exceeded every thought, yet thy mercy is greater still. I am indeed a brand plucked from the burning, and O may I ever live to praise and glorify thy holy name!

MAY 28.—Class meeting. O what delight to have a spiritual appetite! Our gracious Lord furnishes the table with a delicious repast “without money and without price.” Now this is very contrary to the way of the devil, for his dishes are charged at a very high price indeed, and they turn sour into the bargain; but he is too cunning to suffer his guests to see what kind of food he has been cramming down their throats, he cruelly gives fresh poison to his already infatuated victims and then lulls them to sleep in his infernal embrace.

MAY 30.—Eleven weeks I have been preserved in the battle, and I trust in the assistance of my new Master for strength sufficient to drive that old dragon completely off the field. I know that he will keep continually skulking and prowling about the camp, but I hope to be guarded at every avenue, but not in my own strength.

JUNE 10.—I was in such a state of serenity that I could not even fancy a doubt or a fear. As if a person approached me on my left hand with a demand for a debt, whilst in my right hand I held the means of paying it, and therefore no trouble could arise on that account. So I trusted would be the case in any new trial. Yet boast not thyself, O young man, but rejoice with trembling and be humble before thy God. Some of my old gay companions would think me a madman, but God knows my heart and kills

the fatted calf for his prodigal son, now brought back from feeding swine and wallowing in filth and mire.

JUNE 16.—We had a prayer meeting and were all on fire; perhaps enthusiasts, says the world. No matter! Godly enthusiasts are preferable to devilish wise men.

JUNE 30.—Half mad at having been quite off my guard and by this means falling from a tremendous height into a most dreadful ambush of the enemy. Oh! how mournful for the saints and those who love God. Soaring too high without the wings of humility, I fell into the horrible pit of intemperance, whilst satan hugged me again with his infernal arms. Horrible indeed! I could have shed rivers of tears! God have mercy upon me! There is not a greater sinner in existence.

JULY 6.—Quarterly meeting. The brethren were all glad to see me amongst them again, although so unworthy. How brotherly is this regard for the welfare of each other's souls. I do not believe there is such another society in the world as the Methodists for the exercise of brotherly sympathy. O that I had not grieved them! O what sorrow does sin introduce! and when satan gets his victims down how cruelly he presses upon them. But the blood of Christ can overcome a thousand satans. The time will come—but stay in quiet, and trust in the mercies of the everlasting God.

JULY 29, 30, 31.—Fighting most desperately, night and day, by prayer, repentance, and abstinence (not having had any sleep for three nights); and have entreated with bitter tears that the Almighty would restore me. O what a hell does the soul feel that has once enjoyed the love of God and has lost it again by giving way to temptation! What punishment so great as an accusing conscience for having offended the best of Fathers. But the mercy of God is like Himself—infinite.

AUGUST 1.—Still in misery. Under a dreadful cloud. Satan, Satan, loose my bonds. Constant prayer and the



firmest reliance on the blood of Jesus will surely prevail; yet how long must I wait for the sweet return of grace!

ANNO 21.—Only eight persons at class. It is the race week, but I hope that none of our people were present at the race course.

ANNO 22.—Desolation. A drawing back from God!

SEPTEMBER 1.—Worcester music meeting. Bustle, dress, singing and dancing, and some pleased and some otherwise. I am distressed. Vainly fair after all.

SEPTEMBER 10.—A blessed relief from all the noise and confusion of the week. Find myself, by the sole support of my Saviour, greatly rising out of the slough of sin; but I am dumb and I to open my lips to any one, and I go about as dumb as quiet as a mouse.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Persons newly awakened are too apt to rise at a great rate, and then stumble. I hope my experience of the selfish anguish which accompanies drawing back from God will ever keep me humble.

ANNO 23.—Worcester election. I intend quietly to receive my promise and then stay within doors.

ANNO 24.—Everything out of sorts all the week and a great state of unsteadiness. Endeavouring to repent and pray. It is hard work, yet I am determined not to yield. What! shall I, who have experienced much of the love of God, yield to the devil? No! God and Christ be praised! Try again, try again!

ANNO 25.—The bile. Never had it so bad in my life. What a mercy! I hope it will stimulate me to repentance. My poor M. is incessantly kind, though she is very unwell through my misconduct. What a contrast, and how deplorable does it make me appear; but I do hope that even yet I shall not only return unto the blessed Jesus, but win my Mary also. O that my Saviour would draw me as close to him that I could never depart again.

ANNO 26.—Very bad still with the bile, and worse with the deepest compunction.

OCTOBER 28.—O how hard is the struggle and what constant watchfulness and prayer does it require to enable a sinner to stand his ground even for a moment. I thank God that I do depend upon Him, through Jesus Christ, with lively faith.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1.—O that I could repent deeper and deeper, and incessantly, for all my past dreadful sins. The Lord's Supper was administered this evening, but I retired; not that I doubted the mercy and pardon of God, but I had not been able to forgive myself, and therefore came home and in private prayer implored the mercy and support of the blessed Saviour.

NOVEMBER 10.—The Rev. Mr. Osborn died this evening. He took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children. He gave out the words "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and sang the tune himself. Then he most expressively looked upon them all, joined in a farewell prayer, and emphatically said, "Prayer will soon be at an end with me, but I shall sing praises for ever." He then went into a gentle slumber, and his happy spirit took its flight without even a sigh; so that his friends could not fix the precise period of his glorious release.

DECEMBER 13.—O that Christ would warm my heart. I want more power to resist temptation, but thanks be to God that I am what I am.

DECEMBER 30.—The bile and hell. O that God would blot out the last week from the sad catalogue of my sins, and give me grace that I may never sin again. What a horrible thing is sin, and the more so as God is so good. I quite abhor myself as being the most deservedly detestable monster in existence; and yet the mercy of God and the intercessions of the blessed Jesus unite to give me repentance. O come repentance, come in thy humblest, fullest form.

EASTER DAY, 1813.—An encouraging discourse on repentance. It just suited my desperate case, and brought

me from the verge of despair, to cry out once more to God. O how true it is that there is no peace to the wicked. What a sea of misery has broken over me for the last fortnight, and how very, very dreadfully deep have I again fallen into that horrible pit, from which nothing but the arm of God can rescue me. O when will it end!

EASTER MONDAY.—Full of anguish. Pleading with God for the gift of repentance. The heavens appear almost shut against my cry, yet I feel determined to pray unceasingly. Went to the prayer meeting, and struggled against a hard heart—a flinty heart. O sin, sin, what a delusive tyrant thou art, and how galling are thine accursed bonds. I groaned and sighed, and pleaded the blood of Christ; but all was dark and dreary.

EASTER TUESDAY.—After a restless night, spent partly in terrific dreams and partly in prayer, I threw myself on my knees and entreated for mercy. Horror and dismay now opened a battery against my soul. The Bible and hymn book lay open before me, and I attempted to read, but it was all to no purpose, and the gate of mercy seemed closing, hell yawning wide to swallow up its victim, and devils anticipating their infernal joy. But stop—a gleam of light twinkling through the dark discovers the gracious invitation, “knock and it shall be opened.” Yet even this promise seemed not to extend to me. But to stay on satan’s ground was certain death, therefore I prostrated myself before the throne in an agony of distress. Oh! it seemed to be a last effort, and I never in all my life ever prayed in such a manner before. God Almighty heard me, and by the blessed Jesus sent me an answer of peace and consolation. I arose in a flood of tears. My pain was gone, and my gratitude seemed as if it would drive me into a delirium of joy. Now this may be considered to arise merely from a strong irritation of the nervous system. Well, let all this be called by whatever name it may by others, I would humbly attribute it to the forgiving mercy

of God. Could mere imagination change the soul of a man from grief to joy, make that a delight which was before a dreadful torment, and induce a man to endeavour to cut off a right arm and pluck out a right eye in the hope of becoming acceptable to God by the blood of the blessed Redeemer? I think not.

APRIL 21.—Have made it a determination (by divine help) to pray unto God several times every day, that I may be kept in a spirit of watchfulness and gratitude, and be preserved from any kind of sin. O God of mercy help me, for the sake of Christ, for I am weak and a profligate wretch indeed. But Thou canst blot out all my offences, and blessed be thy name for giving me to believe that to forgive is one of thy chiefest delights, and that thou hadst rather pardon than destroy.

APRIL 25.—By the blessing and power of God I have been preserved to this day in a spirit of watchfulness and prayer; but I want to feel a continual sense of my own depravity and ingratitude, that I may the more deeply repent before God Almighty and be reconciled unto Him once again, through and by the merits and sacrifice of Jesus.

MAY 2, 1813.—Another week has been granted me of peace and comfort. Blessed be God.

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[There is now a long gap in the diary. The next entry is the following.—ED.]

SEPTEMBER 22, 1817.—Four years and a half elapsed, and no account rendered! What can have been the cause of this chasm? Sin! Yes, sin of the blackest die!

## CHAPTER III.

### CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

1814—1819. PENITENCE AND PARDON—REMOVAL TO MAIDSTONE—  
ADAM CLARKE—OVERCOME—POWER OF TENDERNESS—DEFEATED  
AGAIN—TEMPTATION TO SUICIDE—THE HELP OF THE PHYSICIAN  
—HOPE REVIVED—DEFEATED AGAIN—TERRIBLE CONFLICT—ALTERNATE  
FAILURE AND SUCCESS—SPIRITS DISCONTINUED—WINE—  
PORTER—TABLE BEER—TOTAL ABSTINENCE—VICTORY—THE SNAKE.  
AGE 40—46.

MAIDSTONE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1817.—Four years and a half elapsed and no account rendered! O what can have been the cause of this chasm? Sin; yes, sins of the blackest die and of the deepest ingratitude to the Father of mercies. But has He cast the sinner off? O no, no; for ever blessed be his name, He has borne with his rebellious creature in the wilderness, and brought back his wandering sheep and placed him in the fold of God. Here let me pause to adore that mercy which has saved my life from destruction and brought me out of the very midst of hell, and caused my soul to rejoice in Jesus Christ as my precious Redeemer.

What an anniversary is this to my poor soul, and what prodigious blessings has the Lord bestowed upon me during the whole of the last year; for it was this day twelve months ago that God himself enabled me to set out afresh for the kingdom of heaven, being released by his almighty arm from the dominion of my easily besetting sin. This dreadful sin was a constant desire to drink to excess, by

which all my faculties were paralyzed, and my soul was sinking fast into despair; but at length the power of Jesus snatched my soul from that horrible pit over which it had long been suspended, and from which it seemed impossible to escape. But the mercy of God is from everlasting to everlasting upon those who fear Him, and his grace alone has enabled me during the whole of the last year to resist every temptation to drink even a single glass of wine, of any description, or to taste any kind of spirituous liquors or strong drink. Is it possible! Yes; and also God has given me the constant desire to study that best of books the Bible, which I have studied every day for one hour before breakfast to the edification and delight of my heart. He also has made it the delight of my soul to hold converse with Him all the day long, whether engaged in walking or reading, or in the perplexities of business. But if any one should ever get hold of this book and read what I have already penned, I would not have them suppose that even this happy year was passed through without conflict. Far otherwise—it was a very severe struggle between life and death; and nothing short of the whole armour of God could have enabled me to withstand in the evil day. But, by the grace of God, I am what I am, and though I have been thus far preserved, still I daily tremble for fear that I may do something to dishonour the name of my God. When I reflect upon the strange events of my life contrasted with the lives of Newton, of Bunyan, and other dreadful sinners, and lastly, of St. Paul, who styled himself the chief of sinners, I am often led to exclaim, that they scarcely knew what sin was when put into the scale against the depravities which have marked my progress, for I verily believe that I have outsinned them all together. I mention this to show forth the long-suffering of God, who has raised such a creature from the very centre of hell to sing his praises and to live to his glory, and to be a witness in these latter times that He is as willing as ever

to receive and pardon all who call upon Him in sincerity and in truth.

I now go back to narrate some of the circumstances of the last four years and a half, beginning with the cause of my removal from Worcester to Maidstone.

On the 30th January, 1814, I received a letter from my truly valuable friend, Alderman Christopher Smith, (M.P. for St. Albans, and since Lord Mayor of London,) acquainting me that my old master, Mr. B., was dead, and that the disposal of his business had devolved upon himself, therefore he wished me to come to London immediately, in order to consult with our kind friend, Mr. Pickard, as to his willingness to unite with Mr. Smith in raising a sufficient sum of money to enable me to take the whole of the business. This letter astonished me exceedingly, because I had no reason to hope for such a change of fortune; and even at the very time of receiving this intelligence I was suffering from a dreadful bilious attack, brought on by intemperance. But O the mercy and long-suffering of God, who, whilst I was "dead in trespasses and sins," even then He was at work for my good, and was opening a door for my future prosperity in temporals, and also preparing a way for my escape from my dreadfully besetting sin. In conformity with this letter, I set out on the 2nd of February for London. I had but one companion in the coach, a student, a pious young man, and we did nothing but talk of the mercies and dealings of a gracious Saviour. At Oxford, I walked into a bye-place at midnight, whilst the outside passengers were at supper, and kneeling down upon the stones, poured out my soul to God for his pardoning mercy and protecting care.

The weather at this season was excessively severe, the snow covering the ground everywhere, and the frost so intense that the river Thames was frozen completely over, and the ice so thick that booths were erected and skittle allies formed, and large fires kept up upon the ice

from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, and all sorts of pastime instituted. I went over the Thames upon the ice, which presented a dangerous appearance on account of the many chasms, and yet was crowded with thousands of men, women and children. I was tempted to take a glass of wine, that I might say in after-times that I had not only visited the booths on the ice, but that I had actually myself taken refreshment there; but my mountain then stood strong, and temptation had no avail. I was mercifully preserved in this manner during the whole twelve days that I was kept in a state of idleness and suspense in London. There were many applicants for the concern, but my friend was so determined to put me into possession of what he considered an excellent opportunity of gaining a good maintenance, that he told me that he would sooner lose five hundred pounds than I should be disappointed. Mr. P. tendered his services by the loan of one thousand pounds towards the sum necessary. O the mercy of God in creating such a disposition in those whose hearts had been so severely grieved by my misconduct. Walking through the streets of London, I found that men were employed in many places to dig up the ice, which was very deep, and they piled the same on each side of the street, between the pavement and the carriage road, and on measuring these ice walls I found them to be seven feet and a half in height, and three feet thick.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6.—At Mr. Wesley's chapel, in the City Road, I heard a sermon by Dr. Adam Clarke. I got into conversation with a gentleman who tried to convince me that it was impossible to fall finally from a state of grace, and that grace was not imparted to all. I was not able to combat his arguments, which appeared to be very subtle. I confess that his doctrine of final perseverance was very pleasing, because I thought myself in a state of grace, but I thought also that it was too good to be true, and therefore was afraid to believe it; and the more par-



ticularly as I know by heart-rending experience how dreadfully unstable I had been since my first setting out for the kingdom of heaven. Dr. Clarke's sermon, which I took down from his lips, was on the 30th Psalm, which he divided into three parts, namely, Exultation, Distress, and Recovery. "This psalm," Dr. C. observed, "was penned at three different periods of time, in three different states of experience. The first state is of a soul when first brought to God; then the ease which this state brings; then the presumption arising from this ease, and the fall in consequence of this presumption, and the recovery by prayer." O how my ears were all awake at this beginning, because it seemed as if it was the very subject suited to my own individual case. In speaking upon the 8th verse, "I cried unto God," Dr. C. observed, "We are apt to think that if God were but to pardon it would be well; no, not half well, we must be healed." In explaining the 9th verse, he observed that David might say "If I am cut off in my backsliding and yet am desirous to return to God, who will believe the promises, 'Return thou backsliding Israel, and I will heal your backslidings; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow?'" "Therefore," said Dr. C., "let no backslider ever despair." O how deeply did this sink into my poor wounded heart. I was all attention, all hope; and it seemed as if this sermon was preached for me alone. And it appeared the more so when the preacher went on to say, that—"Some people will ask, How can a man who has repeatedly trifled with mercy (exactly my unhappy case) expect that God will hear him again. Why," said Dr. C., "if the man had no sorrow we should fear his state; but if the man desires to be saved, we know that such desire comes from God, and therefore he cannot be lost. And if this argument would but be taken hold of by poor backsliders, they would not be unwilling to apply again unto God, who is ever ready to hear their cry." O, thought I, this is the very cordial for my

wounded soul, and heaven itself can bear witness how earnestly I desire grace to live to the glory of God, but am prevented by the strength of sin. "Is it not the breath of God in your own souls?" said Dr. C. "As to your convictions of your own unworthiness, that falls to nothing before the blood of Christ; your sins can never be too great to be forgiven. Take Christ in the front of your petitions, and God will turn your mourning into dancing. If you have lost your God, do not rest till you find Him again. Of what avail is it to the devil that he was once in heaven; and what avail will it be to the sinner that he once possessed the favour of God, if he does not continue to possess that favour? But a soul that is penitent can never be lost, for a single spark of grace can never go to hell; and God stands ready to receive the penitent; let him come whenever he will, or however deep his guilt." Well, thought I, this is all for me, and as the Lord's Supper is to be administered here this morning I will assuredly partake of it; and so I did; and my soul rejoiced.

On Tuesday, 15th February, I awoke very early, and prayed earnestly to God to blot out my sins and disperse every unholy thought, and I was for once so completely engaged in imploring salvation from sin into perfect obedience to the will of God, that I quite forgot to pray for my dear wife and children; but He who searches all hearts knows mine also. I continued in a most anxious state of uncertainty about the business until Tuesday, the 5th of April, 1814, when a letter arrived saying that the difficulties were now removed. Accordingly, on Monday, the 11th of April, I arrived in Maidstone, and took possession of the whole concern.

Now then began a new career of life, and I found myself unexpectedly placed as the master over that very house which I entered as errand boy on the 24th day of January, 1786, and remained till the 12th day of January, 1801. O how was my poor heart agitated with hopes and fears,

and strong determinations never again to offend that God who had done such mighty deeds for one who had so awfully rebelled against Him. But how weak are our best resolutions when made in our own strength, and so I soon found it to my cost and sorrow, for it was only on the Saturday fortnight (April 30) that some of my old companions came to congratulate me upon my arrival in Maidstone, and insisted on taking wine by way of wishing me success. Well, I thought a glass or two could not do me any harm, particularly as I had worked hard all the week and had now obtained fortitude and resolution to stop at three or four glasses, at the very outside. But how treacherous is the human heart ! I went on glass for glass with my companions till reason began to totter, and at this very moment (which I shall never forget) the door opened, and who should stand before my face to witness my folly and confusion, but Mr. P. Yes ; even my best friend, who had come down from London for the sole purpose of giving me comfort and advice in this trying moment. O how my heart recoiled at my own deep ingratitude towards such a benevolent friend, and I stood speechless. But he did not upbraid me, for his heart was too full of compassion to augment the anguish which he knew would take possession of my soul when reason resumed her seat. He gently retreated, and looking me full and expressively in the face, said, "I will see you in the morning." I dismissed my companions with reproaches and retired to bed, when I passed a restless night. As soon as I had breakfasted I waited on Mr. P. When he saw me, he took my hand, and with a silent squeeze looked forgiveness. He soon proposed a walk, and we had scarcely got into the street when he turned upon me, and, with a voice of sympathy, said—"I do not condemn you, for I deeply pity you." This kindness entered my very soul, and I could only say, "God bless you, Sir." Here again I have reason to bless that merciful Being who did not utterly take his

loving kindness from me, neither suffer my friends to forsake me.

After this time I began to apply myself more earnestly to business than ever; but still my prevailing propensity kept fast hold, and although I was very circumspect at times for three or four weeks together, yet at other intervals I went off into the most dreadful indulgences, to the disgrace of myself and to the astonishment and grief of those who were truly desirous for my happiness. Amongst these was Mr. M., who had known me from a child, and who combated the remarks of my enemies till at last he was almost in despair; and added to all this, and as the height of my depravity, I had been blessed with the best of wives, one who feared God, and whose life seemed to be bound up in myself, and whose tenderness towards me, even in the midst of my cruelty, was beyond all expression or description; and although I was fully sensible of all this, as well as of the wonderful mercy of God in not cutting me down, still I had no power to resist my heart-rending propensity, although the happiness of my family and friends was all involved in my conduct. Added to all this was my own immediate danger of eternal misery, as also my frequently being rendered completely insane for several days after I had desisted from the use of wine or liquors. All these things only increased my weakness and my misery, for I often saw such dreadful sights and heard such dreadful sounds, when recovered from intoxication, that I was frequently led to exclaim in all the horror of despair, that I was certain that my thoughts of religion were all delusion, and that I was doomed by heaven itself to eternal destruction. Indeed one day as I was shaving myself, after I had been in a dreadful state for several days together, the devil suggested to me that I had better cut my throat at once, for I had outlived my former respectability, and was become such a disgrace to my poor wife and children that the sooner I was out of the way the

better. But again the same invisible hand preserved me ; and I kept on sinning and repenting at various times during the remainder of the years 1814 and 1815 ; sometimes walking uprightly to the appearance of men for many weeks together, and continuing incessant in prayer to God for deliverance ; still hoping even against hope. At length the time drew nigh for my escape from Doubting Castle and from the chains of Giant Despair. I had been most alarmingly ill of a bilious fever, brought on by intemperance, and was so near death that I began to think I must now die, and go to receive the reward of my sins ; and yet hope was not entirely taken from me, for when I was in the greatest bodily agony I remembered the words of David, and cried to the Lord and said—"What profit is there in my blood, shall the dead praise thee? O Lord, let me live for Christ's sake, and let it be seen that Thine arm is not shortened—that it cannot save. O save me, vile as I have been, that even yet I may live to Thy glory as a monument of Thy mercy." My tears and my poor heart went together, and a voice seemed to say, "Thou shalt recover ;" and, blessed be God, I did recover, with a broken and a contrite heart.

I became much humbled, and thought if my friends would place me in a private mad-house, or some confinement, I should be content to live on bread and water all the days of my life, if I could be preserved from sinning against God. Whilst I was ruminating in this manner, and making fresh determinations to set out again for the kingdom of heaven, my dear wife and my friend, Mr. M., had been consulting whether there was any possibility of my being benefited by medical advice, and had actually applied to Doctor Day, who gave great hopes that if I could be brought to take such medicines as he should prescribe a cure might be expected ; but that the first great difficulty would be to make me acquainted with their deliberations, and to obtain my consent to conform to their

plans. At the very same time my gracious God was himself working in me a strong desire to make use of every means that could be suggested. This was on the ever-to-be-remembered first day of March, 1816. Mr. M. kindly came to visit me, though I was then unworthy of his notice, and as I was deeply deploring my sad, sinful, and ungrateful conduct towards God, and all my friends, I said—"I wonder whether Doctor D. could possibly point out any plan for my relief;" as I was willing to undertake anything in the world to prove how desirous I was to be freed from this dreadful wickedness. Mr. M. and my dear wife looked at each other with astonishment, and she exclaimed—"The hand of God is certainly in this thing." They then informed me of what they had been doing, and how troubled they were to know in what manner they should make me acquainted with their plans, fearing that I should be offended.

Here, my dear children, if ever you should read this book, here was a ray of light bursting upon your poor father's head, which led him from the pit of despair to the gates of heaven. Here his hopes were again revived; here your poor mother felt the mercy of God pouring consolation into her almost broken heart; and here a new song of praise arose to that God whose mercy is everlasting. Doctor D. was immediately requested to visit me, and after putting various questions he agreed to take me under his care, and even went so far as to say that he would never leave me until he had, through the blessing of God, effected a cure. O what a day was this! what hopes and fears alternately played in all our minds! The very thought of being healed of such a malady, and of being restored to society and respectability, was too delicious to be endured without showers of tears. I began to take the remedies prescribed that very night, and was enabled to trust in God for his assistance to enable me to persevere. But it was not merely the medicines, but a great solace was given

to my mind by Doctor D.'s kind commiseration of my situation, which he declared demanded the full exercise of pity instead of that heavy censure which had been cast upon me. The voice of pity! O how sweet it is to the deeply burdened heart, overpowered by a sense of its own depravity! In consulting with my physician, I told him how deeply my mind was impressed with a sense of the heinousness of my sin against God whom I desired to love, and yet had no power to resist the dreadful evil which came upon me periodically, about once a month. His answer was, that he could not view my case in the same depraved light, for he was confident from what he had discovered respecting my nervous system, that I could no more prevent the mischief when the fit came upon me than any person subject to the gout could prevent a return of the same disorder. O what a valve of hope was now opened to my ardent imagination, to think even for a moment that there were persons who thought me less guilty than I had condemned myself to be. Yet still I considered this by far too favourable an opinion, for I had no desire to forgive myself, even though all my friends and even my Creator should do so. I desired to consider myself quite as vile as my outward conduct appeared to be, even though I had no desire to lose my hope in God; for all things were possible to Him. The medicines were draughts composed principally of steel, mixed in about two ounces of peppermint water, to be taken twice a day; and with these he allowed me to take two or three glasses of port wine after dinner, but to refrain entirely from the use of spirits in any way whatever; and to make use of toast and water at my meals, with a very moderate use of small beer, or a little porter, but no ale.

I desired to feel exceedingly grateful that I was allowed so bountiful a supply, and the more particularly when so great a good was connected with it; for I had determined in my own poor strength that I would cheerfully drink

nothing but water during the whole of my life, if such an expedient could at all be the means of my escaping the dreadful evil which had entwined itself around me for so many years. I went on in a tolerably steady manner for several weeks, strictly attending to my medicines and watching against temptation; taking also especial care to read the Bible for nearly an hour every morning before breakfast, with prayer and supplication for divine help, and as long as I continued in this regular course I received daily blessings. My health and strength were indeed renewed as the eagle's, and I began to think that my mountain would now stand against every attack of my secret foe. Thus I became lifted up with pride, which led me to be less attentive to prayer and reading the Bible; and, in consequence, at an unguarded hour I was again the captive of my enemy.

Doctor D. again watched over me with the greatest tenderness, and desired me not to be discouraged, as he had not expected that I should overcome in a few weeks an evil which had been growing upon me for several years. I took fresh courage, and set out again with a strong determination to be so very watchful that nothing should surprise me for the future. But how vain are the strongest human efforts when unassisted by divine grace, and how prone is human nature to refuse that powerful aid which is so freely offered by the Creator of the universe, "who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." This was not a battle between myself and another of my fellow creatures, in which superior strength, or skill, or accident, might gain the victory; this was a contest with inbred corruption and habits of long standing and increasing growth, and which if not subdued would inevitably sink the soul as well as the body into endless ruin. However, I set out again in the same manner as before, adhering to my medicines and my Bible, and I thought myself upon surer ground than ever, and particularly as I had been recovered from my last fall



in five days instead of fifteen or twenty as was formerly the case, and this circumstance gave my physician as well as myself considerable reason to hope that we had at least made some impression upon the force and power of my strong propensity.

Still these hopes were delusive, for in nine days afterwards I fell into the very same situation again, and brought deep distress into my own soul as well as poignant anguish into the heart of a beloved wife and all my friends. I might be asked, How can you have a sincere affection for your wife if you indulge in these disgraceful extremes? All I could answer would be, that from the bottom of my soul I detest and abhor my own conduct, and yet have not the power to resist that which I hate. But to proceed:— Doctor. D. himself was much chagrined as well as myself, but he was not at all out of heart, and when in the anguish of my mind I entreated him not to leave me through disgust at my conduct, he kindly re-assured me that he would never leave me till he had brought me through every difficulty. And he the more insisted upon it that his hope was considerably increased, because in these two last times of falling into this distress I had been recovered each time in five days. Yet it would appear very naturally to some minds that the blessings of the Almighty only served to render my heart more hardened instead of reducing it to obedience, for He had graciously given me another son (Newman) between these two last falls, the first of which terminated on the 18th of May, and the last of which commenced on the 27th of the same month; and in this interval I was so far recovered and so re-determined to persevere that on the day my dear wife was safely delivered (which was on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1818) I voluntarily drew up of my own mind, and wrote with my own hand, a complete grant of power to Doctor D. to make use of whatever means he should deem most expedient to effect my recovery, even to the confinement of my person;

and this document \* I signed in the presence of Doctor D. and my friend, Mr. M., into whose hands I gave this writing to be by him securely kept, and brought forward in vindication of Doctor D.'s conduct if ever my situation should become so unfortunate as to oblige him to have recourse to severe measures. Doctor D. and Mr. M. were both of them deeply affected by this instance of my ardent desire to overcome this evil, and they felt constrained to acknowledge that I had by this act evinced all the sincerity that it was possible for a man to display, and they went away more strengthened than ever in their opinion that all would yet end well. Indeed I myself had stronger hopes than ever, because I felt an inward desire to live to the glory of God, even though my present conduct seemed to be directly opposite to everything like such a desire, and gave more encouragement than ever to my enemies to hope for my speedy destruction. But He who had determined my deliverance had also determined that I should pass through more trials, but at the same time He mercifully gave me an increase of resolution to persevere.

Yet my mind underwent many painful struggles through fear that (even after all that had been said and done) it was still possible that I had been deceived in my hopes of recovery from so dreadful a malady, and particularly as it had been a strongly received opinion that persons addicted to drunkenness were very seldom recovered. However, I took fresh courage, and felt my fears considerably abated when I read the lives of Bunyan, Perkins, Gardiner, and Newton, all of whom had been notorious sinners, and yet had all been rescued from destruction by the same Almighty hand; and why should not that same hand save even me, notwithstanding I had outsinced them all? My faith in God revived, and I commenced taking my medicines again

\* Subsequent entry—"This very document is deposited in my private desk, and there it now lies. J. V. H."

on the first day of June, and accompanied them with fervent prayer and a strict attention to reading the Bible every morning for one hour before breakfast. In this manner I went steadily forward till the 23rd of July, when, to my dreadful grief and the grief of all my friends, I yielded again to temptation, and fell into the same dreadful state of intemperance and distress as before. I remained under the effects of this fall for six days, when it pleased God to spare my life once more, and to renew my determination to rise again and enter upon a new combat with my mortal foe. But no language can depict the anguish of my mind to find how dreadfully I had rebelled against my Creator, and it seemed to be the most incomprehensible thing in the world how I could be so drawn aside, after having tasted and relished the goodness of God and delighted in his ways; and indeed it was such an astonishment to my own mind, that I was frequently constrained to look upon myself as the greatest hypocrite under the sun, and yet I could not give up my hope that my prayers (which I thought were at least sometimes sincere, if not always so,) would eventually be answered.

Under these circumstances I set out once more, looking entirely to heaven for help, and continued my medicines and reading the Bible with great regularity every day. Thus I was helped forward again, and my kind friends, Dr. D. and Mr. M., were every day anxiously overlooking all my steps, and watching for the completion of their fervent wishes. Hopes and fears now alternately rose in my mind. The prize to be obtained was of immense value, therefore the fears of losing it were great indeed; and under these impressions I pressed forward with great circumspection until I had become so far established as to discontinue my medicines entirely. But, most unfortunately, my dear wife was absent at this time at Worcester, and having no person to converse with in the evening, after the close of business, I frequently went into company, when I

should otherwise have been happy at my own fire-side. Still, however, through the mercy of God, I maintained my ground, but not with so much firmness as I should have done if I had been favoured with a companion to engage my vacant hours. Yet, notwithstanding all these dangers, I began to think myself fully established in such strength of resolution as to resist any temptation, and the more particularly as I had quite declined the use of medicine. But this was false security, for being invited to dine with Mr. A., on the 10th day of September, 1816, in company with my kind and watchful friend, Mr. M., and several other good friends, I passed a very happy day, and although I did not drink more than a pint of wine, yet it was so much more than I had lately been accustomed to take that it produced a stimulus in my system, which induced a desire for more when I got home, and I insensibly gave way to the desire, and thus staggered again out of the right path. But when I returned to my senses, and found what I had been guilty of in thus abusing the mercy of God, my distress was more poignant if possible than ever. I had seemed to be so near the attainment of all my best wishes, and of the hopes which my friends had so long entertained, that I had only to stretch forth my hand and seize the crown; yet it again vanished from my embrace, and the disappointment almost broke my heart. I wept rivers of tears, and prostrated myself before the mercy seat of God, and implored his assistance even once more, that mine enemy might not have to boast that his power was stronger than the grace of the most High. My prayers were heard, and I was restored from this fall in four days, and I immediately recommenced taking my medicines, being strengthened with a determination never to give up the contest.

During all these contests I had been allowed to take two or three glasses of wine a day, or a small quantity of spirits and water, according to circumstances; but then I had not prudence or resolution enough always to stop at

the right point, and this often led to bad consequences. At length Doctor D. reasoned with me as to the necessity of confining myself wholly to water, small beer, or porter, as the uttermost degree of strong drink that I might venture to take. My desire to conquer every enemy being now more deeply rooted than ever, I entered into my physician's views of the subject, and prayed for grace to help me in this my time of need. My dear wife was now also returned from Worcester, which made my home more comfortable, and gave new life to new resolutions. Accordingly I began on Sunday, the 22nd September, 1816, to relinquish the use of wine of every description, and also all kinds of spirituous liquors and ale, having also pledged myself that if porter or table beer were too strong for my constitution I would cheerfully confine myself to water, rather than offend a merciful Creator. I continued taking my medicines, with the greatest regularity, till about the 10th of October, when my health becoming more and more established I found them unnecessary, and after having taken three hundred and seventy-six bottles of the chalybeate draughts, I relinquished them entirely; and, through the mercy of God, have never had any occasion to recur to the use of these medicines from the 10th of October, 1816, even to the present moment of writing this passage, which is written on this 29th day of November, 1817.

During all this time I have been wonderfully preserved from taking even so much as a spoonful of wine or spirituous liquors of any description; and although at many times several gentlemen have dined with me, and the wine has been freely passed about, yet I have sat at the head of the table, with a small pint jug of porter, and power has been imparted to me to resist every solicitation from my friends, and also every temptation from my own feelings. But during the whole of this period that great Being, who was accomplishing so wonderful a work, was also giving

me an increasing desire to study his holy word, and through his constraining influence, I have never passed a single day without reading the Bible for one hour, or nearly so, every morning before breakfast, besides at several other times in the day, and praying most earnestly to have my understanding illuminated, that the precepts and doctrines of the Scriptures might be deeply fixed in my heart, and form the constant rule of my life before God and man. By these means I have been kept in a state of continual happiness, my health has been uninterruptedly good, and all my comforts have abounded, and I trust that I am daily living to the praise of the glory of God, as a wonderful monument of his free grace and great salvation.

I would not have any one suppose that the great good here recorded was obtained without many struggles. It is no easy thing to overcome long established habits, particularly when the natural inclinations are ever ready to contribute to their strength. And this was my case, inasmuch as I was of a lively, cheerful disposition, and fond of company; and because I could sing a good song or tell a good tale I was continually invited into parties of drinking and pleasure. All this was to be overcome, and pursuits of an opposite tendency were to be encouraged with the utmost energy and perseverance. Now, nothing short of divine help could possibly accomplish so desirable an end, but this help was to be had simply by asking it, with a sincere and contrite mind, of Him who has graciously declared that all who seek shall find. I am sure that I am a living witness of the faithfulness of God to all his promises. But did the seeking the kingdom of heaven make me less cheerful or less lively? Far from it, all this natural vivacity continued to flow, but it was turned into another channel. My business was pursued with as much avidity as ever; but the perplexities which used to occasion peevishness were now all softened by a serenity that made

crooked things straight and rough places plain, thus exemplifying the words of Scripture, that the ways of religion are "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." Yet my feelings were often deeply oppressed when I beheld any poor creature tottering in the streets under the influence of intoxication, and the recollection of my own former distressing state impelled a fervent ejaculation that God would mercifully become the friend of these poor creatures, who had lost all friendship for themselves and were totally insensible of their danger. Indeed I never see persons in liquor but my heart groans for their relief, as I well know that nothing short of Omnipotence can stay the raging of such an unmerciful enemy. Those persons who had laid many bitter things to my charge all became quiet, when it was known that I not only abhorred this conduct myself but that I had also placed myself under the entire direction of a physician of long tried abilities, in order that I might be relieved from this formidable malady, which he most unequivocally denominated disease and not inclination; and that it was a disease induced by a strong affection of the whole nervous system, which rendered it almost impossible to escape the effects produced. This testimony softened the malice of my foes into pity, and when they were so credibly informed that I was continually striving against it, they almost universally wished me success. My friends all gathered around me with the kindest expressions of encouragement, and this gave me a zest to persevere; and when I also beheld my dear children and a beloved wife all deeply involved in my fate, my heart was elevated to heaven at the very thought of being restored to them in health and happiness.

It was a Christmas Day, 1816, when we were all sitting round the fire, my wife on one side and myself on the other, with our four healthy boys, Edward, Vine, Stephen, and Newman, playing between us, and ourselves enjoying a serenity of happiness springing from the mercy of our

God, that the prospect of future bliss and the high enjoyment of present comfort quite overpowered our feelings, and with hearts lifted up in fervent gratitude to the Author of our blessings we sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and we sang it with the heart full in tune, whilst tears of unspeakable delight rolled down in sympathy with our exalted affections. It was a day of pure delight, such as we had never witnessed before, because our affections were never before so sincerely fixed on our great Redeemer. And besides all this I had been preserved ninety-four days without tasting even a drop of any strong liquor, and this had never before occurred since I was seventeen years of age. All this increased our joy and gave additional vigour to hopes of the future, and the more particularly as God Almighty had himself given me strength to pluck out a right eye and cut off a right hand in order that I might enter the kingdom of heaven. I now close this narrative with the strongest and most powerful exhortation to my dear children, that if ever they felt any affection for their father, or would desire to reap advantage by his painful as well as happy experience, they would closely study and highly value that blessed book, the Bible, which is able, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, to make them wise unto salvation; and not only happy with respect to eternity, but its precepts, if followed, will soften all the cares of this life and enable them to pass through the world with honour to themselves and with glory to that God whose mercy is everlasting, and whose wondrous power has changed the heart of their father from the very spirit of infidelity to a decided belief and immoveable confidence in the all-sufficiency of the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, upon whom his soul now securely rests for eternal felicity.

Written and signed with my own hand, November 29, 1817.

J. V. HALL.



If my boys choose to publish this after my death, they have my consent to do so ; provided it is thought that it might be the means of encouraging other poor sinful creatures to fly to the same all-powerful remedy that I have done, to get rid of such a dreadful besetting sin.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1818. — Ah! my poor dear children, your happy father scarcely knows how to begin his record of another year. The mercies of the year that is past are so great, that your poor father hardly knows where to begin the praises of that God who has saved his life from destruction, and who has crowned him with loving kindness and tender mercies. But, my dear sons, as I have already brought down my narrative to the 29th of November last, I will shortly state to you the simple occurrence of Christmas Day. In the morning of that blessed anniversary, you, my dear children, together with your mother and your father, were all assembled round the fire, before breakfast, wishing each other a happy Christmas, and being full of joy, we all joined in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" Your mother and myself, looking at each other and then on you, (our dear children) and feeling in our hearts the love of that beneficent Being, who had been so merciful towards us, were constrained to lift up our hearts with gratitude, whilst our eyes did indeed overflow with joy. Even you, my dear children, young as you were, appeared to enter into these feelings, for you united in singing "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," and you sung it with all your might; after which we had family prayer, and at the proper time, we attended the morning service at chapel. We spent the happiest Christmas Day that we had ever known in our whole life before, yet neither your mother nor your father tasted even a drop of any kind of wine or liquor. As not even the cheerfulness of Christmas could move your father from his purpose, so your kind mother also was determined that she would not take any wine on this day. Have we not boundless cause to

rely with implicit confidence on that benevolent Being who has already done such great things for us, and who has brought your poor father out of an horrible pit and placed his feet on a rock, and put a new song into his mouth, even the praise of God. Now, my dear children, this is the entire work of that gracious God, who has brought your father through fire and through water, to feel unfeigned delight in studying his holy word every day for the last fifteen months; and the Bible has indeed been "a lamp to his feet and a light to his path," to guard him from evil, and to guide him, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, into the way of life everlasting. O then listen to the admonition of your anxious parent, who is himself a striking monument of the mercy of that God, who will surely answer your prayers if you call upon Him in sincerity and truth through the medium of his beloved Son, who not only made atonement for your sins, but shed his precious blood for the sins of the whole world. Therefore I beseech you by the mercies of God never to listen to the insinuations of Satan, that your sins were too great to be pardoned, for that can never be the case whilst Jesus Christ continues to be our Advocate and Intercessor at the throne of mercy; and there He stands for ever employed in that glorious work till the final consummation of all things. Therefore do not suffer any circumstances, however desperate they may appear, to drive you to despair, but consider what severe trials, temptations, and miserable falls David encountered, and consider his repentance and restoration, and last of all, consider the painful trials of your own once miserable, but now happy father, who has been rescued from the very depths of hell by sovereign grace alone, to enjoy daily and hourly communion with God, under the liveliest hope of eternal felicity.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1818.—Yesterday my dear wife and myself joined with the church, at the Independent Meeting in Week Street, in celebrating the Lord's Supper. I was

admitted a member on Wednesday last, the 25th of February ; and here surely I may praise that merciful God who has brought me into his banqueting house and placed me under his banner of love. " O that I might dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

I had brought down my narrative to the 1st of January last, but had omitted to mention that the Rev. Edmund Jenkins, pastor of the Independent Meeting in Week Street, was an inmate in our family for nearly four months, until Wednesday, the 14th of February last, on which day he quitted us, and was married the next morning. During Mr. Jenkins's residing with us we experienced many blessings of a spiritual nature, particularly in having family prayer, which had long been abandoned before he came ; but on the day of his departure, it pleased God to give me grace and strength to go forward with this important duty, which we have regularly continued with great delight and inward satisfaction.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1818.—This auspicious day completes a period of two whole years, during which, by the grace of God alone, I have been most miraculously preserved from drinking any kind of wine or spirits, but have confined myself to porter or water. Yet I was seduced by a depraved nature to drink more porter than was right, by which I was brought into a distressing situation ; but I have abundant reason to be deeply thankful to a merciful God, that when the enemy came in like a flood his almighty arm was lifted up in my defence, and I was recovered from the snare in less time than ever before, being only one day under the power of my adversary. The last time was on Wednesday, the 15th of July, when, the weather being sultry in the extreme, I drank porter till I became ashamed of myself ; yet the hand of God never forsook me, neither was I suffered to taste even so much as a drop of any kind of wine or spirits, although there was a quantity of each within my reach, and no human being

present to prevent my taking it if I had been so inclined. But my great Deliverer had issued his sovereign mandate, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." I felt very deep anguish for my transgression, and I entreated grace to give up every idol. Porter had indeed been my idol, and was to my taste the greatest luxury, but this must also be given up. I pondered these things in my mind without coming to a decision, till our faithful minister, in one of his pastoral visits, put the following question to me in the most impressive manner, "Do you love porter better than Christ?" The appeal went home to my soul, and I instantly resolved, by divine help, that I would not only give up my long favourite beverage, but everything else that should retard my journey to heaven. Accordingly I ceased immediately from the use of porter, and from the 19th of July to the present day, September 21st, I have never tasted any other beverage than my own table beer and water. Here then I have more abundant reason than ever to praise that merciful Being, who has thus subdued three of my great enemies and placed them under my feet. Shall I ever again distrust the continuance of that mercy which has been so greatly manifested in my deliverance from so dreadful a bondage? O, be such a thought far from me, and let me ever rest secure that He who hath begun the good work will indeed carry it out to full perfection. But let me take heed.

(Extract from the *Sun*, October 15, 1818.)

"DREADFUL EFFECTS OF INTOXICATION. — On Sunday morning was found dead in his bedroom, near the Commercial Road, Lambeth, William Harle, who for upwards of ten years had been principal book-keeper in the house of D. & Co. For about three weeks he had indulged freely in his propensity to drinking; sensible, at length, of the distress and ruin he was bringing on himself and family, and stung with remorse, in a paroxysm of despair he put an end to his existence by placing a stick through his neckerchief and strangling himself. The character of this man was extraordinary; he possessed

some excellent qualities, and as an accountant his abilities were equalled by few; he was generally abstemious, yet such was his occasional propensity to drinking, that he would sometimes render himself incapable of business for several days. This degrading habit has unfortunately brought him to an untimely end, and left four orphan children totally unprovided for. Yesterday a coroner's inquest was held on the body, and a verdict returned—insanity."

When I read this short but dreadful narrative, and consider how very closely my own former indulgences of this destructive propensity are here represented, I may indeed cry out with the psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1819.—What an eventful year has the last been to me, and what astonishing mercies have been poured out upon my unworthy head! Who could have thought it possible, after what I have already recorded, that I should ever again fall into the net of my deadly enemy? Yet so unwatchful have I been, and so lifted up by pride, that I considered myself now completely secure against my former propensity, and that it was totally impossible ever to be overcome by table beer. But one unhappy day I was thus again brought into disgraceful distress. Yet there was still abundant reason for thankfulness, as God restrained me from either spirits, porter, wine, or ale. But this table beer was a little leaven, which would soon have leavened the whole lump. Although God had enabled me to cut off the right hand almost, yet the retaining the use of beer was something like retaining one little finger of that hand. I was not suffered to remain long in this painful state, which commenced on Monday afternoon, the 16th of November, for on the Wednesday following I was seized with a most dreadful fit of the bile, and then began to recover. I felt myself to be an ungrateful, sinful creature, and desired to fall before a throne of grace, that I might obtain mercy and strength to set out again in the right path. I now found, by bitter ex-

perience, that it was absolutely necessary to give up everything that could bring my soul into similar distress from a similar cause, and that if I had a spark of sincere love towards God, I must from this hour give up the use of all kinds of liquid containing any spirit. Accordingly, having received from God himself a holy desire to live to his glory, I called upon Him to give me strength ; and set forward again on Thursday evening, the 19th of November, with the determination never to allow anything stronger than tea or coffee to enter my lips again. In this blessed resolution I have been enabled, through divine assistance, to continue to the present moment, and have uniformly substituted water for malt liquor with my meals, and instead of a glass of beer after my meals, I have experienced unspeakable comfort in taking nothing but milk and water. Oh, the greatness of the power of the grace of God ! It is indeed unconquerable, and I am a living witness of its miraculous influence. May my benevolent Creator grant, for Jesus Christ's sake, that I may remain a faithful witness to all eternity !

[The following pages, to the end of the chapter, are transferred from their proper date, October, 1820, in order to give unity to the subject.—Ed.]

How many humiliating circumstances do I find when looking over my ledgers. Entries scarcely legible, yet piercingly plain as to the miserable state I was reduced to through the abuse of wine when such entries were made. I view them with agony and grief. I then turn with grateful astonishment to the present circumstances of my spared life, and ardently desire to be filled with deep repentance before a gracious and patient God.

I rejoice on account of my beloved wife and dear friends, who are no longer fearful of evil tidings as heretofore when my name is mentioned, and who are no longer ashamed of their relationship to a person who had caused them so much grief. What a contrast to those dreadful times when such

fearful sights appeared before my eyes, that if I were not at this present time in the full possession of my senses, the very mention of such scenes would create a suspicion of insanity. At one time, being in bed and fully awake, with my dear wife sitting beside me, I saw the figures of two frightful looking men extending their bodies apparently over the top of the bed, with long whips in their hands, with which they were flogging me, amidst dreadful imprecations, on account of my evil conduct. I caught fast hold of my wife, and screamed out in an agony of fright, which so alarmed her that she endeavoured to escape from me; but so great was my terror that I held her fast in my arms, fearing that these demons should carry me away if she quitted the room. She alarmed the house, which brought her sister and two maid-servants into the chamber; but I would not allow her to leave me during the night. This was after a fit of intoxication had subsided, but which had so deranged my nerves as to produce temporary insanity; yet I recollect the circumstances as plainly as if they were in action at the present moment.

At many other times strange figures appeared before me, accusing me of all my former sinful practices, which were as plainly brought before my recollection as if they had but recently taken place. Sometimes flashes of lightning appeared to pass before me, and when I inquired of these figures what such appearances signified they would seem to answer that they came from hell, and that they were commissioned to drag me there. All these things appeared real to my poor agitated mind, and almost drove me distracted. One Sunday morning, whilst the people were passing to church, I jumped out of bed to follow a spirit with which I had actually been conversing; the supposed phantom leading me down stairs to the door, which I opened to admit of its departure. At this time I was perfectly free from intoxication, but my nerves were all deranged in consequence of a very late fit of intemperance.

Appearances of the strangest kind were continually presented, not only to my mind but to my eye-sight, and from this circumstance I can account for the tales of apparitions which have seemed to appear to persons labouring under nervous irritation. But still these things appeared to be real, and were frightfully distressing. At other times I have been tempted to destroy myself, that the world might be ridded of such a monster; but now here I am, with my life redeemed from destruction, my health renewed like the eagle's; my soul and body devoted to God, to the honour and praise of his almighty power; and for this reason—because “his mercy endureth for ever.”

THE SNAKE.—My desire of drinking to excess came on periodically, about once in six weeks, and in the intermediate time I refrained from drinking any strong liquor. But this was a most extraordinary circumstance, that I received a kind of warning previous to the commencement of these unhappy fits. These warnings were given when I was perfectly sober, and when I had been so for several weeks in succession. In my dreams I was fiercely attacked by a large snake, which flew at and bit my legs. This passed off without my thinking much about it; but the next time that I fell under my cruel propensity I recollected (upon recovery) that I had again seen and been bitten by the snake! I did not mention the circumstance, because I considered it rather ridiculous, but I determined to watch such appearances for the future. In about seven or eight weeks I dreamed again of the snake, and I determined to watch—but all to no purpose, for I fell under the dreadful evil. I now thought I would mention this extraordinary circumstance to my dear wife, that we might unitedly watch should any such warning be repeated. Again the snake appeared, and all the dreadful consequences ensued, although I had been perfectly sober for several weeks. As the snake was more or less furious in its attacks, so was I more or less violently overcome by intoxication. I had frequently



mentioned these circumstances to my dear wife long before the effects followed, that it might not appear an invention of my own ; and although I strove hard for victory, yet I was always conquered. I never once dreamed of the snake but intoxication followed within a week. At length it pleased God to fight my battles, and I then began to have the victory.

I had never received this warning till after the 14th of March, 1812, (on which day I became deeply convinced of my sins,) and the same warning was continued, at various times, till the 10th of September, 1816, which was the last attack, as to drinking wine or spirits, both of which I was enabled to give up on the 22nd of the same month. I continued to drink porter till the 19th of July, 1818, on which day I gave up that also, it having proved too powerful for me. But before I fell into this last snare, I was again forewarned by the snake, which attacked me this time in a very feeble manner, and the effect of this encounter continued only two days. The last time that I saw the snake was a few days previous to the 19th of November, 1818, on which occasion the reptile which had caused me so much terror arose with two heads slowly and feebly from the ground, and appeared in a dying state. It tried to rear both its heads, but they fell downward to the earth, and the animal appeared to sink into the ground completely exhausted ! I ran to the place where it had disappeared, and (in my dream) stamped upon the hole into which my foe had slunk, and, blessed be God, I have never seen it since. On this occasion I was for one day only overcome by my own table beer, which I immediately gave up, and commenced drinking milk and water ; and, through the mercy of God, have continued to do so to the present period, October 6, 1820.

All I can say about the foregoing account of the snake is, that it is truth.

Often have I taken the dreadful glass into my hand, and

looked at the wine with a sort of sensible horror, yet had no power to resist the strong impulse to let it pass my throat. Many and many a time has conscience plainly told me that this conduct would assuredly bring me to ruin, my children to beggary, and my wife to an untimely grave; yet, with all these reflections, the dreadful habit was so strong, that I gave way to its force. Many a time also I have looked with strong emotion upon poor ragged children playing in the streets, and when my sympathies have been excited even to tears, the same faithful monitor has whispered to my mind—"Such will be the fate of your own children, unless you break off this destructive habit." But all these things were unavailing—affliction, tenderness, conscience, had no power, and nothing short of Omnipotence could perform the mighty act.

My happiness is now unspeakably great, arising from constant temperance and sobriety, and from being also, at all times, ready to meet the business and difficulties of the day; thus living in some very small degree to the glory of God. Even in the midst of all these blessings how much anguish does it occasion my soul to catch myself sometimes musing over scenes of past sensual indulgence, till former sins appear to be almost re-committed. What but the precious blood of Christ could atone for such deeply rooted pollution? I have been often pained by the most abominable thoughts crowding upon my mind, even in the midst of secret prayer as well as in the house of God, and have therefore been led to suspect whether I was truly sincere in the profession which I had made. These things are very painful, and yet I not only delight, yes, greatly delight in the ordinances of God, both public and private, but feel great pleasure also in the society of those who love his blessed name, and who, by his grace, are enabled to praise Him in their lives and conversation. I do indeed feel great delight, unspeakably so, in the company of a sincere Christian, and I hate every evil way and everything

within myself, as well as others, that would dishonour the Son of God. It now affords me great, unspeakable pleasure, to point out to poor perishing sinners the willingness of God to forgive all who repent and turn from their sins, and also to stand forth as a witness to his faithfulness and power to subdue the most inveterate habits. I, who was a most dreadful drinker—even I am become one of the most sober men in England, through the power of God alone.

## CHAPTER IV.

DIARY. 1819—1821.

FATE OF COMPANIONS—THE BRAND PLUCKED—TEMPTATION—RETROSPECT—SABBATH OBSERVANCE—BIBLE READING—EMBEZZLEMENT—SYMPATHY—DREAMS—"BREAD UPON THE WATERS"—DISINTERESTEDNESS. AGE 46—48.

FEBRUARY 18, 1819.—Blessed be God, that thirteen weeks have now passed in which I have enjoyed the uninterrupted gratification of never tasting any other liquids than coffee, tea, or milk and water. Oh what mercy! And so much have I enjoyed this latter beverage that it becomes sweeter and sweeter to my taste every day, and my health and spirits are kept in a finer tone than ever, through the rich mercy of that Redeemer whose power and goodness have been so resplendently displayed in healing all my diseases, and redeeming my life from destruction. The peaceful state of my mind, and my prospects of futurity, are beyond description; and I now look forward with ineffable delight, accompanied with a brilliant hope that I shall be enabled to spend the remainder of my days on earth to the honour and glory of God, and to be with Him for ever in heaven.

MARCH 14.—The rich mercy of God has permitted me to see another birthday, after struggling for seven years against a most fatal evil; and although his goodness has prevented my being cut down as a cumberer of the ground, yet how many have entered the gates of death by the very same path from which, by the most astonishing mercy, He

has rescued my soul. I deeply lament that my gratitude bears so little proportion to his goodness; and the more particularly when the contrast is so very and so awfully striking between my present condition and the fate of my old companions. My early friends snatched away, and gone—where? J. S., my bosom friend, died at thirty-six,—gone. J. T. died suddenly, in a shocking state of disease, at forty—victims of intemperance. My old companion, Lieut. R., wild and intemperate, cut off at thirty-one. J. S. at thirty went the same dreadful path to death. T. K., paralytic, beginning in intemperance, died at thirty-nine. W. C. at twenty-eight,—the same. J. P., a man whom one would call excellent at times, died raving mad from intemperance, at forty-two. Why was it not my fate? T. E., whom I often envied for his sobriety, became so much the victim of intemperance as to be removed to a mad-house, where he now lies, insane! And yet I, the most unworthy of all, I am preserved to tell the dismal tale. And not only these, my companions, have fallen, but others also (with whom I joined in the midnight revel) are reduced to beggary, and are now wandering about in misery and contempt. I feel deeply on their account;

“And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrand from the flame;  
But feeble my compassion proves.”

None but God!

JULY 19.—Blessed be God that a whole year has now passed away since I tasted anything stronger than table beer. And yet I desire to look back with humble sorrow that even table beer was too strong for me in November last. But again I desire to rejoice in the strength of that grace which has enabled me to give up what I was so exceedingly fond of. I cannot, I will not, restrain the rejoicing of my heart and soul in consequence of the goodness of my redeeming God in removing one propensity

after another, to make way for my more complete enjoyment of his blessed Self. Had I all the powers of all the finest orators upon the earth, I could not describe the inward joy that I feel in being brought to love my God. When my feet were first turned from the ways of sin, I was exceedingly anxious to know what the world thought of me, but now I seem only concerned to live in close union with Christ my Lord, through the sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit. I am indeed a brand plucked from the burning of hell, and now my soul burns towards the living God. The being saved from the power of my former habits causes this great exultation; and now that, by the grace of God, I am enabled to live to his praise, in the bosom of my family, and before the world, I find my heart filled with ineffable delight in being myself brought out to speak to his faithfulness, who has declared that he willeth not the death of a sinner. My appetite for holy things increases. I love the people of God, and it is my delight to open my house and heart to receive his ministers. Daily do I delight to study the Scriptures, and I feel an increasing desire to obtain a knowledge of the whole counsel of God, that I may, in my poor way, be at all times ready to give an answer to myself and to others. I have also abundant reason to rejoice in the goodness of God, in making all my enemies to be at peace with me, and in continuing to me the friendship of good men. He also condescends to make me useful to others, and to dispose my heart to support his cause to some considerable extent, although it is grief to me that I have not a pocket equal to my desires. These things, my dear children, I write for your example, entreating you always to be liberal towards God, and never withdraw your hand from doing good. God will assuredly bless you most abundantly—I am his witness. You will have many difficulties, but the greatest of all will be the opposition of your own heart to the ways of God; yet all these things (which are the lions) the grace

of God can surmount. Remember your poor father. Remember how he used to kneel with you, morning and evening, in prayer to God, and how he used to join with you in repeating hymns, and in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Remember these things, and do not forget that your father was once averse to all such engagements, till the grace of God enabled him to fight every battle, and to conquer—for his glory—the glory of the Lord!

JULY 28.—The Rev. J. Liefchild and the Rev. J. Slat-terie supped and slept at my house.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Had the pleasure of entertaining six ministers this evening, viz.: G. Burder, J. Slat-terie, J. Roffe, J. Chapman, G. Bentliff, and E. Jenkins, and I felt it a delightful honour to entertain so many servants of my Lord. What a wonderful change has the Almighty made in my heart and mind, that it should be my greatest delight to mingle with those persons whom I formerly despised—at least despised their holy conversation.

I often look back with astonishment at my presumption in engaging in public prayer at Worcester, and I now tremble at every temptation of my own mind, even to think of engaging in such a manner again. My place is to be still, and see and hear.

JANUARY 14, 1820.—TEMPTATION (A FLATTERING ONE).—This day J. B. gave a dinner to a select party of eight gentlemen, and invited myself to be one of the number. The invitation was highly flattering to me. There were also some peculiar circumstances respecting this dinner, in which I was principally concerned, by having been the instrument of effecting a reconciliation between two of the persons invited; but I declined, stating that I never drank wine, and therefore could not sit at table with any comfort where the party were to meet for the express purpose of enjoying a glass of wine together. Mr. B. urged his request by saying that if I would only favour him with my presence

I should be allowed to drink nothing but milk and water, and this he urged with so much good nature that it seemed hard to refuse, and I told him I would consider the matter and send him an answer. I instantly repaired to my closet, and kneeling before a throne of mercy entreated power from God to withstand this temptation, half inclined to yield. Satan had finely gilded this invitation by the insinuation that my company was so much esteemed, that if I would but join the party they would excuse my drinking wine. The snare did not take. The Lord was my defence, strength was given me to stand fast for the honour of Christ, and I wrote Mr. B. a polite note, stating that I could not overcome the obstacle to my accepting his polite invitation. Blessed be God, who giveth power to the faint.

I was tempted in the same kind of way about four months ago to dine with the grand jury, when I was one of that body, and the temptation was strong from within as well as outwardly, and I began to reason with myself but started as from a dream, and mentally exclaimed, "No, Lord, no; and for thine own honour I pray thee give me strength to resist every solicitation." I quitted the party and sat down to dinner with my own family; but I had not been seated five minutes when the foreman called for me to accompany him to the dinner. He was astonished at my refusal, and went away declaring that he would levy a fine for my non-attendance, which was accordingly done, and I escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler. Blessed be God!

MARCH 14.—The eighth return of that memorable day in which God was pleased to commence his work in my soul. He has mercifully kept alive his love in my heart, and my bodily health and temporal comforts have been uninterrupted since my last birthday. I have also experienced much delight in the daily study of the Bible, committing to memory twenty-five hymns, with seven of the prose Psalms (27, 34, 51, 103, 116, 121, 139,) and



these were quite a treasure to me, either in walking or in retirement, so that my religious stock is much enriched with knowledge truly precious. My desire after heavenly things has likewise considerably increased, and instead of God being never in my thoughts, as in former times, He is now always in my affections, whether at my desk or at any other employment. Indeed his mercy is so great in giving me power to resist temptation, that I conceive it to be impossible for my human language to express my love towards Him, or my fervent desire to be holy; and yet, with all these gifts, I tremble more than ever I have done before through fear that I may do or speak, or even think, anything that should bring dishonour upon his blessed name, a name more dear to my soul than ever. My character has also been rising daily. Many would talk of the great merit due to myself for giving up every kind of liquor, and abstaining from company, but this is a sort of blasphemy to my ears, and I never allow any person to leave my presence without warmly declaring that the whole work is the work of God alone, by whose strength and grace, shed abroad in my heart, all these blessings are maintained. "I will praise Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." I may indeed say from the lowest hell when I consider my former miserable state. So dreadful was the effect of intoxication upon my body, that my face and eyes after a fit remained so swollen and disfigured as to be truly frightful, even to myself. My hands and fingers were also hard and stiff—my beard grown long and hard, and more like the hair of a horse than a human creature. My mind full of horror and the most dismal apprehensions, temper irritable and irritated at the least noise or movement; body full of agony and entirely sleepless for several days and nights together, wandering from room to room with feelings of anguish and despair, attended with dreadful temptations to commit suicide, that the world might be ridden of such a monster.

A man was kept in the house for three months to watch me at every step and to supply my wants. All my former sins harrowed up my soul, accompanied with temptations to doubt the power and willingness of God to forgive so great a rebel. This is but a faint picture of the fulness of trouble brought upon one who seemed lost beyond hope. The exceeding riches of the mercy of God shone forth and rescued me from the iron hand of Satan, and brought me out with a victorious arm as a monument of the power of divine grace. "O to grace how great a debtor."

My dear wife was now made completely happy. She had faithfully and tenderly watched over me, and instead of uttering reproaches only reproached me by her tears, and still encouraged me not to despair, as she considered that I was sincerely desirous to conquer my besetting sin. She was incessant, likewise, in her applications at the throne of mercy, praying even against hope. The Lord heard her cries and mine also, and with a hand all divine snatched me from the arms of Satan to erect a family altar to his praise and glory. I was formerly termed a good singer and a jovial fellow, which frequently led me into dissipation. But now (blessed be God) I sing the songs of Zion, and have strength given me to reject every invitation to join the social board, and am more respected than ever, even by the persons with whom I refuse to associate. My bodily health is also superlatively good, being free from every kind of pain or disease, having at all times an excellent appetite, and confining myself to plain food, and never drinking any other liquors than tea, coffee, milk and water, or toast and water. Thus has a merciful God completely changed my appetite as well as my inordinate desires, and He has made me to be the happiest man in the world. Blessed be his name.

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise."

I have been much perplexed during the last two years as to the propriety of a hot dinner on a Sunday ; and to avoid what I was fearful might be improper, our Sunday's dinner has been cooked on the Saturday. I searched the Bible throughout on this point, and then inquired of several ministers how they acted in this particular, and I found that they did not scruple to have a hot dinner on the Sabbath. Still I am not free from perplexity on this matter. I also considered it highly improper to take a Sunday newspaper, which had for a length of time been forwarded to me by the Sunday coach, in order to facilitate the arrangement of my own newspaper for the following Tuesday, the first half of which was always put to press on Monday morning. My editor and compositors declared that the business could not be arranged in proper time if the Sunday newspaper should be discontinued. I called upon my God to enable me to resist all the machinations of those who thought it a light thing to break the Sabbath, and having so done, I countermanded the Sunday paper. On the following Monday morning, when I went into the printing office, a low murmur was muttered by the men that it was impossible to do the work in time without the Sunday paper. They did not speak to me, but talked at me, which was rather provoking, but I made no reply and trusted in power to persevere. At length Tuesday morning came, and my newspaper was published in as good time as before, for which I was heartily thankful. But the battle did not end here, for on the following Monday the same discontent was manifested, and some provoking things expressed ; still I persevered in calling upon God to bridle my tongue and to fight for me, and on the 17th July (only one month) the battle was completely won ; not a murmur was heard, and my newspaper was published quite as well without the aid of the Sunday paper as it had been with such aid. I thanked my Almighty Friend most heartily for his great goodness.

“WILL YOU HEAR ABOUT JESUS?”—On Sunday morning, 24th September, as I sat playing over a hymn upon the organ, my little boy Newman interrupted me by saying, “Papa, will you hear about Jesus?” and then turning to his mother, who sat reading the Bible, he said, “Mamma, will you read about Jesus?” I was so delighted with the request that I could but praise God who had so mercifully taught my children to lisp his blessed name. This may appear a trifling anecdote, but it may hereafter become very interesting.

I have frequently been tempted to fear that when I had got to the end of the Bible my desire to study the Scriptures would decline, and this fear has led me to pray in an especial manner, every morning, that God would graciously renew my appetite and give me an increase of hunger and thirst after heavenly knowledge, and I have now abundant reason to bless his name in answering my petition. It affords me great pleasure to read a portion of the sacred book every day, and I have found it good to go regularly through from Genesis to Revelation, instead of reading select passages, which I do not think so profitable as regular study. Yet how often does the mind fly off from the subject under contemplation, and when we come out of our reverie we perceive that the eye has wandered over a whole passage and not even a single syllable retained in the memory. In this case I have always considered it best to force a retreat upon my thoughts, and begin the whole passage again, with a firm determination not to be so seduced by the arch enemy of souls.

SEPTEMBER 30.—I have made it a constant rule, for the last eighteen months, never to quit the shop (when it has been closed at night) without kneeling and expressing hearty thanks to God for his gracious care over me; and I never quit my room, when I go at eleven o'clock to dress and shave, without kneeling before the throne to return thanks for preservation to such part of the day, and to im-

plore a continuance of divine aid for the remainder ; for I feel myself so very weak and so liable to sin, that I dare not trust myself even for a moment.

**IMPATIENCE.**—To be secured against my natural impatience, I have found it very beneficial during the last six months to pray that God would set a watch before my mouth and keep the door of my lips, as rising anger would otherwise have often burst forth into unseemly expressions. But when this danger has approached, the Spirit of the Lord has lifted up a standard, and I have soon had reason to rejoice that a bridle was put upon my tongue. Once, in particular, I remember being so much offended with a man in my employ, that had I spoken in my anger I should have discharged him from my service, but remembering my prayer and also my infirmity, I held my peace, and the next day I discovered that great injustice would have been committed if I had spoken in the warmth of my feelings. This circumstance has been beneficial in making me more watchful under similar temptations, and I have great reason to bless God for having led me to entreat that He would keep the door of my lips.

**OCTOBER 6.—REDEEMING THE TIME.**—By devoting one hour every morning before breakfast, how great a quantity of matter may be read over in the course of a few years. By adopting this practice, I have been enabled to peruse, in the course of four years, the whole of Scott's Quarto Bible (three thick volumes), including all the notes and practical observations, reading the whole of the Testament twice, and returning to the Old Testament as far as the 38th chapter of Exodus ; and, blessed be God, his word has been delicious to my taste and full of comfort to my soul.

I have been thinking, should I die this day, what are my prospects of futurity, and should I live many years, what do I expect to obtain from a life of holiness as a merit. If I could attain to the holiness of an archangel, still the blood of the Son of God must be my only plea, my only

trust, therefore, if I am not safe in Jesus now (even at this moment), I cannot expect that any advance in holiness will entitle me to a place in heaven as a reward. All, all must be of the free mercy of God, in and through and for the sake of his beloved Son, who shed his blood for me individually as well as for the whole world. These are my present prospects, and Christ is all my trust. But shall I not fall again into my besetting sin? No! Although I feel my weakness, yet the promise of God is my support. He will not forsake the work of his own hand. The honour of Christ is also on my side, a strong defence, and my hearty love to Christ and to his cause is also another defence. Christ is also my Shepherd, to protect me against the assaults of my foe; and yet with all this I feel it every moment necessary to cherish the apostle's admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is my constant desire to take heed, and also my constant prayer that every faculty and every sense may be guarded against the inlets of sin. I am a thousand times more fearful of sinning with my eyes than with my hands or tongue.

OCTOBER 8.—This evening, when our two maid-servants came to family prayer, I spoke to them upon the necessity of private prayer, and that it was my duty, as their master, to instruct them according to my ability, and hoped they would attend to it. My old companions call me too strict, and they say that I have lost all that sprightliness for which I was so pre-eminent, and am now become unsociable. I cannot help it, my heart and ears cannot relish former delights.

EMBEZZLEMENT.—In April last I discovered that one of my newsmen had received several sums of money on my account, which he had squandered, and he stated that the persons had not paid their accounts. This he had done in order to conceal the transaction. Upon inquiry, I found that he was an easy-tempered young man, and fond of

spending his evenings at a public-house and entertaining the company with a song. The proofs I had against him, if brought into a court of justice, would have brought upon him sentence of death. I had found mercy, and therefore considered it to be my duty as well as inclination to obey the pleasing precept. (I hope my children will always be merciful.) I sent for the young man, and explained to him his danger. He prayed for mercy, which I promised him on condition that he would immediately give up his nightly visits to the alehouse. He shed tears at my admonition, and acknowledged his error in a very contrite manner, with promises of amendment, and I am happy to say that he has been quite steady in his conduct from that time to the present day. He is constantly at work (as a shoemaker), and has repaid all the money that he had purloined, and acknowledges that he has been saved from ruin. To my gracious God be all the praise. I mention the above that my children may learn from the circumstance never to be severe, but endeavour to turn an offender from the error of his way.

OCTOBER 28.—This morning Mr. P. perused that part of this book which relates to my setting out from Maidstone to Worcester and the courtship between Mary and myself. He wondered how I could write it without shedding tears. I replied, that all my feelings had certainly been most powerfully impressed whilst retracing these remarkable events of my life, and that I did not write these recollections without tears of sorrow and tears of gratitude.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—How many mercies have we to thank Thee for O Lord! This day our aged mother passed the day with us in happiness and comfort, surrounded by our children. After dinner we sang—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then we repeated hymns in rotation, beginning with myself, my dear wife, down to the youngest that could speak, even our Eleanor, who, though only two years and a half old, could repeat three or four

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hymns in a very pretty manner. Oh, it was delightful to hear a whole family engaged in praising our glorious God, for his infinite mercy in preserving our feet in the path to heaven. May we all press forward to the end.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1821.—Why am I permitted to hail with joy the opening of this day, and to feel an ardent desire to go to the house of my God that I may worship Him with a grateful and contrite spirit? Why am I not now lying on yonder couch (as aforetime) in a state of intoxication and madness—disgraceful and disgusting? Why is all this change, all this reverse? It is because the compassions of my God fail not. Why is it delightful thus alone to meditate on the blessed expectation which my God hath given me of a happy immortality, mixed with a fervent desire to honour Him in all my ways? It is because He hath blotted out my sins, for his own name's sake, that in me (as well as in Paul), yes, even in me, He might show forth all long-suffering, and exhibit his sovereign power over the heart of the stoutest rebel that ever was turned from the path of sin to delight in the Lord his God. Dear Jesus, it is to thy sacrifice that I am indebted for all the happiness that surrounds me and for that lively hope which ever lives within me. O help me to live to thy glory.

JANUARY 17.—Went to see poor Mr. B. Found him lying in bed in a most dreadful state from recent intoxication—a living picture of what I once was. Poured out my heart in thankfulness to God for his unspeakable mercy and forbearance towards myself in having raised me up from the depths of hell and granting deliverance from my dreadful foe. Entreated the Lord to have mercy on poor B. and raise him up to become a monument of sparing mercy. Warned, exhorted, and encouraged him still to trust in God. Told him that millions of sinners who were once in as bad a state had been recovered. Desired him to look at myself, who had been worse than he had ever



been, though now a wondrous monument of the power of the grace of God. Bade him look up with lively hope.

JANUARY 20.—Mr. B. called on me this morning in a state of deep penitence, and quite recovered. He was full of sorrow, and expressed determination to set out again in the ways of God. Said he was sorely tempted at J. M.'s but resisted every solicitation, and drank nothing but toast and water all the day.

MARCH 14.—BIRTHDAY.—This day commences my forty-eighth year, under brighter and happier prospects than any former year of my life. May I not then call upon my soul to bless God's holy name? This morning I renew my covenant with my God, and call upon Him to take me under the shadow of his wings, and grant me strength to walk before his face in happy obedience and cheerful confidence, trusting solely in the sacrifice of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

This morning, young B. (the newsman who had embezzled some money of mine) came to settle his account. I observed to him that I was glad he had become so steady in his conduct. "Ah! sir," said he, "I shall never forget your kindness as long as I live." A tear of gratitude started from his eye, whilst he continued thus—"I have got a good Bible, sir, which I read of an evening, instead of going to the public house, as I used to do. I thank you, sir, for your forgiveness, though I don't know that God will ever forgive me." "O yes He will," replied I, "if you ask Him with a humble heart; He will not only forgive you, but will guide you and bless you."

APRIL 2.—My daily prayer is, that the word of God may always be more delightful to my taste than any other book in the world, and God has graciously answered these petitions by a constant renewal of my appetite to taste and feast upon the blessings of his holy word. No one can conceive of the happiness I feel (daily feel) in being brought thus to live upon God.

APRIL 18.—DREAMS.—Last night prayed fervently that I might not be pained by sinful dreams, and the Lord heard my prayer, by giving me an exercise of worship and praise. Awoke, and returned God thanks for the mercy bestowed, but afterwards a dream of a contrary nature occupied my thoughts, and I awoke with painful sensations at the depravity of my heart when left to itself. Called upon God to cleanse me from the pollution of my last dream. I have often made it a matter of anxious and fervent prayer, before I closed my eyes, that God would in his tender mercy prevent sinful dreams, and give me the enjoyment of heavenly exercise in my sleeping moments, and many times the Lord hath answered my petitions, to the rejoicing of my heart.

APRIL 24.—This being a remarkably fine morning, my dear Mary, self and children, went down the river in a boat, and we sang "Praise God," over the very spot where I once fell into the water (twenty feet deep) and escaped with my life.

MAY 22.—As soon as I alighted from the coach in London, I stepped aside and mentally thanked a gracious God for his protection, and entreated He would keep me from all kind of sin. When I arrived at home, I stepped into the churchyard (before going to my own house) and then poured out my heart to God in thankfulness for having protected me throughout the day, and for having enabled me, by his powerful grace, to go to London and back again without tasting any kind of refreshment on the road, and drinking only a glass of water, except breakfast, all the time I was in London.

Mrs. S., of Strood, is a remarkable instance of the goodness of God toward me, in favouring my exertions to render service to others. About twenty years ago she lived in Maidstone as under-servant, and, having been ill-treated, she made her complaint to me, which prompted me instantly to insert an advertisement in the paper for a house-

keeper's situation. In consequence of this she was engaged as housekeeper to the late T. S., Esq. Her conduct was so exemplary that within two years he made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted, and became the wife of a man possessed of two thousand a year in landed property. Mr. S. died about four years ago, and bequeathed to his widow five hundred pounds per year during her life. Mrs. S. very lately acknowledged her obligations to my instrumentality. I thank God for this great instance of his goodness, and desire to say, from the bottom of my heart, "Not unto me, O Lord, but unto Thyself be all the praise."

PROVIDENCE.—I had been walking by the side of the river, and having arrived at the place where a poor widow resided who had received me into her house in July, 1818, at the time that I was close to the water, and insensible from drinking, I was induced to call and see the person who had kindly sheltered me. She was at the washing tub hard at work, but exceedingly dejected, and shed tears as I approached her. I found that she had been hard pressed for re-payment of two pounds which she had borrowed and was not able to pay, and being threatened by the lender she was greatly distressed. I told her that I saw the hand of God most clearly in directing me to her house at such a crisis. The poor creature's countenance soon became brighter, and I thanked God for having enabled me to repay the kindness I had experienced from this poor woman.

JULY 22.—Notwithstanding the goodness of God, I feel that I am a tempted, sinful creature; sinful and wandering thoughts have haunted me even in the house of prayer, which makes me more dissatisfied with myself than ever. This is a most unpleasant state, but I suppose that millions of saints have been tempted in a similar way although assured of salvation. O may the Lord give me grace to endure unto the end, and in all my ways to honour his holy name. Whatever myself or others may think of my

conversion, I can but consider myself to have been one of the greatest sinners that ever existed, and a poor sinner I still remain. O Lord have mercy upon me, for Christ's sake alone.

AUGUST 15.—Christ is all my trust, and every hope centres in Him. Had I the whole world I would give it all to be holy, that I might live constantly to the glory of God. O how I hate that doctrine which leads a sinner not to fear. Nothing more dangerous than such false security. I desire to tremble, not from any fear of being cast off, but from fear of doing or thinking anything that may dishonour the holy name of my God, whom I dearly love.

On reviewing the different volumes in which I have recorded several actions of my eventful life, I find that I have omitted to state the circumstance which gave rise to the Lord Mayor (Christopher Smith, Esq., M.P.) becoming so much my warm and valuable friend. And indeed I may well say valuable, as it was through his exertions that I obtained permission to become the husband of my matchless wife. In recording this circumstance I have one leading point in view, to show my children the good which may ultimately arise to themselves from embracing every opportunity of doing good to others. The infinitely wise and merciful God works in a mysterious way to accomplish his benevolent purposes, and always to the good of those instruments whom He so kindly employs in works which are congenial with his own nature. But to the subject.

It happened, when I was in the service of my predecessor, Mr. Blake, and about the year 1800, that Mr. Christopher Smith, whilst on a journey through Kent, invited me to sup with him, and after supper expressed himself gratified in always finding me at my post when he came to Maidstone, and he said that if it was ever in his power to render me a service he should be pleased to do it, and he desired me to apply to him with confidence when-

ever any opportunity offered for proving his sincerity. Some time after this interview I quitted the service of Mr. B. and became clerk to Mr. P., who treated me at all times with much respect and kindness, and this prompted me to be diligent and faithful to his best interests. Amongst other circumstances, it happened that one of the partners of the then firm of the bank, made a rude application to Mr. P. for £1,000, which they had lent to him upon bond. This quite astonished Mr. P., the more as he had more than £700 in their hands as a floating balance. He was greatly mortified, and said to me that if he had been acquainted with my friend, Mr. C. Smith, he would have applied to him; yet when I asked him if he would allow me to write to Mr. Smith, as from myself, he positively refused. However, I was not to be easily beaten out of my desire to show to Mr. P. that I felt an interest in his comfort, therefore I wrote to Mr. S., reminded him of his kind offers to render me service whenever an opportunity should occur, and plainly stated that if he could lend Mr. P. £1,000 I should consider it done to myself. I waited in suspense until the third day after, when, to my great astonishment, Mr. C. Smith himself entered the counting-house, where I happened to be quite alone. I hastily asked if he had received my letter, to which he answered in the affirmative, adding, "I have come down from London on purpose to show you my sincerity, and I have brought £1,000 with me to lend to your friend Mr. P." I was quite overcome with gratitude. Mr. S. renewed his determination (as he called it) of being more my friend than ever, observing that he never had met with a similar instance of a servant being so much interested in the good of his master, and therefore he felt that his friendship towards me was now greater than ever.

Surely I may truly say that the lapse of years has fully proved the truth of Mr. S.'s professions, as he has never, in any one instance, hesitated to do me all the good in his

power, and now that he has been elevated to the dignity of Lord Mayor of London, his kindness is, if possible, greater than ever. He never refuses me any request I make to him, and he also pays the most marked attention to any of my friends whom I introduce to his notice. But the Almighty God, who is in deed and in truth my Friend and Father, He it was who directed and overruled the whole of the circumstances I have now narrated, and from which have sprung my past comforts, as well as my future hopes. Surely then, my dear children, here is some reason to animate each of you to do all the good you can whilst you have opportunity, and when you have so done, give to God the praise, and trust to Him for a blessing on your efforts.

## CHAPTER V.

### "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

1821. ORIGIN OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND"—FIRST EDITION OF ONE THOUSAND—FIRST EFFORTS AT DISTRIBUTION—FIRST COPY REJECTED—ENCOURAGEMENT—SECOND EDITION OF TWO THOUSAND—THE SWEAKER—THE RESURRECTIONIST—THE DUMB WOMAN—THE PRISON CHAPLAIN—BOWLAND HILL—FRIEND OF JAMES COVEY—THE POOR VETERAN—ANSWER TO PRAYER—DEDICATION OF FIRST COPIES OF NEW EDITION—W. WILBERFORCE—"LE FEVRE OF NO FICTION"—WELSH EDITION—WILLIAMS THE MISSIONARY AND TAHITIAN EDITION—REPRINTED IN AMERICA.

"THE SINNER'S FRIEND."—MARCH 1, 1821.—Reflecting upon the astonishing goodness of God towards such a great sinner as myself, and considering how much benefit and encouragement I had received from the perusal of "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury," I felt deeply concerned that books of this nature were not more easily attainable by the poor. It was suggested to my mind that a small selection might be made from this valuable little work, and distributed at a low price, or gratis, throughout the town of Maidstone, whereby it might please the Lord to awaken or encourage the downcast to seek for mercy. I determined to set about the work, but was immediately deterred by the fear of having been led to think of this plan more for my own honour than for the glory of my God. This harassed me considerably, and the more I felt desirous of prosecuting my plan the more I became fearful of indulging self-complacency. I hesitated several days, and finding that I could not overcome the first suggestion, I made it a

matter of fervent prayer to be directed how to act. After struggling three weeks, I was brought to a resolution to make a small selection of the most encouraging portions from Bogatzky and print them as a tract. I thought half a sheet, containing sixteen portions, would be sufficient, and for this purpose I selected about fifty of the choicest, from which I intended to cull out sixteen; but when I had proceeded thus far, I found that so many good portions still remained behind that I could not bring myself to give them up, therefore I extended my views from half a sheet to a whole sheet. Again and again I prayed the Lord to take the whole matter into his own hand, and root out of my heart every disposition contrary to his honour and glory.

Having fixed upon thirty portions from Bogatzky, I wrote two portions myself by way of introduction, (being the first and second) and put the whole to press.\* At first I thought of printing only five hundred copies; but considering that if I should find this number insufficient I should have much to regret after the press should have been broken up, I resolved upon printing a thousand, which were completed on the 29th May, when my little book appeared, in a neat blue cover, bearing the title of "THE SINNER'S FRIEND." I was now puzzled to know in what manner to get them into circulation, as I wished to do it as secretly as possible, having never mentioned the circumstance to any person. On my first attempt I received a sort of knock-down blow from my old master, Satan, in the following way. The pressman who had worked off all the impressions was a professor of religion, a high Calvinist, and he considered that all who were to be saved would be saved, whether they made use of means

\* From time to time the compiler of "The Sinner's Friend" wrote a page and substituted it for one of those originally extracted from Bogatzky, until at length it was almost entirely his own work.—Ed.



or not. As charity should begin at home I took three copies and presented them to him, when to my utter astonishment he pushed them rudely away, saying, "They are of no use to any body." Now although this man had an undoubted right to refuse these books if he saw good so to do, yet he certainly should have known better, as a professed Christian, than to offer so gross an insult to his employer. However, it pleased God to give me full command of myself, and I took up my books very deliberately and walked away without uttering a syllable. I cannot recollect this circumstance without feeling exceedingly thankful for grace in this time of temptation; I prayed mentally, "Set a watch before my mouth, &c." I considered it a trick of the devil, and I was therefore determined to persevere the more, and I soon had the happiness to see that a very different reception was given to "The Sinner's Friend."

MAY 29.—This morning, with an anxious heart, and having first entreated of the Lord wisdom and discretion, I set out to distribute my little book. I put three dozen into my pocket, and proceeded over the bridge towards the houses of the poor in West Borough, and the first person I met was Mr. F., who had been an old associate at cards and dissipation, to whom I presented the first copy. I then walked up to the houses, but had not courage to open a single door; and whilst I stood pondering what to do, a poor woman approached, leading a little child. I plucked up courage and requested her to accept a little book, which she received with an expression of countenance that led me to think she knew the truth, and she kindly undertook to deliver ten copies to her neighbours. I was pleased with this beginning, and thanked God for it. I then went under the cliff and left four copies at three poor houses, and from thence I went to the top of Stone Street, and got rid of twenty-four copies at different houses, including four to strangers whom I met on the road. I prayed the

Lord to bless them to poor sinners. I returned home and replenished myself, and left six copies at each of eight little shops, to be disposed of at threepence each, and to encourage the people to put them into their windows I gave them the books to sell for their own benefit.

I had not returned home more than half an hour, when a stranger came with one of the books in his hand, which he had purchased at one of the places where I had left them for sale, and requested to have a dozen, which I gave him, but refused to take anything for them, stating that I was authorized to distribute them gratis.

JUNE 2.—This evening being Saturday I walked to and fro upon the Barming Road, and distributed twenty-two copies amongst the poor people returning from market. I had thus disposed of two hundred and thirty-nine copies in various ways. Some I threw into the houses where I found the door or windows open, and left them to the mercy of God to bless them to the inmates.

JUNE 5.—This morning a poor old woman inquired for the gentleman who had given away "The Sinner's Friend" at the different houses. She said that a neighbour had lent her one of them which she had read, and should be thankful to procure one for herself. She said it was a sweet book. I asked her how she came to think so? She replied, "Because she was a sinner, and it just suited her." Miss E. picked up one of the books in the passage leading into her uncle's house, and was surprised at finding it there. Supposed some travelling bookseller must have left it, but she could not imagine how the man should know that she was a sinner; said the book just suited her case, and she would not part with it for any money.

JUNE 9.—I disposed of thirty-five at the poor houses behind Week Street. In one of these saw three hearty children sleeping on the hearthstone before the fire-place, huddled together with their arms around each other's necks. The father and mother were out at work, and had

left the two youngest (three and four years old) under the care of the eldest, about eight years old. It was now afternoon, and they had not had any food since the morning, and did not expect to have any till their father and mother came home at night. Whilst the eldest was telling me this tale, the youngest cried out to me, "More dinney." Poor little creatures! The eldest boy said that his father worked on Penenden heath from morning till night, and his mother at the paper mill; that himself and brothers were left at home all day, and had only a bit of bread in the morning and the same at night. Gave the eldest sufficient to purchase a loaf of bread and cheese, and away they all scampered to the chandler's shop.

JUNE 14.—Gave eight to Mr. P., who said that a person, who had seen one of them, had been led to make inquiry for the way of salvation in consequence of being alarmed at what he read in "The Sinner's Friend." As my little book was now inquired for, and as many persons expressed their comfort from having perused it, I found it necessary to pray for a humble, watchful spirit, that I might not be led away by any notions that I had done anything of myself, and I told all the people to give their thanks to God, and not to me.

JUNE 16.—Saw Mary S., who said she had received a book, called "The Sinner's Friend," sealed up and directed. She said that when she read the words—"Sinner! this little book is for you," she felt hurt, and thought it was an insult; but when she read the contents, she was convinced that the book was sent to her from the best of motives, and that she intended coming to chapel to hear Mr. Jenkins preach. I now began to be very thankful that I had not been so narrow-minded as to print only five hundred copies.

JULY 20.—Having now disposed of all my copies of "The Sinner's Friend," I desire most humbly and most heartily to bless my God for all his mercy towards me, and to entreat a constant supply of grace to keep me ever

watchful against pride, self-sufficiency, and complacency, on account of having been employed in his blessed service.

NOVEMBER 13.—The second edition (two thousand copies) of "The Sinner's Friend" was published this day.

[In order to give some unity to the subject, the following references to "The Sinner's Friend" are selected from a multitude of others, and placed together here without regard to the date in the Diary.—Ed.]

Four copies of "The Sinner's Friend" dropped in the street, and saw them picked up by labouring men going home from market. Twelve to Mr. M., a most notorious blasphemer about two years ago, but he has become a wonderful instance of the transforming power of divine grace. He told me that he had given one to a swearing man at Stile-bridge at the very moment he was pouring forth the most horrid imprecations. The man took the book in his hand—looked earnestly at the title—paused—heaved a deep sigh—and instead of letting loose a volley of oaths, he tremblingly said, "I am sure there is something good in this book and I shall keep it for your sake;" and then, with great emotion, he added, "I shall never forget you." The tiger became as a lamb in a moment. M. was about to drive off in his cart, but the poor man requested to ride with him part of the way, which he did for nearly two miles, although in an opposite direction to his own house. During the ride, M. opened to his companion the remedy for depravity, and the poor man became so deeply interested in the subject that he was unwilling to part.

Six to my friend N. on a visit at my house, which gave me an opportunity of entreating her to seek the Lord with the fullest purpose of heart.

Four to a poor woman who had repeatedly obtained them to distribute amongst her poor acquaintances. Three to H., and conversed with him on the necessity of seeking the Lord. He said that he was no drunkard nor swearer, but that he was not so good as he ought to be.

One hundred to H. S., from Sierra Leone. Entreated him to make the Lord his trust. Mr. S. has chartered a fine ship, of 350 tons, for timber. This man I have frequently heard crying "Sweep, sweep," through the streets of Maidstone.

Six to a servant to give away amongst her friends. Six to Mr. P. He had given the last copy of those he had before to a poor man now dead who had been saved in the eleventh hour.

One to Miss E., who had called to purchase "The Believer's Pocket Companion." This gave me an opportunity of conversing with her on the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit to lead us in the right way. Jesus the way, the truth, and the life.

Two to a poor widow whom I found in a garret at the washing tub, surrounded by five children, rejoicing in God. She said she was brought to the knowledge of the truth by reading a tract left at the house.

The Lord having been mercifully pleased to make my little book acceptable, and my stock on hand beginning to diminish, I have ordered a third edition of three thousand copies to be printed.

Twelve to Mr. M., who said that he was almost afraid of intruding by applying for more, but people were continually requesting them. I praise God for having made them so acceptable to poor sinners. M. said that the once swearing man at Stilebridge had become a man of prayer.

One to my old friend Mr. G. Entreated him to read "The Sinner's Friend" in private, which he promised to do, although he appeared almost afraid to take it. He is nearly seventy-three years of age, and in perfect health. When I told him that we should assuredly stand before the judgment seat of Christ, he replied, "No doubt of it," but he hastily departed. I have spent many a jovial night at his house. He thinks it strange that I am so much changed.

NEW EDITION OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."—Through

the mercy of God, I have been allowed to publish a new edition (three thousand copies) of "The Sinner's Friend," and having already had the pleasure of distributing upwards of three thousand copies gratuitously, I propose to sell the present edition at or about prime cost.

One to a lady who had called several times at the shop. She told me that I had more than once or twice spoken a word in season. "I tell you this," she said, "to encourage you."

Two to Mrs. Lucas, of Boxley, a hearty old woman, in her ninetieth year. She walked gaily into the shop, full of life and spirit. "How old are you, my good woman?" She replied, "In my ninetieth year, sir; praised be the Lord." "Praised be the Lord, indeed," said I. "Do you read your Bible?" "Yes, sir, every Sunday." "But why do you not read it every day?" "I read other good books in the week, but the Bible is the book of books." She was very thankful for "The Sinner's Friend." She had walked from Boxley (three miles), and had been shopping with as much activity as a person of sixty.

Eighteen to a poor old travelling man, seventy-nine years of age. "Ah, sir," said the poor old man, "my Master must pay you for these, I can only pray for you." Had much conversation with him, and found him to be a humble disciple of the Lord. Dropped six, at intervals, during a walk on the London road this evening. Saw them picked up. Disposed of four in walking. Threw one into a tailor's window as he sat at work. Laid one on a poor hedger's gloves. Gave one to a poor man digging potatoes, and one to a little girl. The chaplain of the county prison told me this evening, that he had just put a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" into the hands of a convict, on his being locked up in his cell for the night. The man (V.) had told him, that he had stolen two thousand bodies from different churchyards in the course of his practice as a resurrection-man, but that his mind was now much troubled on account

of his sins, and he wanted some book to read to comfort him.

A constable, who had come to the assizes, seeing "The Sinner's Friend" exhibited in the window, came to purchase several copies, and read them openly before the court-house, and sent several persons to become purchasers. A poor girl, whose brother had just been condemned to suffer death, came in a hurried manner to purchase "The Sinner's Friend," and she ran instantly to the place in which her brother was confined and gave it to him. The constable had given her the money, and told her to give her brother the little book and to desire him to get the whole by heart. I called the constable to come to me, and I spoke to him of Jesus Christ. He appeared to be struggling with strong convictions.

Three days' journey to France. Distributed "The Sinner's Friend" to sailors belonging to the pier at Dover; to a lady and gentleman at the inn, and spoke to them on the mercy of God; to a gentleman on board the packet boat; thrown into the cabin; to a lady at Calais; to the minister at Calais, &c.

John Akhent called to remind me that four years ago I had given him six copies, one of which was made useful to his poor mother, who was then in great grief, on account of her eldest son having been killed by an accident. At this time she read the portion on the eighth page, "Despair not," &c., and the Lord was pleased to bless it to her soul.

Thirteen to a waggoner's mate, James Crouch, of Staplehurst. This lad, seventeen years ago, came to purchase a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," which gave me an opportunity of speaking to him on the way of salvation, and I was delighted to find this humble peasant in his round frock rejoicing in the Lord. Fifty to Mrs. W., the woman who keeps the entrance to the castle at Hastings, to dispose of to visitors who go to inspect the ruins. She wrote me requesting a few more copies, as she had disposed of those

left her by my dear wife a few weeks ago. How merciful is the Lord to open this new way of placing "The Sinner's Friend" in the hands of persons visiting the castle. Three to Mr. L. He had known me thirty years ago, when I was revelling in sin, but he had not seen me for some years, and was now delighted to hear what God had done for my soul; the Lord having been gracious to him also. Mr. L. told me that he was once so much at enmity with dissenters, that he laid a train of gunpowder to blow up their place of worship, but the Lord kept back his hand and brought him to Himself. Wondrous mercy!

Six to a poor lame man, and preached the Lord Jesus to him with energy and fire. The poor man was exceedingly thankful. Four to a poor dumb woman. There was something exceedingly interesting in this case. This poor creature, a stranger, came into the shop and spread open a sampler on which was worked a verse indicative of the joys of heaven. She motioned me to read it, and then pointed to some blue-covered memorandum books, and holding threepence in her hand, gave me to understand that she wanted one. I laid them before her, but she did not want a blank book, and she pointed to the letters on the sampler to make me comprehend that she wanted a printed book. I put several before her, still she was uneasy, and again pointed to the verse on the sampler to make me understand that she wanted a book about salvation. I was still at a loss, but as she still presented the threepence, I was induced to lay "The Sinner's Friend" before her, but as it was in a brown cover, she was still dissatisfied, till I opened the title page, and then her eyes sparkled with joy, and she again offered me the money, which was refused. I gave her four copies, when she instantly put out her hand and shook mine, then put her hand on her bosom and looked upwards, pointing with her finger, and with a grateful smile indicated that she had got what she wanted, and she immediately went away. It occurred to me after-



wards, that she must have seen one of the former editions of "The Sinner's Friend" in a blue cover, and this led her to point to the blue-covered books when she first came into the shop.

Three to Dick S., a notorious drunkard. Saw him this evening in a sober condition, and spoke to him of sin and of Christ to pardon. The poor fellow listened with great attention. On my knees implored the Lord to have mercy on this poor man, and save him from drunkenness as He had done me.

The chaplain to the county prison called and acquainted me that he had distributed these little books to some of the poor wretches in prison. He said he had no book so calculated to do good to the prisoners. Blessed be God for his mercy in thus favouring my little book, and may the Lord have all the praise.

Twelve copies to the Rev. Rowland Hill personally at my house.

Three to a poor sailor who knew James Covey, the poor seaman who lost both his legs in Lord Duncan's victory, and of whom a tract is circulated. Spoke to him of Christ. He said that James Covey used to give him good advice, and tell him to seek the Lord. The poor man shook hands with me to express his feelings of gratitude. God be thanked for granting me this mercy.

One to Mr. J. S., a kind and early friend, who had rendered me great help in my outset of life, when he was in prosperity. He is now dangerously ill and reduced in circumstances. Spoke to him earnestly a few months since on the way of salvation by Christ. My friend only smiled at my warmth, but did not believe. This morning sent him six bottles of sherry and the following note, with prayer to God for his blessing to accompany it:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"I respectfully and affectionately beg your acceptance of a few bottles of sherry, which I hope will cheer your spirits, and

be none the worse from being presented by one to whom you were always kind, and who also earnestly entreats you to read a little book compiled and partly written by the poor foolish J. V. H. for the comfort of his friends, hoping it will prove so to his dear friend Mr. S.

"I do not ask you to believe it I only ask you to read it, and should only one single ray of pleasure be afforded to one whom I so much esteem, it will be an ample reward, dear friend, to your affectionate and respectful

"J. V. HALL."

One to a poor dying man (W.) in a decline, a reprobate kind of a man. Saw him crawl along the street and sent a boy after him with "The Sinner's Friend." This poor creature called on me with many thanks for the little book, which had been made a great comfort to him by leading him to Christ.

APRIL 26, 1830.—Six to Rev. Rowland Hill's coachman (D.) He said "The Sinner's Friend" had been made useful. Thanks, ten thousand thousand thanks, to my gracious God for having spared my life to the present hour, and granted me the opportunity of distributing 9,000 copies of the little work gratuitously, besides the sale of 5,835 copies, making 14,835 since it was first published in 1829. Surely the Lord's blessing and mercy is indeed in this thing, and to his name I desire to render grateful praise.

Twelve to T. C., a staff-sergeant at the battle of Waterloo. Had been in twenty-two engagements and escaped unwounded. After Waterloo he became converted to the Captain of Salvation, and was employed by the Naval and Military Bible Association to distribute the word of God. He had been lately out of employ, and leaving his wife destitute in London, he went all the way to Brighton to present a memorial to the King, to which no reply was given. Last week he walked from Brighton to Maidstone to wait upon General B., but without success. In this extremity he addressed a letter to Lord R., and yesterday took the letter himself and had an interview with his

Lordship, who dismissed him unrelieved. The poor humble follower of Christ had prayed earnestly to the Lord of Glory to appear for him in his utter destitution, and the Lord heard his cry and answered it in the following remarkable manner.

In the evening, after returning from Lord R.'s, the poor man received a letter from his Lordship to wait on him the next day. The poor man was naturally surprised, and whilst he sat musing in a small apartment occupied by one Epps, a tanner, who should open the door but Lord R. himself! Something which the poor soldier had either said or written had made such an impression on Lord R.'s mind (under the influence of the Spirit of God), that he could not rest till he saw this poor man again, and instead of waiting till three o'clock in the afternoon, according to his own appointment, he was with him so early as noon, and sat nearly an hour patiently listening to a poor soldier detailing the wonderful ways of the Lord; and then Lord R. presented the poor penniless servant of God with no less a sum than one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, and quitted the house! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Had I not taken the notes into my own hands I should scarcely have believed it, but I found them to be genuine and good. It is impossible to account for Lord R.'s conduct in any other way than by ascribing it to the immediate influence of God in making his lordship the instrument of his mercy towards his poor servant in the distressing hour, because Lord R. is not a man the least likely to be led away by any enthusiastic feeling, nor by want of judgment or sound discretion; therefore it is the Lord's doing from beginning to end. I received the above astonishing narrative from T. C. himself, who had come to purchase a small pocket-book in which to secure his treasure. To satisfy myself of the truth of Lord R. having actually called, I went and

saw Mrs. Epps, who confirmed the whole, and added that poor C. was a truly pious man, and had constantly engaged in family prayer the few days he was a lodger in her house. She also said that C. told her he should not have been able to pay for his lodgings but for the bounty of Lord R., who had spoken to him openly, fully, and freely, as though he had been his own brother; mentioning facts which T. C., being an utter stranger, could not possibly have known had not the noble earl really mentioned them. T. C. returned to London this afternoon by the three o'clock coach, furnished with the means of liquidating his debts and softening the anguish of his poor wife, who had been turned out of her lodgings since he quitted her a few days since, and their bed and furniture had been taken away.

One to Mr. G. P., and spoke to him of the mercy of God in changing my heart. He listened with great attention. Who knows? Six hours after I had written the above, Mr. P. called to thank me for "The Sinner's Friend," and, to my utter astonishment and delight, unfolded what God had done for him in opening his eyes from the darkness of Socinianism to behold the truth as it is in Jesus. He told me the struggles he had endured to combat his early principles, derived from his father, who having always been a man of the strictest honour and integrity, he supposed to be correct in his views of religion, but now he was convinced to the contrary. He told me that "Witherspoon on Regeneration" had been the means of opening his eyes. O what mercy is here! Little did I think that it would ever fall to my lot to speak to the son of my old master on the way of salvation, but the mercy of the Lord has no end. I fell on my knees praising God, and praying Him to pour out his Holy Spirit on Mr. P. and lead him in the way everlasting.

JUNE 11, 1831.—It has pleased a merciful God to spare my life to publish a new edition of this little work, which He has so greatly honoured with this especial blessing as to

bring it into increasing demand. This morning the eighth edition was published. I laid the first copy before the Lord, pouring out my heart before Him in thankfulness for past mercies, and entreated Him to keep me exceedingly watchful and humble, that I might not be lifted up with pride and self-complacency, and thus forfeit his future protection of my little book, which I had dedicated anew to his tender care. O may his Holy Spirit ever preserve me in a humble, watchful, penitent and believing frame of mind, that I may live unceasingly to his glory.

Six to B., a pious bricklayer, who told me that he had lately heard of two instances in which "The Sinner's Friend" had been made a blessing.

I visited Mr. S.; he said, "Words cannot express my thankfulness for 'The Sinner's Friend,' and for your kindness in coming to see me." On asking him what portion of "The Sinner's Friend" had been useful to him, he said, "Pardon for the worst of sinners," (page 10.) My heart was instantly overpowered with thankfulness to the Lord for his great mercy in thus honouring this portion, which I had written expressly for the purpose of meeting the case of the most abandoned. Mr. S. said that when he read that murderers were pardoned he was immediately filled with hope, and from that hour the Lord began the work of conversion in his soul. "The Sinner's Friend" had been put into his hands a few weeks before by Miss T., but he threw it away with indifference, and it was reserved for Mr. P. to have the privilege of putting another copy into his hands. I stayed nearly an hour, and having offered up prayer, took my leave, with thanks to God for his tender mercy in having made me the instrument of comfort to a fellow sinner.

NOVEMBER 24.—One personally to W. Wilberforce, Esq., the champion for liberating the slaves in the West Indies. Mr. W. is residing with his son, the Rev. R. Wilberforce, the rector of East Farleigh. I walked over to see Mr. W.,

who received me with Christian courtesy, and chatted for some time, and shook me kindly by the hand as a brother in Christ. Mr. W. is extremely feeble, almost worn out with old age, yet lively and cheerful.

Thirteen to a poor man, James Perry, from Chatham, to sell for his own benefit. This poor but very decent man had walked from Chatham this morning to sell matches. There was something so exceedingly prepossessing in his appearance that I was constrained to speak to him of Christ, and to my great delight, I found him to be one born of the Holy Spirit. He had seen better days. Gave him money and food. He had prayed the Lord to direct his course to some Christian friend who might relieve his wants.

My dear friend, Mr. Slatterie, told me that a young man at Chatham, nephew to Mr. Foster, dated his first impressions of serious things of eternity from reading "The Sinner's Friend." This young man joined the church of Christ.

MARCH 14, 1833.—This morning, on which I entered my sixtieth year, I am permitted the great privilege and happiness to bring forth the tenth edition of "The Sinner's Friend," which I humbly dedicate to the Lord, with earnest prayer, that He would be pleased to bless these as He has done those gone before.

Twelve to Lady Le D., on her calling purposely for conversation.

Ten on going to Gravesend. Six at six cottages on Boxley Hill. Had some interesting conversation with a respectable female in the van. Gave her a "Sinner's Friend," which she received with great emotion, saying, "This is the book which was made the means of conversion to a young relative of mine, who has since joined Mr. Slatterie's church." Blessed be the Lord!

FEBRUARY 11, 1834.—This day I had the happiness of publishing the eleventh edition (seven thousand copies) of

"The Sinner's Friend." With heartfelt gratitude, I took twelve copies in my hand, and kneeling before the Lord, humbly dedicated them to Him, with thankfulness for past blessings on this little work, and earnest entreaty for his favour on every copy of the new edition, for Christ's sake.

One to a lady in an omnibus going up Oxford Street. Offered one to another lady, which she refused.

A young man, J. T., now residing at Green Street, near Sittingbourne, received his first impressions of religion from reading "The Sinner's Friend," and he is now become a preacher of the gospel which he once despised.

A poor woman at Shaftesbury informed me:—"You sent several copies of 'The Sinner's Friend.' I heard that the wife of H., who lately ran away, was in great affliction of body and mind. I sent her a copy of 'The Sinner's Friend,' and, from the time she first received this little book till the hour of her death, it was scarcely ever out of her eager grasp. She said that it had made her very, very happy. She slept with it upon her pillow, and died literally clasping it to her bosom." Blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord for so many and such repeated proofs of his wondrous goodness, in overshadowing this little work with his especial favour, to the conversion and salvation of souls. I was so overpowered by this renewed token of mercy, that tears of gratitude rushed forth to the Lord. O may I be more humble and watchful than ever.

Mrs. Piper told me that she had given a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," six years ago, to a poor woman, who died happy in the Lord; attributing her conversion to the blessing of the Lord upon her reading "The Sinner's Friend." O what can I say to the Lord for such matchless goodness?

Mrs. B. told me that Mr. H., a solicitor, of very intemperate habits, had been brought to a knowledge of salvation and true repentance by reading "The Sinner's Friend."

He died lately, expressing his desire that "The Sinner's Friend" should be put into circulation among his old companions.

FIFTEENTH EDITION, 7,000 COPIES.—MAY 25.—Blessed be the Lord God Almighty for his great mercy in making it needful to print a new edition of "The Sinner's Friend," which He has so largely favoured by the conversion of sinners. O may my heart be more than ever humble, that I lose not his precious favour by the allowance of pride or self-complacency or any kind of sin. Twelve to Mrs. B. The first copies of the new edition. Laid these twelve copies before the Lord, imploring his blessing upon them and upon every copy of the new edition. When shall my wondering soul begin to praise Him for so much mercy to so great a sinner as I am?

On board the steam-packet from Gravesend to London. One to a lady, who sat on the deck reading a book. Four to a gentleman, who sat reading. I addressed him by saying, "I am an agriculturist sowing seed for the kingdom of heaven; permit me, sir, to present you with some of the seed." I spoke also to two other gentlemen on the way of salvation.

Thirteen to various persons on my journey to and from Westerham, with earnest prayer that the Lord would bless every copy, to the glory of his own most holy name and for the honour of his blessed Son. No tongue can tell, no mind can conceive of the ecstasy of my soul when exercised in promoting the glory of God. The name of Christ, or rather the love of Christ, puts me into a perfect blaze—a very fire of ecstasy and delight. O may the Lord preserve me from extinguishing this fire, and may his grace uphold and keep me from the indulgence of any kind of sin.

By the infinite mercy of the Lord, I am spared to see the twentieth edition of "The Sinner's Friend" published this day. What can I possibly render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I took twelve copies of this new



edition in my hand, and kneeling before the Lord, implored his blessing upon the work of his own hands.

I had purposely dropped a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" in the pathway, and a gentleman picked it up and came to me with the book in his hand, saying, "Sir, this book just suits me, for I am a sinner." He then said, "My name is Barnett, the 'Le Fevre of No Fiction.'" He afterwards accompanied Arthur and myself in our chaise nearly four miles, entertaining us with his strange adventures.

TWENTY-FIRST EDITION (IN WELSH).—6,200 copies now printing in London.

Fifty to Captain P., bound to Quebec with emigrants. I had intended these for A. T., to take with her to Demerara, but not being able to find the ship, I hailed the *Martha*, and requested to speak with the captain, to whom I expressed my wishes, and, to my great delight, he most readily complied, and said that he would take care to put them into circulation, which he did instantly, in my presence, to the officers and men who were on deck; and I saw the sails hoisted, and the ship get under weigh for America. O, how did my heart praise the Lord for this most unexpected opportunity of sending the gospel-invitation abroad, by a person whom I had never seen before, but who I hope is a willing disciple of the Lord.

I had the high gratification, this day, of learning that it had pleased the Lord to put it into the heart of some kind lady to translate "The Sinner's Friend" into the Irish language.

Received a letter from Mr. K., to say that the thousand copies of "The Sinner's Friend" sent to Boston, in America, could not be disposed of, neither any bookseller nor any of the Tract Societies would receive them. Thirty-nine Welsh to Welsh drovers at our fair.

Six walking to and from Hayle Place. Walked home with a country lass, named Hyde, about fifteen, and entreated her to make the Lord her trust. One to poor old

T. B., seventy years of age, once a respectable timber-merchant, now a beggar lately discharged from prison, having been convicted of stealing pewter pots out of a public-house. O why am I not precisely in his situation at the present moment? Poor B. has been a drunkard, and is ruined. I am saved. Praise the Lord.

Whilst at Tunbridge Wells, I received a letter from dear Mr. Knill, thanking me for "The Sinner's Friend," and stating that his brother Williams, a missionary from Tahiti, considered "The Sinner's Friend" to be the very thing for the people of the South Sea Islands, and that he would translate it into Tahitian if I would find paper and printing. I laid the matter before the Lord, and He gave me a determination to run all risks and have it printed instantly, and then beg for the means of payment. The first person to whom I named my determination was Mr. C., who gave me thirty shillings; Lady B., one pound; and the third person, Lord B., gave me ten pounds. Praised be the Lord, who instantly answered my prayer. Received, from the Bishop of Chester, a sovereign towards the translation of "The Sinner's Friend" into the Tahitian language.

Received a letter from J. B., stating that he had been at Worcester during the last week, and having to stay there all night, he writes:—"How do you think I passed the evening? In wandering through the broad streets and purlieus of the town, and presenting 'The Sinner's Friend' to every prostitute I met. In most instances they were well received, and I hope and implore that the blessing of the Lord will attend them." Amen, say I. J. V. H. The blessing of the Lord did attend this effort, and one prostitute became a true penitent.

NOVEMBER 17, 1836.—The total number of copies of "The Sinner's Friend" sent out of our house this year, from January 1 to present day, November 17, is 75,878, in 322 days; 235 per day average, and 208 over. O the

goodness of the Lord. Blessed be the Lord for opening fresh streams everywhere for extending the circulation of "The Sinner's Friend" in so many parts of the world, and accompanying it with his especial blessing.

FEBRUARY 21, 1837.—This morning I had the inexpressible pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. H., the corresponding secretary of the American Tract Society, announcing the delightful fact that the society had adopted "The Sinner's Friend," a copy of which was enclosed, with a kind hope expressed that they might circulate tens of thousands of this little work. A tract was also enclosed containing my speech at the Temperance Society, at Exeter Hall, in May, 1836. This tract is adopted and published by the American Tract Society. O may the Lord mercifully bless every copy of each of these messengers of mercy, to the conversion of sinners and the glory and honour of the Lord Jesus Christ; and may I myself be preserved from pride and self-complacency, and never forget the immensity of my own obligations to the Lord for his delivering grace and tender mercies.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LABOURS FOR PRISONERS.

[During many years, the subject of this Autobiography was diligent in efforts to benefit the prisoners confined in the county gaol, Maidstone. The following narratives are taken from their chronological order in the diary and placed together in this Chapter for the sake of unity.—Ed.]

DUNK, THE FORGER; HARTLEY, THE MURDERER; &c.

NARRATIVE OF GEORGE DUNK'S ESCAPE FROM BEING HANGED.—The assizes at Maidstone terminated on Saturday, the 28th of March, 1818, when thirty-three criminals received sentence of death; but the whole of them were reprieved the same evening, except a young man named George Dunk, who had been convicted of passing forged notes. This intelligence was communicated to me in an apparently casual manner, as I was standing near the court-hall, in a "deep stud.;" and the person who mentioned it immediately passed on, and no further notice was taken of the subject. But the moment he was gone, a most unaccountable impression was fixed upon my mind, that even this poor young man's life might possibly be saved, if an application was made immediately to the judge by whom he had been tried and left for execution. The thought was irresistible, and I instantly obtained an interview with the judge, Mr. Baron Wood, and pleaded for the life of this stranger with so much warmth that his lordship kindly promised to pay attention to my solicitations; but observed that he thought it a most extraordinary circumstance that

I should feel so much interest in the fate of a man whom I had never seen, and of whose connections I was entirely ignorant. I replied, that I could not account for my own feelings in any way whatever; yet they were so strong that I felt a kind of supernatural agency pervading my whole soul, and which powerfully prompted me to the present extraordinary act. The baron stood up all the time I was addressing him, which was about twenty minutes, and I quitted him with very lively hope of being successful in my application; but was sadly disappointed the next morning (Sunday) on finding that he had quitted the town, leaving the poor young man still under sentence of death. This perplexed me exceedingly, but having begun the work I entreated direction of heaven how to proceed; and on Monday morning a poor grey-headed old man came to my house, and in trembling accents said that he was the father of George Dunk, and having heard that I had waited on the judge to intercede for the life of his son, he was induced to call and implore that I would not give up the cause, for his son had always been a good young man till seduced to go to London in search of work (last Christmas), when he fell into the hands of the fabricators of forged notes, and was thus brought into his present unhappy situation. The old man also stated, that his son had never been addicted to swearing or drinking, but had been formerly an industrious, hard-working young man, of religious habits, and a man of prayer. O how my heart rebounded at this intelligence, for I plainly saw that the hand of God was in this business, that He had mercifully selected such a creature as myself to be his honoured instrument in the work which now so clearly appeared before me. I immediately wrote a plain statement of the whole case to my valued friend, the Lord Mayor, Christopher Smith, entreating his influence with Baron Wood, in behalf of the unhappy prisoner, and in the course of three days, I received a very kind letter from his lordship, stating that he had forwarded

my letter to Baron Wood, at Kingston assizes, at the same time adding his own solicitation that his lordship would give it attention. The most anxious suspense was now kept alive in my mind until the Sunday following, April 5, on which day a warrant arrived to the gaoler for the execution of George Dunk on the Thursday following.

My hopes were now a little shaken, but my confidence in the mercy of God was still vigorously alive, and I sought again to Him for help and direction; and on Monday morning I proceeded to London to have a personal interview with my friend, the Lord Mayor. His lordship fully entered into my feelings, and gave me a letter of introduction to the Governor of the Bank of England, with whom I had a private audience of more than twenty minutes. He listened kindly to all my solicitations for his interest with the Secretary of State, but declared it to be a fixed principle with the bank directors never to interfere in such cases; yet he gave me some encouragement to persevere, by saying, that if I could possibly obtain an interview with Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State, and if his lordship should appear at all inclined to listen to my petition, and should apply to the bank for their opinion, he (the governor) should pledge himself that the bank would not do anything to oppose the success of my application. My hopes were now rekindled, and I hurried back to the Mansion House to request of the Lord Mayor a letter of introduction to Lord Sidmouth. His lordship expressed his fears that I was too sanguine, but said he would take me in his own carriage and introduce me himself. I felt my hopes grow brighter and brighter, and put up a fervent prayer. The Lord Mayor suggested his fears that we should scarcely be able to obtain an audience, because the Princess Elizabeth was to be married in the evening, and the Secretary of State would be obliged to attend the celebration, and his time during the day would probably be too much engaged to attend to petitions. "At all events," said the Lord

Mayor, "we can but make the effort;" and to be more certain, he desired me to make all the haste I could to the Secretary of State's office, and inquire if an audience could be given to the Lord Mayor, and at what time. I instantly hurried off to the Treasury, full of hopes and fears, and fortunately found Lord Sidmouth at the office, and I received for answer, that he would see the Lord Mayor as soon as he could arrive, which must be before three o'clock. It was now past one, and I flew back to the Mansion House with the intelligence, and instantly sat down and wrote a strong representation of poor Dunk's case. The Lord Mayor then drove me to Guildhall, where a Court had been summoned to meet on special business at two o'clock, but which his lordship most humanely postponed till after he had introduced me to Lord Sidmouth. During the time the Lord Mayor was engaged in the interior of Guildhall, I walked to and fro in the outer court, awaiting his return with the most painful anxiety. I held my watch in my hand, and observed the minutes pass with trembling fear, till they reached half-past two, when I involuntarily exclaimed, "The door of mercy has been opened for this unfortunate man, but time will certainly shut it, and all will be lost." At this juncture my friend made his appearance, and gave his coachman directions to drive to Lord Sidmouth's office with all possible speed, and the man well obeyed his master's orders, for we went through the streets of London with a rapidity far beyond what I had ever before experienced, and were not more than twenty minutes in going from Guildhall to the Treasury.

Now my heart beat high, and we were immediately ushered into Lord Sidmouth's apartment, and the Lord Mayor kindly taking hold of one corner of my petition and myself holding the opposite corner, we jointly presented it to the Secretary of State. I cannot express the various emotions of my soul whilst I sat watching the countenance of Lord Sidmouth, as he steadily and carefully perused my

petition. At length he broke silence, and said, that although it was an exceedingly strange case, yet his Majesty's ministers had determined not to interfere with the prerogative of the judges; and therefore, although he felt deeply, as a man, for the unfortunate creatures who were brought into these unhappy circumstances, he could not, as a minister of the crown, accede to my entreaties. His lordship then, in the kindest manner, entered into the nature of the subject, and, with much affability and compassion, pointed to eight petitions which had that morning been presented to him from the like number of unfortunate criminals under sentence of death for the same offence—"All of whom," he said, "must suffer the sentence of the law,"—and all did suffer death! He complimented me upon my zeal, and hoped I should at least feel some consolation for the disappointment, in the reflection of having used the strongest endeavours to save the life of a fellow-creature. His arguments were so convincing that I could not oppose them; and, having thanked his lordship for his condescension, the Lord Mayor and myself withdrew.

My hopes had now expired, and as soon as we entered the carriage my friend took hold of my hand, and with his usual kindness desired me not to be uneasy, but to go home satisfied that I had been permitted to put every exertion into practice, and that the highest man in the kingdom could not do more. He requested me to return to the Mansion House to dine with the Lady Mayoress, which I respectfully declined, as I had no relish for any kind of pleasure. His lordship drove me to Guildhall, where he bade me farewell, desiring his kindest regards to my dear wife and children.

The next morning I returned home full of melancholy, and quite confounded to think that I should have taken up in so warm a manner the cause of a person who was a total stranger, and that I should also be led to make it a subject of secret fervent prayer. All this puzzled me



exceedingly, and as I entered Maidstone again I cautiously avoided speaking to any person, and quietly reached my own home under very severe disappointment. The moment I entered the door I exclaimed, "All is lost, and the poor man must die." To my inconceivable astonishment Mr. Gibbs said, "Why, sir, the man is reprieved!" "Impossible," replied I, "for Lord Sidmouth himself told me last night, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, that every man convicted of passing forged notes would be hanged!" "But indeed, sir," replied Mr. Gibbs, "he is reprieved, or at least respited, and by Baron Wood himself, who yesterday sent a respite during pleasure, and the gaoler says that a respite 'during pleasure' is always considered a reprieve from death."

I will not attempt to describe my feelings—they were beyond expression, and I instantly ran upstairs and poured out my soul before that gracious God who had been working with his mighty hand to effect the deliverance of his unfortunate creature. Still, however, an anxious state of suspense continued, and day after day passed away without the arrival of a final reprieve, which was to relieve the captive from his dungeon; and this suspense was much heightened, and fears were again created, by the execution of all the persons in the surrounding counties who had been convicted of passing forged notes.

Although I believed that the hand of God was in this business, still my fears were in great exercise, and particularly on Friday, the 24th of April, on which day I went to London, and in passing up the Old Bailey, I beheld the awful machine on which a young man and a young woman had been executed about an hour before for passing forged notes. Now, then, my faith was indeed staggered, and the more so when I was informed that the Duke of Gloucester had visited these unhappy persons in Newgate only the day before, and that he had gone to the Governor of the Bank of England, then to Lord Sidmouth, and

lastly to the Prince Regent (his relative) to entreat for the lives of these unfortunates—and had been refused! “Ah!” thought I, “what reason can I have to expect the life of George Dunk?” I said that I should not at all wonder to find, when I returned home, that a warrant of execution had arrived. But a merciful Creator had so ordered it that the first person who came to the coach door, on my return in the evening, was Mr. Gibbs, who greeted me with the pleasing intelligence that a full reprieve had arrived in the morning from Baron Wood, and that poor Dunk had been released from his dreary confinement of thirty-one days in the dungeon under sentence of death. The next day I received the following letter from the poor grateful prisoner, whom I had never seen but once:—

“Maidstone Gaol, April 24th, 1818.

“DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

• • • • • “It is to you that I owe my life, and I trust that I shall never forget to pray for you. I was once before seeking the kingdom of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, but by the craftiness of the devil I was easily led away into the path which leads to destruction, and which has brought me within these dungeon walls. But thanks be to God he has stopped me in my mad career, and He heard my prayers even from the depths of a dungeon, and stood with open arms to receive me, and I hope and trust that He will give me grace to continue humble and penitent, both now and evermore. Amen. This is the sincere prayer of a poor penitent sinner, just reprieved from a dungeon where he has been confined thirty-one days under sentence of death.

“GEORGE DUNK.”

Soon after receiving this letter I went to the prison, and the gaoler brought the poor man into my presence. He was all agitation. He looked at me with a sort of frenzied delight—grasped my hand—brushed down the tears from his eyes—stamped on the ground—looked at me again—and at length, in broken half-stifed accents exclaimed, “My deliverer! my life! my life!—I owe my life to

you." I told him not to thank me, but to thank that gracious God who had wrought out so remarkable a deliverance, and who had mercifully employed myself as his instrument. I felt very queer, and after giving him the best advice in my power, returned home, praising and thanking my Almighty Friend for his goodness and tender mercy. And I never saw the poor man again—I did not like to be praised.

There were a number of singular circumstances attending this poor man's deliverance, but which I could not introduce into the narrative without breaking the connection. In the first place, it was almost a thousand to one that I should be standing just in the path of the person who had first heard that George Dunk was the only criminal left for execution. And if I ever had heard of the man before, something might have been alleged against his character that might have prevented my interference. But he was a total stranger, and all the circumstances were as sudden as a flash of lightning, and there was no previous conversation to work up my feelings to pity, but it was an impulse darted into my mind by the direction of Omnipotence. In the next place, the impression made upon my mind was so strong that I had no power of resistance. I was directed by an invisible hand into the presence of the judge in an instant, and this without framing or premeditating any method of introducing the subject; and when I opened my commission, I had even forgot the name of the person for whom I came to plead—which induced his lordship to express his astonishment at my proceeding, and I told him that I was equally astonished myself, and could only attribute it to the hand of Heaven; and indeed it was this very circumstance that arrested the attention of his lordship, and led him to promise that he would pay it attention. Several persons censured my conduct. Some said it was rash and presumptuous; others, that it was taking too much upon myself; and one gentleman went so far as to

say that, if the judge had acted in a proper manner, he would have desired his servant to order me out of the room.

Dunk's father and mother were now (April, 1818) living in Hawkhurst, in decent circumstances, and were about seventy years of age. They have four sons older than their unfortunate George, he being the youngest of sixteen children. And these four brothers are all in good circumstances, and have hitherto maintained good characters. They all called upon me (April 28) with their own thanks and the thanks of their aged father and mother; and one of them (being a basket maker) presented me with a very neat basket, on the lid of which he had interwoven "G. Dunk." This I prized exceedingly, as it was a simple and pathetic remembrance of the man whose name it bore. He was removed (April 28) to the *Bellerophon* convict ship at Sheerness, in order to be transported to New South Wales; and I received a letter from him, dated April 30, repeating his gratitude, and stating his surprise and pleasure on finding such good regulations on board the *Bellerophon*. His words are: "I have not heard a blasphemous expression come out of any man's mouth since I have been here, for we have prayers and psalm-singing every night and morning, and preaching once in the week and twice on Sunday; and we have had the best of advice from the minister to make our lives happy in this world and in the next; and I trust that I shall never return to any wickedness again, even if I should live a hundred years."

This letter gave me great pleasure; and in order to cheer his mind I sent him the following in answer:—

"Maidstone, May, 1818.

"To George Dunk, *Bellerophon*, Sheerness.

"UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN,

"I beg to acknowledge your letter, and am much pleased that you have written to me, and particularly at the cheering

account of the regulations of the ship in which it has pleased a gracious God to cast your lot; and if I can be of any other service to you I shall be truly thankful to do it, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For although it has pleased God in great mercy to save me from being confined in a dungeon, yet my sins against his holy law have deserved everlasting misery, and from which I am only saved by the atoning blood of his dear Son.

"His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me."

"I entreat you to be unremitting in your attendance at a throne of grace, and endeavour to direct your first waking thoughts to Him whose eyes never slumber or sleep, and by these means you will receive supplies equal to your day; and never (as you value your own soul and the honour of God), never join in any scheme for the subversion of order, but be ever ready and willing to do your duty to the very utmost; and then trust a faithful God for his influence in giving you grace in the eyes of all with whom you may have to do. And, above all, never attempt to dissemble either before God or man.

"From my acquaintance with the Lord Mayor, I may, perhaps, be enabled to render you some service by recommending you to the notice of the captain of the ship, and which I shall do with great pleasure.

"The Rev. Mr. Argles called on me this morning, and I was much delighted to hear him speak of you in terms that give him, as well as myself, great reason to hope that God has indeed snatched you as a brand from the burning. I pray for you every day, and hope that He who has begun the good work will keep you to the end; and then I trust that He whose blood cleanseth from all sin will place you at his right hand, together with your sincere friend,

"J. V. HALL."

Dunk's wife called on me on the 2nd of May, on her way to visit her husband at Sheerness, when I took the opportunity of sending him a Bible and several religious books. She returned in three days afterwards, bringing the pleasing intelligence that her husband declared he never was so happy in his life; and that he lived in hopes that God would give him grace to proclaim the gospel in New South Wales! Indeed the chaplain of the prison (the Rev. Mr. Argles) declared to me that he had never met with such a young man as Dunk in his life—he was so truly pious,

gentle, and good; and that if he had been hanged, he had no doubt of his salvation. But it had pleased God to save him in a most extraordinary manner, and no doubt for some good purpose.

About three weeks after Dunk had been at Sheerness, Captain Owen, the commander, declared that of all the convicts he had ever had under his care, he had never met with such an extraordinary young man as George Dunk, whose conduct was the most exemplary, and his piety the most remarkable. At every leisure moment he would be reading the Scriptures to his unfortunate companions, who eagerly surrounded him to hear him proclaim the joyful news of salvation; and Captain Owen declared that he thought Dunk was a great blessing to the whole ship. Captain Owen afterwards wrote me a letter to the same purport, saying—

“Dunk has conducted himself in every way agreeable to my wishes, and it is my firm belief that the miraculous manner in which he has, by God's blessing, been so providentially snatched from eternity, together with the revival of former impressions, will produce a happy effect on the remainder of his life. There are several prisoners who will accompany Dunk, who are very serious men, and who intend to assemble together during the passage to New South Wales for the purpose of prayer and reading the Scriptures; therefore there will not I hope be much danger of his relapsing into his late habits. If ever I envied anything in one man more than another, it is your feelings, arising from the gratification of having been so conspicuously instrumental, by God Almighty's assistance, in having saved the life of a fellow creature. I think that I never felt such a delightful pleasure in my life as when your friend, Mr. Wiloke, described the manner in which it was effected.”

This testimony from Captain Owen gave me great pleasure, and convinced me more and more that the hand of God was visibly manifested in the whole of this remarkable circumstance. Soon after receiving this letter I wrote to Lord Sidmouth, stating to him all the particulars, and concluding as follows:—

"And now, my Lord, I will only take up so much more of your time as to come to the point, which is, that as I am deeply sensible that the Almighty has been pleased to save this young man for some special purpose, and as his piety and good conduct are exemplary, if your lordship could and would perform an act of mercy from your own bosom, and would allow this man to go to New South Wales, for the term of his natural life, freed from the restraint of a convict, or his condition otherwise softened, so that he might work at his trade, and never return to England but at the penalty of his life, I humbly presume to think that your lordship would be doing an act of great good to the cause of that Saviour who ever stands pleading before a throne of mercy for such a creature as I am, and for the honour of whose name I make this appeal. Remaining your lordship's most obedient and humble servant,

"J. V. HALL."

Such was the letter I wrote to Lord Sidmouth, and I had the pleasure shortly afterwards to receive a letter from poor Dunk, stating that his irons were knocked off, that he was separated from the common place of confinement, and had more liberty than any of the other prisoners. Glory to God alone for this distinguished mark of favour. I next wrote to Captain Young, of the Transport office, Deptford, and received a very kind answer, saying that he would himself recommend the unfortunate young man to the captain's kind attention. My heart was delighted with this answer, for it seemed as if heaven itself was rejoicing over this repentant prodigal, and moving the hearts of many persons to do him good. I was still further pleased by receiving another letter from Captain Young, stating the name of the ship, and the captain. This communication from Captain Young was most pleasingly confirmed by another letter from poor Dunk, dated on board the convict ship, July 10, 1818, in which he writes:—

"I am humbly thankful from my heart for the many favours I have received at your hands, and particularly that you being an entire stranger to me should interest yourself so much in my behalf. I am happy to inform you that your wishes are fully complied with

in regard to making my passage comfortable, and Captain Brown has been very kind to me in releasing me entirely from my chains the second day after I came on board, and he told me if I behaved according to my character he would recommend me to the Governor of New South Wales, which will be the making of me; and I trust in God that he will have no reason to complain. I often burst into tears of joy to think that God has stopped me short in my mad career, and that you have been an instrument in his hands to save my life. I now conclude, praying that the blessing of God may rest upon you, and all your family, and I remain your most humble and obedient well-wisher,

“GEORGE DUNK.”

APRIL 3, 1822.—Called on Mr. B., who is confined for debt in the county prison. He was sitting before a bone of cold beef, placed on an old deal table, with a supply of water in an old teapot with a broken spout; his hair all silvered with age. I took him respectfully by the hand, which so overpowered him that the tears rolled in torrents down his aged cheeks, whilst he sobbed aloud in attempting to thank me. He had forgotten—but I well remembered—that to him I was indebted for a letter of introduction to J. P., Esq., of Worcester, nineteen years ago, who introduced me to the family of my dear wife. And now, he who was then worth thirty thousand pounds is in prison for debt! He ingenuously told me that covetousness had been his besetting sin, and his ruin; that the Lord punished him, but had mercifully given him better riches than those which he had taken away. I offered him a small loan, which he accepted with thanks. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! At the time that Mr. B. gave me the letter of recommendation he seemed to be far above the reach of adverse fortunes, whilst I had nothing but my daily wages. O Lord keep me humble.

HARTLEY, THE MURDERER.—NOVEMBER 30, 1823.—Saw Hartley in prison for twenty minutes; the governor present all the time. Hartley gave me a letter which he had



written, expressing deep repentance, and hope in the blood of Christ. His mind appeared very unsettled, and he said he had more upon his heart than he could possibly express.

DECEMBER 4.—Saw Hartley. He told me a dreadful circumstance of murder in which he was concerned:—Himself and another had broken into a house, and hearing some persons stirring about as if alarmed, they secreted themselves quietly in the drawing-room. Shortly after, a gentleman came into the room armed with a poker, and perceiving Hartley, immediately seized him by the collar, when a scuffle ensued and they fell on the floor, Hartley undermost, and the gentleman firmly grasping his throat. At this moment Hartley's companion rushed forward and stabbed the gentleman to the heart, and he died immediately! Two ladies, who had followed the gentleman, immediately shrieked and fainted, whilst Hartley and his companion made their escape. At another time, Hartley and two companions had entered a house, and packed up many valuables, when one of his companions, not being satisfied, swore the most horrid oaths that he would proceed to the bed-chambers; and away he went, accompanied by Hartley, but they had not ascended more than three or four steps when a pistol was fired by a person at the top of the stairs, and Hartley's blasphemous companion fell dead at his side. He instantly ran down stairs, and with his remaining companion escaped, and instead of being affected as he ought to have been, he only laughed at the shots which were fired at them as they ran through the gentleman's garden. At another time, Hartley alone met a gentleman on the highway and shot him dead, and robbed him of seventy pounds and a gold watch. I entreated him to make the best use of his short time, which he promised to do, and seemed to be very sincere.

DECEMBER 6.—Saw Hartley, and conversed with him nearly an hour. Said he certainly would break a dreadful oath made to his companions, and would disclose the names

of the guilty. Desired him to be very sincere towards God and to confess his sins to Him. He said the manner of taking this oath of secrecy amongst housebreakers was this : To draw about half a wine-glass of blood from the arm and drink it off, swearing to be true to each other.

DECEMBER 7.—Mr. Hagar pained me by saying that Hartley's conduct after I had quitted him yesterday was very light, and indeed very wicked. He was heard to say to the other prisoners, that if he was let loose again he would not beg a man to give up his money, but would "put a pistol to his head and blow his brains out." How dreadful and disheartening !

DECEMBER 11.—Visited Hartley. Found him not so as to give me any pleasure. I went also to visit and exhort poor old Smith. He told me that the woman whom he murdered had lived with him fifteen months as his wife—that he began to perceive an alteration in her conduct latterly, which led him to suspect her—that on the evening before the murder she brought a man into his apartment and picked a quarrel with him, and joined with the man in abusive language, and also endeavoured to turn him out of his own room—that the next morning, before seven o'clock, he (Smith) began to drink freely at the public-house, and whilst there the woman, accompanied by the man, came into the house to get some gin—that they rudely pushed past him, and trod on his toes—that he had a knife in his hand, with which he was cutting some Spanish liquorice—that he drew the knife across her throat, and she was dead in five minutes !

DECEMBER 14.—I never hesitate to declare to these poor creatures that I myself have been a great sinner ; but that having been rescued from destruction by the goodness of God, I appeared before them as a witness of his mercy and long-suffering, not only to myself but to all who are brought to acknowledge the Lord Jesus. This kind of plain dealing excites their attention and raises their hopes, and I trust is eventually a blessing.

DECEMBER 17.—Hartley had continued to supply me with a history of his horrible transactions, which every day appeared more and more atrocious; and yesterday he informed me, by letter, that he was present at the murder of Mr. Bird and his housekeeper, at Greenwich. The following is Hartley's own statement:—

“Having been asked by a young man to accompany him to Greenwich on a Friday morning, I readily agreed, and there I met Hussey (who was executed for this murder) who planned the robbery. I carried a blank note to Mr. Bird's door, which was opened by an elderly female. I immediately secured her, by thrusting a handkerchief into her mouth, whilst my two companions followed me into the house. An old gentleman (Mr. Bird) sat in the parlour. My companions immediately secured him, but he did not appear to be agitated, and only said, ‘I think you are very bold.’ Hussey told him to hold his tongue. I proceeded upstairs and turned out several drawers in great haste, and rifled three rooms. On coming to the head of the stairs I heard several groans; I had then in my hands two watches, several articles of plate, and some bank notes. On going downstairs, oh, God! what did I see? The poor old man (who appeared to be about seventy years of age) weltering in his blood; and the woman, who had already been knocked by Hussey, was vomiting; when my other companion, Alexander George, came forward, and by repeated blows of a hammer dispatched the unfortunate woman. I was so struck with terror that I threw down the property and left the house by myself.”

HARTLEY'S TRIAL.—This morning Hartley was tried before Mr. Baron Graham. I was in court, and with grief observed Hartley's hardened conduct at the bar. He appeared impudently bold, and spoke in his own defence, stating that he was not in his senses at the time he stabbed Captain Owen. It appeared in evidence that he had told a lie to excuse himself from work. When the jury pronounced him guilty, he addressed the judge at considerable length, by saying that he certainly was not in his senses when he committed the foul deed, but that he desired to die for other crimes, and if any person should interfere to

save his life he would not accept it at the expense of being sent out of the country; and that if mercy could not be shown in any other way, he was ready to go to the gallows at once. "And therefore," said he, "you, my lord, have nothing to do but to do your duty." This speech was delivered in a tone of impudence that quite appalled me, and also astonished the whole court. I now seemed to give up every hope as to his becoming penitent. The judge addressed him in a most solemn manner, and, in making a remark upon his hardened conduct, observed, that he feared that nothing which he could say would make any impression on him; that he had himself desired death: therefore his duty was to pronounce the sentence of the law. The moment his lordship had concluded, Hartley impudently said, "Thank you, thank you, my lord!" He went laughingly from the bar. I was really quite ill at the conduct of this unhappy man, with whom I had taken such great pains and for whom I had offered up so many prayers.

DECEMBER 19.—This morning Hartley wrote to me a letter expressive of deep contrition for his conduct at his trial, and enclosing a petition to the judge to grant him a respite of seven days beyond the usual time allowed to prisoners.

DECEMBER 20.—Smith, the murderer, was tried this morning, and condemned to be executed on Monday next. He was very concerned at his dreadful situation. When he entered the cart which was to convey him from the court-house to the prison (after being condemned), he stood up and threw a letter amongst the crowd. It was directed to myself, and contained a short account of his life and the occasion of the murder; but in such obscene language, in doggerel rhyme, that I was struck with horror to perceive the dreadful state of his mind. No contrition, but rather a boast.

DECEMBER 21.—Went to the prison. Saw Hartley in

his cell. Observed to him that we (Mr. Winter, myself, and two attendants,) who were at liberty stood in need of continual forgiveness as much as those who were confined in a prison, and that we knew of no other way than by Jesus Christ.

DECEMBER 27.—Saw Hartley this morning in the prison. He was walking in the yard smoking a pipe. He appeared more angry than penitent. I took this opportunity (being probably the last) to beseech him to seek the Lord, with tears and supplications, for a truly penitent heart. That it was not even yet too late; but that he must earnestly use all possible diligence. I placed my hand on his shoulder and entreated him as a brother or a son, and endeavoured to express myself in the most tender manner towards him, which he appeared to feel for the moment; but I fear it is only appearance. The governor informed me that Captain Briggs, of His Majesty's ship *Challenger*, had been to see Hartley yesterday, respecting a quantity of pearls of great value, which had been stolen from a gentleman who was coming from India in the *Challenger*, on board of which ship Hartley was then serving as an officer's servant. A poor native Indian, then on board, had been suspected, and he was put to the torture (having his finger and toe nails torn out), in order to extort a confession that the poor fellow had himself been the thief. Hartley confessed to Captain Briggs that he had taken the pearls, and had secreted them in a crevice behind one of the knees of the ship, where they were at the present day—the pearls having fallen to the bottom of the crevice, where he could not get at them. Captain Briggs left the prison rejoicing in this discovery from the dying confession of Hartley.

DECEMBER 28.—Saw Hartley for the last time. He remains light and trifling to a frightful degree. This poor fellow makes my heart ache, and gives me continual distress.

JANUARY 1, 1823.—Hartley has told Mr. Winter that

all the expressions of repentance contained in his letters to me were not his real feelings, but he thought they would give me pleasure. Mr. Winter remonstrated with him upon his hypocrisy to a person who had taken so much pains to render him service. Hartley told the governor this day (the day before his execution) that if he could be released from prison he would commit a burglary the very next evening, if possible! Hartley, this day also, sent a message to Mr. Whatman, surgeon of the prison, requesting he would purchase his body for forty shillings, and send him the money!

**HARTLEY'S EXECUTION, JANUARY 2.**—This day terminated the career of this extraordinary man. Oh! how my heart sickens! All night have I been disturbed respecting this miserable man, and I have been in a state of terror during the whole of this morning. Hartley continued to talk in a loose manner till the executioner came to bind his hands. And on Mr. Whatman asking him if the cord hurt him, he replied, "Oh, never mind; 'twill not be for any length of time." The waggon moved onward. An amazing concourse of persons was assembled, to whom Hartley nodded and smiled, shaking hands with several whom he recognized. He threw aside a prayer book which had been placed in his hands, and began to eat an orange; and so little was he concerned, even for common decency, that on the cavalcade approaching a house near the prison, in which were several loose women, he nodded and winked his eye at them! Truly glad should I have been had this been the last of his daring conduct; but on reaching the summit of the hill from whence he obtained the first view of the place of execution, and also observing a public house at a short distance, he said, "Let us get a drop of something to drink before I am tucked up!" Immediately after this he perceived a young woman (a gentleman's servant, and a perfect stranger) looking out of a window, and he nodded and smiled in an impudent manner. At

this period some persons were pressing around the waggon, endeavouring to shake hands with him, which being observed by the sheriff, he gave orders that nobody should touch the prisoner. Hartley immediately called out, in an ironical tone, "Oh, then I suppose Jack Ketch is not to touch me presently!" Hartley then addressed the spectators as follows:—"Good people, I hope you will attend to what I am now going to say, and that you will excuse the imperfect manner in which I may express myself. You are assembled here to behold an awful ceremony, and I hope you will all take warning of my fate. There are, doubtless, many among you who may not be guilty of every crime." Here a young man pressed forward to the foot of the scaffold, with his eyes bathed in tears, and looked full in Hartley's face. Hartley eyed him with the most intense and fixed attention. It was his brother. Both remained silent, and the young man was prevailed upon to retire. Hartley then attempted to resume his address, but immediately said, "You must pardon me, I can proceed no further." The executioner now proceeded to adjust the rope, and on fastening it round the beam Hartley said, "Don't be long about it, give me but little fall." He then bent forward to try the length of the rope, and said, "It will not do, it is too much under my jaw." The executioner made an alteration, and the cap being drawn over the culprit's face he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Oh! how I wished that he had never uttered another syllable, but immediately afterwards this extraordinary man said, "Pray let this be a warning to you all. Good bye. I wish you all a happy new year." The platform fell, and he was launched into eternity. What an eternity! Thus terminated the career of one who had a longer course of wickedness than falls to the lot of most offenders; and so hardened was his heart, that it seemed impossible for him to repent. Hartley wrote me seventeen letters, each of them of

considerable length. The following is a specimen of his manner, as well as an awful exhibition of a man trying to repent, and yet not being able so to do :—

“My mind is in a dreadful state corrupted by the cursed books which I have read. Paine’s ‘Age of Reason’ more so (more cursed) than any other. Nothing is of any avail to make me repent. This may be somewhat curious.

“I cannot account where my good thoughts are flown. Nothing will do me good. Nothing can convince me. So, sir, in this dreadful state I continue—so near the grave, and on the brink of everlasting punishment. Only a few days past, I prayed ; now I cannot. I am lost to all sense of feeling. My days are few. Oh that I could in this say that I am penitent ; but I cannot, and dare not lie.”

My own feelings, during the last six weeks, have been so dreadfully agitated on account of this miserable man, that I feel almost determined never to enter the prison again. I cannot describe the horror of my mind when contemplating this awful termination of a life so deeply stained with crime.



## CHAPTER VII.

DIARY. 1822—1824.

RETROSPECT—TEMPTATIONS—PRAYER—INDWELLING SIN—FIFTIETH  
BIRTHDAY—A GOOD HOPE—RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN—A PRAYER  
—ISMS—SCOTT'S BIBLE—HAPPIER THAN A KING—THE TRACTORS—  
REV. H. TOWNLEY—LORD \* \* 's CONVERSION—WIDOW B. AND  
OTHERS—THE SCRIPTURES. AGE 48—50.

JANUARY 10, 1822.—Dr. D. appeared to be very well in health, but said he was very unhappy. He spoke of having had a dreadful dream, in which his sins were placed in array before him. Desired him not to be agitated by dreams, but to look steadily on Christ alone, whose blood was shed for the sins of the whole world, and that God had mercifully declared, that the scarlet should become white, and had accepted the sacrifice of his beloved Son on the behalf of every repentant sinner, however vile. The doctor looked with a sort of half-pleased and anxious inquiry.

MARCH 14.—I am forty-eight years old this day. Ten years ago, on this blessed day, my gracious God sent his arrows of conviction through my rebellious heart, and brought me to a sense of my dreadful situation as a lost sinner. Ten years has the Lord assisted me in the great conflict which I have had to sustain daily, and almost hourly, with myself and Satan; and this morning my soul is overwhelmed with grateful feelings for the mercy which has been so largely bestowed upon me. Mingled tears of bitter sorrow and unspeakable delight rolled down my face

whilst before the Lord this morning in private ; and whilst the ingratitude of my former days stood in view before my awakened imagination, my heart seemed overpowered with the weight of mercy which a gracious God had poured out upon my unworthy and polluted soul. I hope that I do indeed bless the Lord with all my ransomed powers, and that I feel more happy in His love than ever, and more truly desirous that I may constantly, under all circumstances, live to His glory. My fervent desire is, that the Lord Jesus may ever have full possession of my heart, and there reign without a rival and with uncontrolled sway.

What great reason have I also, in a temporal point of view, to bless and serve the Lord. Ten years ago my character was ruined, my trade fast declining, misery in my family, and misery in myself. But now, my character re-established, my trade overflowing, and instead of misery in my family, we are all happy in the favour of the Lord our God. Oh how can I ever sufficiently praise and honour the Lord, who hath done such great things for me ! He hath indeed delivered my soul from the lowest hell, and established my goings, with a song of thanksgiving continually in my mouth. Blessed be His name for ever and ever. Amen and amen. Watch—watch—watch.

MARCH 21.—Notwithstanding my ardent desire to live to the glory of God, yet I seem to be more harassed than ever with evil thoughts. My soul is grieved beyond measure at the depravity of my own heart ; and I constantly pray God to fill me with his Holy Spirit, that every evil imagination may be destroyed, and that my every breath may be holy.

MAY 1.—Experienced more than usual delight at a throne of grace this morning. I had dreamed of having taken the forbidden draught, and I remember that (even in my dream) I felt ashamed of myself ; but, blessed be God, I awoke in safety, and had only seen, in vision, what had once been my unhappy state. I thanked my God for

having heard my former petitions in regard to the study of the Bible, and for having made it my delight during the last six years, and I entreated grace to make it my daily study to the end of my life, and not to read it that I might merely say I had read so much, but that I might study it effectually, in order to live to his glory; and that henceforth the Bible might ever be the food of my soul, the delight of my life, and the light of my path; that its precepts might be bound around my heart, and fixed in the centre, and that the influences of the Holy Spirit might enable me to live according to the rule of the word of God in all things.

JULY 12.—No person could possibly imagine how horrible are the temptations which have harassed my mind. Thoughts of the most abominable kind, and a sort of living over again some of the sinful practices of my youth; but these things bring me fervently and more frequently than ever to my God, and lead me to cry continually for the cleansing and sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit. I abhor myself and all the filthiness of my nature, and deeply and hourly do I lament my innate corruption. Yet the Lord holds me up, and He is the daily support of my soul and my strong consolation, and his blessed word is dearer to me than ever. I pray hourly that the Lord will send his Holy Spirit to sanctify my heart, and prepare it for the residence of his beloved Son; and I pray my Lord Jesus to come and take full possession of my heart, and there reign without a rival, so that sin may have no residence within me, nor even the chance of an entrance. Yet, with all this, I am in constant fear lest I should do anything to offend my God.

AUGUST 14.—I desire to bless God that for several months past a secret impulse has often led me into the summer-house, there to bend my knee before God. This delightful exercise grows upon me, and becomes a kind of second nature; but I have prayed the Lord that it may

never rest in mere habit, but that it may be the earnest desire of my soul to lie prostrate before Him at all times, in humility and deep repentance. I have found prayer to be very strengthening to my soul, and a powerful support in my daily walk, amidst ten thousand temptations from without, and a far greater number from within.

I have frequently been so oppressed by a sense of indwelling sin, that I have feared a fit of bodily illness would be the consequence of my great anxiety; but on Sunday, whilst at chapel, the following sort of questioning passed in my mind:—If you were under less concern formerly about your inward depravity, and then had less frequent communion with God than you now have, you may consider that the Lord has imparted more light which has given you a clearer sight of yourself, and this has brought you oftener to the throne of grace; therefore, instead of being so much depressed, you ought to be increasingly rejoicing! This afforded me a little comfort, but still the evil nature of my own heart distressed me exceedingly.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Our tenth child born. Thank God. I pray that we may grow grey-headed together, and live constantly to the honour and glory of God, and bring up our children in his fear and admonition.

OCTOBER 21.—Oh, how my heart has been pained by temptations from within and without during the last two months. I have groaned and prayed in agony, through fear that I should bring disgrace upon the cause of God. This very morning, whilst studying the first chapter 1st Peter, I was obliged to stop and call upon God to defend me from the assaults of my watchful foe. I have been mercifully continued in the exercise of thanksgiving and prayer every day, about eleven o'clock. Also in kneeling in the shop every night after the close of business, thanking God for his merciful protection during the day, and beseeching Him to cleanse me from all unholiness con-

tracted in the course of my progress. These exercises have now been continued about two years, affording me great help. All the praise be to my God. I write these things to show in my own experience that the believer is subject to constant trials and temptations, and though the Lord gives him victory upon victory, yet the fight must and will continue, till death rids him of his hateful adversary. God is my only help, my only trust. My hopes and expectations of heaven rest on nothing but the blood of Christ. I never feel unalloyed pleasure except when speaking of my gracious God, because I am unceasingly dissatisfied with myself, but in God I have a plenitude of satisfaction. Blessed be his name.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—This day my dear wife and self, with our seven living children and our aged mother, all united in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." My poor heart danced for joy, whilst tears of gratitude started forth in honour of my God, and for his mercy in preserving me from the dissipation of Christmas festivity which reigns around, and in which I was once most deeply engaged, sitting up whole nights in revelry and iniquity. But the grace of God alone preserves me, and the sense of this mercy overwhelms me with unspeakable gratitude. I daily read accounts of the dreadful effects of sin—men dying in a state of intoxication. I cannot express the thousandth part of my feelings on account of the love and mercy of God towards me. His service is indeed my greatest delight, and the joy of my heart. When I look around and perceive that all my old associates still remain in the bonds of iniquity, whilst I am emancipated, is it any wonder that I should express myself so warmly? The very stones would cry out were I not to declare the goodness of the Lord.

MARCH 14, 1823.—Awoke this morning about three o'clock, with a heart full of gratitude to my gracious God for having permitted me to live so long as to see the

commencement of my fiftieth year. When I arose I went to the Lord and renewed my covenant with Him to be his devoted servant. I seem to fear nothing so much as offending my God; yet, notwithstanding this fear, I continually sin against Him. Without the blood of Christ I feel assured I can never be saved. What is all the boast of reformation to do for a poor sinner? Nothing! Nothing but the efficacious sacrifice made on Calvary can satisfy my soul; and that does satisfy it. Blessed be God for this living faith which banishes every fear! Still I say, "Watch and pray."

APRIL 24.—When I feel how deeply I have sinned against the Lord I feel astonished that I have any hope of salvation; yet I have not only a hope but a very lively one; and I do trust that, through the alone righteousness of Christ, I shall one day stand before the throne of God with a golden harp in my hand, singing with a loud voice "Glory, glory to God in the highest!" I cannot look upon my sins and not feel horror—deep horror and shame—at their enormity and magnitude; neither can I look upon the blood of Christ without feeling a thrill of delight run through my whole soul—as it does at this moment, whilst I am penning these words. Yes, the eternal Son of God is all my hope, trust, and desire. I desire to have Him always in my heart—as my King to rule over me, that every act of my life, every wish of my soul, and every breath I draw, may all tend to his glory. This blessed theme may possibly form part of our rejoicing with our friends in heaven, where, I have no doubt, we shall know each other. My opinion of the tender mercy of the Lord is, that whatever may increase our felicity in heaven will form a part of the inheritance; and we must think that it will afford amazing pleasure to tread the golden streets with those who accompanied us on earth in our walk to the celestial city.

"Once in grace, always in grace." I am heartily glad ~~that~~ this dangerous doctrine makes me shudder. Judas, no

doubt, preached the gospel and healed the sick, but he himself was lost! When I lately heard of the dreadful fall of two persons I knew, I prayed the Lord to give me a doubly watchful spirit, as I felt assured that nothing short of his Almighty power could keep me. Seeing these things to be so, who would, even for a moment, encourage the doctrine of "Once in grace, always in grace?" Was David always in grace? Was Uzziah always in grace? Was Peter always in grace? If such were truth, where is the necessity of obeying our Lord's injunction—Watch? My heart is full of this subject, feeling its great importance. Such is the depravity of my nature that I can scarcely do anything that is called good without feeling a disposition to pride. Yet, on the other hand, I have great reason to bless the Lord that this temptation gives me constant pain. Whilst I am writing these words my heart aches on account of my inward depravity. But the Lord mercifully puts his bridle upon all my passions and holds me fast in his powerful hand. Glory be to his name!

APRIL 30.—"O Lord, be pleased to open my heart more and more to understand this blessed book, and separate from me all my remaining unbelief; and let me clearly see that Thou art God, the Father over all; that Jesus Christ is Thy eternal Son, and that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son. Or, if this be not right, O Lord set me right, and lead me in a plain path for Christ's sake." The above spontaneous prayer arose from reading the 21st and 22nd verses of the 10th of Luke (this morning), and perplexing thoughts respecting the personal distinctness between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

ISMS.—I desire to bless the Lord that I embrace no isms except one—holly-ism. Show me the man who loves the Lord and hates sin, and who desires to honour God in every thought, word, and deed—depending on the influences of the Holy Spirit to enable him to do so—that man is my brother, whatever be his colour, nation, or sect. My

daily prayer is that the Lord may be pleased to prosper every society—of whatever denomination—which has for its object the glory of God and the honour of his beloved Son. My dear children—you who will read this book when I am gone to my rest—to you I bequeath this principle, as the best gift of an affectionate father; although you can only possess it through the mercy of a gracious God and under the influences of his Holy Spirit. Pray for it and it is yours; but remember to pray for it as for a gift that will free you from bondage.

JUNE 21.—I can truly say that Scott's Bible has been an unspeakable blessing to myself during the last seven years, in the course of which time I have studied it daily, and have read the whole of the Old Testament twice, the New Testament three times; and have just finished reading the Gospels for the fourth time, with increased delight and thankfulness to God for his mercy in having preserved to me a spiritual appetite. My daily prayer has long been that the word of God may ever be the food of my soul, the increasing delight of my life, and the light of my path—that its precepts may be bound around my heart, and that the influences of the Holy Spirit may enable me to live according to the rule of the word of God in all things—that thus living I may live to his glory, and to the honour of his beloved Son. This prayer the Lord has answered, and does continually answer, to the joy of my heart. Who on earth has so great reason as I have to bless and praise the name of the Lord?

JUNE 26.—Spent half-an-hour at the bedside of a dying saint, who said he was happier than a king. To behold a dying saint beckoning death to approach, and looking upon his dart with unutterable delight, what a pleasure! No murmurs, though nothing but bare walls and parish-allowance! One cannot call this dying. *Happier than a king!* I think I shall never forget these words nor the animation with which they were uttered. This is the grandest sight



I ever beheld—better than a coronation! I repeated to him the whole of the twenty-fifth Psalm, with which he appeared pleased. I desire to praise the Lord for having caused so many portions of Scripture to be delightful to my own soul, and also for having given me grace to commit many of them to memory, that they may be useful to others as well as to myself. I have now upon my heart and mind the following Psalms:—25th, 27th, 30th, 34th, 51st, 91st, 103rd, 116th, 121st, 130th, 139th, and 145th; also twenty-four choice hymns. These form the principal part of my living stock, being always fresh upon my memory, and ready for use on all suitable occasions.

Among the hymns are those commencing as follows:—

“Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.” “God moves in a mysterious way.” “Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.” “Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.” “Jesus, and shall it ever be.” “Oh, for a heart to praise my God!” “Oh, for a closer walk with God!” “When all thy mercies, O my God.” “Grace, ’tis a charming sound.” “When with my mind devoutly press’d.” “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,” and “The star, the star of Bethlehem.”

How infinitely superior are these “Songs of Zion” to my old, foolish, worldly vanities! Blessed be God. With what delight do I take up the language of the ninety-first Psalm; for the Lord hath indeed made me to “tread upon the lion and the adder” (wine and spirituous liquors); and He hath truly “delivered me and honoured me” in a most peculiar manner. The Lord has honoured me with the friendship of his chosen people; and some of the ministers of the everlasting gospel are now amongst my dearest friends. The Lord has also honoured me by making me useful amongst the poor, and also in distributing religious books, particularly the “Sinner’s Friend.” Nothing on earth is so truly delightful to my soul as to speak boldly for the honour of the Son of God, whenever I have an opportunity. Great thanks to the Lord for this gift.

JUNE 28.—Whilst I was this day sitting by Haffenden's bedside, he turned towards his wife, who was sitting on a box weeping, and said, "Don't fret, mate. I shall be better off. O that I could go this minute. I was once afraid to die; not so now—very far from it!" I have many delights, but none so truly gratifying as visiting the sick, and doing good to the poor. I hope this will be my daily exercise as long as I live. Here I feel it necessary to stop and examine whether these feelings arise from mere natural ardour, or from earnest desire to honour God exclusively; and as I know my own heart to be desperately wicked (much worse than I really do know it to be), I feel it absolutely necessary to call fervently upon the Lord to search me and try my thoughts, and lead me continually in the way everlasting, for Christ's sake. We cannot be too watchful nor too suspicious of ourselves. My dear children, when you read these remarks pray endeavour to profit by them. Recollect that they are the tried experience of an affectionate father, gone to his eternal rest. May you all follow!

TRACTORS.—JULY 1.—This evening I commenced my first operation with the metallic tractors—the very same tractors which, in the hands of my late friend, Frederick Smith, had been the instruments of restoring to poor Mr. Foulds the use of his limbs, after having lost the use of them for upwards of two years. Mr. Smith performed cures and gave relief to upwards of two thousand persons by the tractors.

A poor man, named Bristed, had been seized at Christmas last with a paralytic affection, which took away the use of his feet, so that he could only hobble across the room. He had conversed with Mr. F., and was encouraged to hope that the tractors might do him good, and requested my aid. I went to his house, praying the Lord to bless my endeavours. I operated upon him from the forehead over different parts of his body to the sole of his feet, praying

as I went forward. It occupied exactly one hour and a quarter to go through this process. The next day I operated upon him for one hour and forty-eight minutes, during which time I frequently spoke of the way of salvation, and entreated the poor man to offer up prayer, not only for a cure to be performed on his body but on his soul also.

JULY 9.—Rev. H. Townley took up his abode at my house. He had recently returned from Calcutta, where he has been labouring during the last five years as a missionary. About thirteen years ago, he followed the profession of the law in Doctors' Commons, and lived in a style of luxury and dissipation, frequenting operas and masquerades. He was also a sceptic in religion, delighting in the works of Voltaire, Hume, and other infidel writers. On looking over a newspaper he saw an advertisement of a new edition of Paley's "Evidences of the Christian Religion," and never having heard of the work he sent one of his clerks to purchase a copy which he perused with the greatest eagerness, and so wonderfully was conviction fastened on his mind, that on the very next Sabbath-day he became a preacher in his own family, by reading the word of God, and commencing family prayer. Whilst Mr. T. was relating this circumstance my heart bounded for joy, and I told him how the Lord had dealt with myself, by turning me from deism. On the Sabbath morning, after family prayer, he addressed my four sons:—"Here are your father and I, we have known other gods, but we found that they could not save us. We now know the true Lord, and Him we desire to serve." Ah! how great is the mercy of the Lord to have called me by his grace, and to have delivered me from my abominations before my children had arrived at an age to have witnessed such heart-rending depravity. I may well say, "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications, and hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." Blessed be his

holy name! Even the very smell of wine is become disgusting, and I rejoice in the thought that my mouth will never again be polluted by strong drink of any description. The Lord feeds me, as He did Daniel; and I have more strength of body and health of countenance than ever I had when I drank my pint or bottle of wine each day.

JULY 20.—My four dear boys assembled with me this morning, and we sang a hymn and then read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John, verse by verse alternately, and then sang another hymn. I then exhorted them to seek the Lord with full purpose of heart, that when I should be removed they might have God for their Father and their Friend.

One day, on leaving Dr. D.'s house, I spoke to his footman on the necessity of seeking the Lord. Gave him "Scripture Help," "Bickersteth on Prayer," and the "Sinner's Friend." He was exceedingly thankful for my advice. This man called on me six months afterwards, and with tears of gratitude said—"I thank God, sir, that you spoke to me in the manner that you did one night when you were leaving my master's house, as till then I was going on in a wild path, but now I am seeking the Lord, and feel happy in his service."

JULY 27.—Saw Dr. D. this morning at his own house. Found him in a low desponding state. Endeavoured to encourage and comfort him. I told him if he had (in his own person) committed all the sins that ever were committed by the whole world, from Cain to the present hour, still the blood of Christ was more than sufficient to blot them all out. That his sins were now actually blotted out, although he did not feel the comfort of it.

AUGUST 16.—My case is somewhat like a poor man placed on the top of a very high house surrounded on all sides by fire; the spectators below unable to afford relief, whilst the poor man keeps running from side to side to escape the rising flames; but suddenly (and just at the

moment when every hope is given up) a hand is seen issuing from the clouds, snatching the half-distracted man from his perilous situation and placing him securely on the ground. Would the man thus rescued from destruction ever forget his benefactor? And, when speaking of his marvellous escape, would not his heart be full? Just so I have been snatched from the fire of hell by the hand of the Lord, therefore I can never speak but with enthusiasm when opening my lips to the praise of God.

JANUARY 1, 1824.—Oh! how great has been the goodness of the Lord toward me. My life has not only been redeemed from destruction, but I have been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercy. Endeavoured to convince C. T. R. of the necessity of Jesus Christ for a Saviour. He said he had read Gibbon, Hume, Voltaire, and other authors, who clearly proved that the Scriptures were not the word of God. I took hold of his hand and entreated him not to turn a deaf ear to my admonition. He thanked me for my kind intentions, which he believed to be sincere, but he was not to be so easily shaken in his views of religion. He said if it was not for making me unhappy he could lend me a book which would puzzle me greatly in regard to the truth of the Scriptures. I told him I would not read any book of the kind, and as to its shaking my principles, that could never be the case while Jesus Christ was found in my heart. He laughed at my earnestness and went his way.

FEBRUARY 28.—A stranger came to purchase Malan's Tracts, and said they were delightful tracts, but that Malan was now dreadfully persecuted at Lausanne and was silenced, being forbidden to preach the gospel! I replied that there was no occasion to go to Lausanne to find persecution. "No," said the stranger, "for as soon as we express love for the Lord Jesus Christ the enmity immediately appears. Many persons will speak of the mercy of God, but if the Lord Jesus Christ be named and

the necessity of being found in Him, then they are deemed enthusiasts and madmen." The stranger then went on in an animated manner to speak of the love of God in Jesus Christ, and of the necessity of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and also that we should never be ashamed of the cross. He said, "People in general were willing to go to heaven any way sooner than by the cross." I immediately quoted the following verse:—

"Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend  
On whom my heavenly hopes depend,  
It must not be—be this my shame  
That I no more revere his name."

The stranger instantly, and with great pathos, took up the theme, saying:—

"Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star,  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
On this benighted soul of mine."

He then drew from his pocket a Bible, and turning to the fifth chapter of the first epistle of St. John read, in an energetic manner, the tenth to the fifteenth verse. I looked at him with great delight, wondering who he could be, and my curiosity was upon the full stretch. I said to him, "Sir, I know not who you are, but I know what you are, and I desire to bless God that He has shown you the way of salvation, and granted you his Holy Spirit. I rejoice also to see that book in your hand, because it speaks for itself.

[This proved to be the Earl of \* \* between whom and the Author a very cordial correspondence on religious subjects was maintained for many years.—Ed.]

MARCH 10.—I find a great portion of vanity and self-complacency mixed with all my actions; but if we abstain

from exertion till vanity be eradicated, we shall become totally useless, therefore we must not allow ourselves to be cheated of opportunities to do good, but pray God to keep us ever humble, watchful, prayerful, penitent and believing.

MARCH 14, 1824.—(JUBILEE. FIFTY YEARS!)—I feel such an overwhelming sense of the mercy and goodness of God towards me, that I scarcely know where to begin to praise Him :—

“ When all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.”

I have not only been preserved, but have been indulged with many privileges for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. It has been my great happiness to attend the dying beds of several individuals who are now singing before the throne of God ; and I have also been favoured with the unspeakable pleasure of repeated conversations with rich and poor on the love and mercy of the Redeemer. I have also had the pleasure to distribute 2787 copies of “ The Sinner's Friend,” in various directions, amongst high and low, rich and poor. And, above all, I have been brought to feel more than ever my own innate depravity and the absolute need of a Saviour, as well as the continual influences of the Holy Spirit to sanctify and keep me in the path of holiness. I long to be holy, and because I am not so I feel increasing grief. I am also still pursuing the daily study of Scott's Bible, which has been the increasing delight of my life during the last eight years. This is a great mercy. I have also been honoured as the instrument of the Lord in restoring three persons to the use of their hands by the metallic tractors. I have also had the enjoyment of entertaining the ministers of the Lord with bed and board, and have

been profited by their prayers and pious conversation. I love the messengers of Zion, whatever may be their talents, and I bless the Lord for this great and happy change in my affections, seeing there was a time when I would sooner have shut my doors against a minister of the gospel than have admitted him under my roof.

“O to grace how great a debtor!”

What great things the Lord hath done for me. Blessed be his holy name.

APRIL 12.—During the last seven years I have frequently seen a poor wretched journeyman shoemaker in the streets in ragged clothes, with stockings full of holes, and every way filthy, as well as being frequently intoxicated and a dreadful swearer. I have looked upon him many a time with feelings of great pity because I had known the time when I was quite as bad, and even worse than himself, except poverty. The daughter of a general officer wrote him several admonitory letters. Compunction seized his heart, and he soon brought his deistical books to be committed to the flames, for he had now a new proof of the astonishing power of the grace of God. That wretched outcast, wallowing in drunkenness and blasphemy, may in a short time become the happy messenger of the gospel of peace to others. Everlasting praises be to my God that this is now my happy case, as one brought out of the centre of hell, to live to the glory of God.

EASTER DAY, APRIL 18.—The Lord honoured me this day by making me an instrument of comfort to a respectable man in distress, who was to me a stranger. After dinner I read the letter to my family; my dear boys being all returned from school for the Easter holidays. I was delighted to see the tear of pity gleaming in their eyes. “I’ll give a shilling,” says one; “I’ll give another,” “And I’ll give two,” said a third; “And so will I,” re-echoed a fourth. “Well done, my dear boys,” said



their father. With one guinea my dear boys were immediately dispatched to the poor man's dwelling, where they were received with gratitude and joy.

APRIL 26.—Blessed be the Lord for having mercifully preserved me from and in a most frightful temptation. The Lord stood by me and saw my fear, knew my weakness and kindly strengthened me in my soul. I prayed the Lord to accept my heartiest thanks for this great deliverance, and also most earnestly supplicated that the Lord, in all future temptations, would lead me to Himself for strength and support. This frightful temptation, entirely from without, lasted three months. It came to me in the most extraordinary and unexpected way, for which I could never account except that the devil himself assumed a shape most agreeable to my old nature; but the shield of God, and the breast-plate of righteousness given to me by the Lord—these preserved me. I was almost frightened out of my senses.

MAY 21.—The Hon. N. F. sat an hour with me, conversing on the old subject, Jesus Christ. Told me of his trials at Oxford. The students were in the habit of swearing and talking obscenely in the midst of the service, purposely to annoy him, and reaching over to tickle him in the back of the neck. In a few days, he observed a young student at dinner boldly reprove another who was swearing. "D—n him; why don't you knock him down," was the instant cry from several voices. The next day they were seen walking together—were pointed at by the other students who threw a carrot at Mr. F.'s head, and at the same time declared, that that fool, B., would make F. as big a fool as himself.

MAY 24.—The Lord honoured me by sending me to visit a poor dying widow, worn to a skeleton. She was much astonished at my paying her a visit to speak of the Lord, as she had known me when I was a gay young man, and she had not heard of the change.

MAY 31.—Lord \* \* sat with us talking nearly an hour, after which he engaged in prayer. He stated that, about fourteen years ago, he went to Cheltenham to recruit, after a time of revelry and dissipation. On the following Sunday he strayed into a dissenting chapel for the first time, and was surprised to hear a sermon without a book, but the language tickled his ear. A collection was made to which he contributed five guineas, and went his way heedless, and as he thought, unknown. He was at that time one of the lords-in-waiting. He went two or three times afterwards to the chapel and became gradually serious. The courtiers began to quiz him—called him methodist, &c.; but the king (George IV.) was always exceedingly kind, therefore he retained his situation. The day after that on which he made his public confession at the Bible Society's Meeting, he received a letter, signed "George Clayton," stating that his lordship might have forgotten the preacher whom he came to hear at Cheltenham, fourteen years ago, but that from that time the preacher had never ceased to supplicate the throne of mercy on his behalf. Lord \* \* told me that he had never heard the name of the preacher till the receipt of this letter, which was filled with most excellent advice, as well as congratulation. "To think," said his lordship, "that the dear good man should have been praying for me for fourteen years!"

I feel more satisfaction, more delight than ever in daily reading the word of God, and though I have but a few minutes to spare (thirty to sixty) for that purpose every morning before eight o'clock, yet that time is peculiarly sweet. My heart and soul are lifted up to God, and my hope as well as confidence in Christ increased. Sometimes I am half afraid of delusion, but then I think of the strong desires which the Lord has mercifully implanted in my soul, and that I sincerely love those who love God, (loving them from that principle alone,) and also, that inward sin

occasions me much inward grief. When I think of all these things, my mind becomes satisfied that Jesus is mine and I am his. Yes, even though I have been one of the most detestable of human beings, yet, as long as the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, so long may every returning prodigal claim the privilege of saying—"Jesus is mine, and I am his."

When I approach the footstool of the Lord in the first of the morning I feel constrained to say—"O Lord! to Thee alone am I indebted for these comforts, and it is from Thy mercy alone that I am not stretched on this floor in drunkenness, or in a workhouse, or in a madhouse, or lifting up my eyes in endless torment. Having done such marvellous things for me, O Lord, mercifully prevent my doing the slightest thing to dishonour Thee, or bring disrepute on the name of Thy beloved Son." This is my daily, hourly prayer; and I pray also that the least motion of inward sinfulness may give me exquisite pain, that I may fly instantly to the Lord for shelter and support. I seem to think that no one can possibly have so great cause to love the Lord as I have, because no one can have sinned so much against Him and yet have received so many favours and such signal displays of his almighty power. He has not only removed from me every disposition or inclination for strong drink, but has mercifully implanted so opposite a feeling that the very smell of wine or strong drink in any person creates a shuddering and horror beyond description, and I ejaculate, "Is it possible that my mouth was ever polluted with such filth?"

JULY 2.—An elderly gentleman, a stranger, inquired what sort of clergymen we had in our church. Upon my hesitating to reply, he said, "Are they amongst the despised Nazarines?" I looked him full in the face, and said, "What should you think, sir, of a despised Nazarine?" "Think of him! why I should give him the right-hand of fellowship." I was much delighted, and replied—"Then,

sir, give me your hand, for I profess myself to be of that number."

AUGUST 10.—The Hon. \* \* sat nearly an hour chatting on religion. He does not yet possess that degree of comfort which he has been seeking, and says that he is told that he must not expect it. I contradicted this from the Word of God. He thought whether he ought not to do something in the way of duty before he waited on the Lord. "O, no, by no means," I replied. "Go first to the Lord, and ask of Him strength to do your duty." He asked me what I thought of a person going too far in religion. I replied, that I could not see how this could possibly be; a man might profess too much, but could not possibly possess too much religion. He feared that he was not going on exactly right, that grace did not reign within him. In reply, I ventured to express my opinion that grace was certainly uppermost at present, or he would not have so many fears of doing wrong.

AUGUST 13.—I had the pleasure of sending my old friend, Mr. S., an acknowledgment of his great kindness to me many years ago, when he was in prosperity; but he is now in adversity, having run through a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and remaining totally ignorant of Christ. Who has made me to differ in opinion, as well as in circumstances? O that all my old friends had found the Lord. I pray for them daily, beseeching the Lord to bless them with a knowledge of Himself.

AUGUST 26.—WEDDING DAY.—Blessed be the Lord that I have been spared to witness and rejoice in the eighteenth anniversary of this auspicious day, which finds my beloved wife and self in excellent health, and more dear to each other, by far, than when we were first united. Our blessings are of the most exalted kind, the love of God filling our hearts, giving us unspeakable delight. "What shall we render to the Lord?" May we ever remember and honour the Lord our God with the first fruits of all

our increase, and give ourselves unreservedly to Him who hath done all these things for us.

AUGUST 28.—Poor widow S., so reduced, but strong in faith. I felt more pleasure at the bed-side of this poor dying creature, than I could have done at the court of the king. She suffered much pain but uttered, in a low whisper, nothing but ejaculations of happiness. She said, in broken sentences, "In all my gaities, all my pleasures, nothing equal to this. Nothing can describe my happiness. I had a visit in the night. I thought I saw Jesus on the cross. He said, 'Be of good cheer.' The Lord is precious, and I am going to Him."

AUGUST 29.—SUNDAY EVENING.—Although this has been the Sabbath, and I have attended the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and have had also the pleasure of visiting a dying saint, and have sent out four hundred hymns, "Ye must be born again," amongst poor cottagers, yet my heart has endured great pain throughout the day on account of inward depravity. Oh, the blood of Christ, how greatly precious.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Visited the poor widow this afternoon for the last time. As soon as she could articulate, she said, "Very near home. No one can see what I see. I see my everlasting happiness sealed. I am so happy." She pointed with her finger upwards, with a smile, and then downwards, making a circle. I inquired her meaning. She said, "My anchor is sure."

SEPTEMBER 10.—I went with my dear wife to visit a poor despairing widow. The Bible lay before her. She was in the most disconsolate state, because she could not believe in Jesus Christ. A professed deist had ruined her peace of mind. With uplifted hands and in mental agony she exclaimed, "Oh, what will that man have to answer for who has thus deceived me, and ruined the soul of my poor departed husband." I never saw so pitiable an object in my life. I tried to encourage her. How can I ever be

sufficiently thankful to the Lord for his wondrous mercy in rescuing me from this delusion of the devil and Tom Paine?

SEPTEMBER 11.—Poor widow B. I had been solicited to visit this poor aged widow, seventy-nine years of age. I found her in great distress of mind, with the Testament open before her. I spoke to her at considerable length on the mercy and goodness of God, in Christ, and took her hand in mine with as much tenderness as I could express. She then said, "I am so glad you are come, sir; it is so comfortable to hear you talk so. I knew you, sir, thirty years ago, when you were a very gay young man and knew nothing of this language. But what a change!" I replied that my old companions considered me mad; that I had expressed my wishes to them that the Lord would make them equally mad.

When I entered my own house, I found a gentleman waiting to see me. He was well dressed, in black, and had got twelve copies of "The Sinner's Friend," which he had purchased. He surprised me by saying, "You do not recollect me now, sir, but you gave me one of these little books when you came to the prison where I was confined, and spoke upon the mercy of God to poor prisoners. It cheered my heart and did me good." The Lord was pleased to visit him in prison, and to humble his heart; and he himself now proclaims the news of salvation to poor sinners in the neighbouring villages of Gravesend, where he holds a respectable situation, and is a teacher in one of the schools.

SEPTEMBER 15.—I find when my mind has been considerably disturbed, if I can but sit down to my Bible, for even a few minutes only, there comes a season of refreshing which quiets the agitated feelings and enables me to take a fresh start. Blessed be the Lord for that mercy which has placed me in a situation where not a day passes without my having the supreme happiness of speaking to one or

more persons, high or low, on the way of salvation. Yesterday to Lady —, the day before to the Hon. Mr. N. I have also poor brethren and sisters in the Lord, who come to my door with matches; so that my cup does indeed abound, and “the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places.”

NOVEMBER 19.—From the daily prints, I learn that, in Ireland, the opposition to the diffusion of the gospel is greater than ever, and is carried on more resolutely by priests, who blindly conceive the Bible to be exclusively committed to themselves; but the true light will break forth and shine, notwithstanding the accumulated rage of accumulated foes. Monstrous thought, that the Son of God shall not triumph after having bled and ascended into heaven, declaring that all power in heaven and on earth is his prerogative! Not triumph? Not have his gospel declared to every creature? Absurd absurdity. Blessed be his dear name, He will glorify himself in spite of the myriads of his opponents, and may his grace likewise conquer in my heart everything which dares oppose his holy will.

I frequently entreat the Lord to put his restraining bridle upon me, and keep it tight in his own Almighty hand. My soul is daily grieved at the prevalence of sin, and when I see a drunken man staggering along the streets I shudder involuntarily and call upon the Lord to have mercy upon the poor, lost, fallen creature. When expressions of blasphemy are uttered I feel as though some sharp instrument had been pressed against me, whilst the prayer of pity arises in my heart and I remember with grief and shame that such was I before the Lord embraced me with his saving love. Let any person whose mind soars above the very folly he commits, yet feels an overpowering propensity to indulge in strong drink which he would forsake but cannot, think of my case, and be comforted with the assurance that if he will but go to the

Lord and penitently entreat his aid he shall surely become a conqueror. There are doubtless a vast number of persons who have been seduced, step by step, into intemperance, but would give the universe to be enabled to retreat from their accursed bane, yet from the almost insurmountable difficulty of the way they remain engulfed till death overtakes them with all the horrors of a guilty conscience. I have been upon the very verge of this destruction, but the Lord stretched forth his mighty arm and snatched me from the yawning gulf. I knew, personally, a fine young man in Worcestershire, the eldest son of a wealthy baronet, who accompanied one of his college friends into Scotland during a vacation, and whilst there imbibed such a habit of drinking whiskey, that when he returned to his father's house he found the dreadful poison to be irresistible; but, being a young man of superior attainments, the degradation of his mind became insupportable, and in an agony of despair he committed suicide to avoid the shame of being a drunkard. I have been tempted to do the same, but God preserved me.

DECEMBER 10.—STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Although I have now studied the blessed Scriptures many years, yet I find new beauties every day, and I have a clearer perception of passages which had not shone in my view before or had been but little regarded. This is, to me, a decisive proof of the influences of the Holy Spirit in enlightening by degrees the mind which could not at first have encountered all the effulgence of divine truth. I rejoice in this gradual unfolding of the precious truth, because the soul is thus continually receiving new enjoyment as well as renewed impulse to search after hidden treasure.

DECEMBER 20.—One "Sinner's Friend" to a poor woman, bare-footed, with two children slung across her shoulder. Sent her into the kitchen for refreshment, and gave her a new pair of stockings and shoes, and then entreated her to pray to the Lord, for whose sake I had given her relief.



DECEMBER 21.—My dear boys were now returned from school; we were all seated round the table. My heart was surcharged with gratitude to God for his goodness in having preserved us. I could not refrain from tears. I addressed my dear children on the mercy of God, and told them how great would be our happiness in heaven when we should all surround the throne of glory. Requested them to unite in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." I was so deeply affected that I found it difficult to set the tune. Afterwards we joined my dear Mary and her infant A., and now there were nine of us, all united in love. Praised be the Lord.

DECEMBER 22.—DEATH OF MRS. TEVERILL.—Our joy of yesterday was interrupted this morning by the almost sudden death of our dear mother. It so happened in the providence of God that the dear and respected old lady, who once endeavoured to prevent my becoming the husband of her daughter, had long found a comfortable retreat in my house, and she was also become sincerely attached to me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE METALLIC TRACTORS.

CURES OF LAMENESS—SPRAIN—CONTRACTED HAND—RHEUMATISM—  
BRUISE—LOCK-JAW—BLINDNESS—TOOTH-ACHE—SCIATICA—BURN  
—WASP-STING, &c.

[The Tractors referred to in the preceding chapter consist of three small pieces of metal—zinc, copper, and silver—about four inches long, held together by a silver band, and tapering to a point in which the extremities of the three metals unite, so that they all touch the surface along which the instrument is drawn. A book, entitled “Experiments with Dr. Perkins's Metallic Tractors in Copenhagen and England,” published by Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1799, contains a large number of cases in which the Tractors are reported as having been successfully applied in the cure of Inflammation, Rheumatism, and Gouty affections. The book was first published in Copenhagen—and then translated into English, under the Editorship of “Benjamin Douglas Perkins, of Leicester Square,” the Patentee. The Autobiographer had a copy of this book bound up with a quantity of blank paper, on which he recorded from time to time the cases which occurred under his own observation. Convinced that by the Tractors much relief might be given to persons suffering from pain which ordinary means could not allay, he obtained two or three sets, which he lent to any who desired them. He was also prompt to render his own services, and would suffer no personal inconvenience to keep him from attending to the call of distress. Very often for an hour together would he patiently operate, repeating the trial again and again, often when there was no indication of benefit and only on the faintest hope of rendering relief. It need scarcely be said that though the sacrifice of time to a man of business was often very great, the only remuneration he ever obtained or desired was the pleasure of relieving pain, and the opportunity, while operating on the body, of speaking about the Great Physician who alone is able to cure the soul. From the MS. portion of this book of “Experiments,” the following extracts are made.—ED.]

THE following cures have been effected either by my own personal application of the tractors or by persons to whom I have lent them, or by others who have detailed to me the cures performed by themselves, and I believe the whole to be perfectly true. To the cures which I have been the happy means of effecting, or where I have failed, I have affixed my initials, J. V. H. The unsuccessful application of the tractors may be generally attributed either to want of skill in applying them, or by application in cases where the galvanic influence can have no effect, or to want of perseverance. To ascertain what the tractors will not effect, I have spent many hours over cases where I had not the slightest expectation of success; but, although I lost much time, I gained experience, and was thus enabled in a great measure to state at once whether there was any probable chance of a cure being effected or not. From want of this discrimination many persons have been disappointed, and the tractors brought into disrepute, therefore I have not spent my time in vain.

LOSS OF USE OF LIMBS.—On Friday, November 8, 1822, I went to visit a poor man, James Fowlds, King Street, Maidstone. This poor man met with an accident four years ago (a heavy cask falling on his loins), by which the spine was so severely injured that the lower extremities became completely paralyzed, and he supported his body on crutches, dragging his legs after him on the ground—a most pitiable spectacle. He was sent to an hospital and returned incurable. Through the kindness of friends a subscription was raised, and he was sent to the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary, but returned incurable. He had been a fine strong man, but was now reduced to the extreme of misery, with a wife and several children, himself in a hopeless condition. In September, 1822, the benevolent Frederick Smith, a quaker, of Croydon, came to Maidstone; who, hearing of this poor man's situation, applied the metallic tractors repeatedly, and with so much

success that in six weeks the crutches were thrown aside and the poor man was restored to the use of his legs and feet. The tractors were applied three times a week, during six weeks, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, and I have since seen this poor man walk at the wonderful rate of four miles an hour! He continues the free use of his limbs to the present time (February, 1829). In the first three weeks there did not appear to be much benefit, but by perseverance a perfect cure was effected.

A SPRAINED WRIST AND INFLAMMATION.—On September 11, 1823, I saw William Say, of Trowbridge, aged twenty-five years, in the street, with his hand in a sling, selling laces, pin-cushions, &c. His appearance was that of a decent person in distress. On inquiry I found he had been obliged to relinquish the employment of reaping on account of a violent sprain in his wrist and the lower part of his arm, which caused continual pain and prevented his either opening or shutting his hand on account of contraction in the knuckles. He had been under the care of a medical man, who assured him that he would not be able to resume his labour in less than two or three weeks. The wrist was swollen and the skin very tight and hard, and there was much inflammation as far as the elbow. I called him into my parlour and applied the tractors for about twenty-five minutes, when he sensibly felt their effect on his wrist—the skin was become soft and the swelling much diminished. In about thirty minutes he began to move his fingers, and at the expiration of forty minutes he opened his hand to its full extent, which he had not been able to do for three weeks. The tractors produced a sensation of great warmth and perspiration on the fingers during the operation. The poor man's astonishment and gratitude were great; he attempted to thank me but his feelings overpowered him. I tractored him twice the next day, and again the succeeding one, and he left the town perfectly well.—J. V. H.

**CONTUSED FOOT.**—September 12, 1823.—Monsieur Luce, a French teacher, was thrown from a horse, which severely injured one of his feet: the inflammation and pain were so great that on the first touch of the tractors he roared out most lustily, withdrew his foot, and declared that he could not endure the operation. However he allowed me to persevere and the pain appeared to lessen at every stroke, till at last, within half-an-hour, he put his foot firmly on the floor and walked about the room with ease, although previously to the operation he was in perfect agony. The next day he walked gaily into my house, with his boots on, and said he had been on horseback without feeling the least inconvenience, and that he had had no pain since the application of the tractors. The tractors produced a sensation of heat.—J. V. H.

**A CONTRACTED HAND FROM GOUT.**—December 5, 1823.—Mr. W. R., of Maidstone, had long been afflicted with very severe attacks of gout which frequently disabled him in the hands and feet. About four months ago his hand became so much contracted that he has not been able to close it to the present time, and the attempt to do so occasioned severe pain in the back of the hand, the skin being tense and hard. At his particular request I applied the tractors, drawing them across the back of his hand, which produced a sensation of great warmth: he then endeavoured to close his hand, which occasioned exquisite pain, and he was compelled to desist. I continued drawing the tractors over those parts where the pain was greatest, varying the application from the back of the knuckles to the end of the fingers. The skin on the back of the hand at length became soft, and in twenty minutes from the commencement of the operation he could open and shut his hand firmly without producing the least pain, except on the knuckle of the first finger. I then applied the tractors a few minutes to this part and the pain entirely subsided.—J. V. H.

**STIFFENED FINGERS.**—March 20, 1824.—The Rev. R. W., vicar of Y., requested me to tractor a poor man who had lost the use of both his hands by a fall from a considerable height, which had sprained both his wrists and rendered his fingers immoveably stiff. The poor man, J. W., came to me on the 20th of March in so dreadful a plight that I was almost afraid to venture the credit of the tractors. The wrists were swollen and the skin hard and tight, and the fingers as stiff as wood in appearance. I desired a gentleman to examine him closely in order to ascertain his real state, although Mr. Ward had told me that everything had been tried in vain. The tractors were applied five minutes from the palm of the right hand to the tip of the fingers, and the same over the knuckles to the nails. After a short time the man exclaimed, "You have done me a world of good already; for see, I can bend my knuckles." At the expiration of twenty-five minutes he opened his hand and shut it, full of astonishment, declaring that had he been offered a million of money he could not have so done when he came into the house. He had not closed his hands for seven months previously. I operated also upon the wrists, which were much injured; they also were completely relieved. The whole operation took up about one hour, which produced great heat and perspiration. The man returned home rejoicing. From too early exertion a degree of stiffness and pain returned, for which I again operated, and again a time or two more, when the cure was complete.—J. V. H.

**CONTRACTION OF THE HAND.**—March 25, 1824.—Mr. T. T., of Maidstone, had lost the use of his right hand, occasioned by a dreadful fall twelve months ago, by which his arm was so much injured that it was apprehended amputation must take place. After a considerable lapse of time, and the endurance of much pain, he was so far recovered as to be able to attend to his business, although deprived of the use of his hand, which he could not close more than

two-thirds, nor grasp any substance, or make use of a knife. He had given up every expectation of being again restored to the use of his hand. I sent him a note requesting the favour of a call, and having explained to him the nature of the tractors, I requested permission to operate on his hand. He was quite incredulous and indisposed to the experiment, yet from mere politeness he yielded, and I commenced the operation. In about eight minutes he remarked a feeling of considerable warmth in the hand; in twenty minutes the hand was in a perspiration (a good effect), and he shut it with but little exertion. In thirty-five minutes he closed his hand firmly and with ease, expressing astonishment at the wonderful power of the tractors, to which he could give no kind of credit till the present moment.—J. V. H.

ACUTE PAIN IN THE TEMPLE.—April 23.—My wife, who was rather sceptical respecting the tractors, requested me to apply them to her temple, in which a violent throbbing pain had been experienced for ten hours without intermission. She had used different means to assuage the pain, but obtained no relief; and then, in forlorn hope, submitted to the operation of the tractors. At the expiration of twelve minutes, with pleasure I heard her say, "The pain is entirely gone." I immediately desisted, and several hours after she had not had the slightest return of pain. She felt no sensation of warmth during the operation.—J. V. H.

DEAFNESS (UNSUCCESSFUL).—Mr. S., Chatham, solicitor, was tractored six times for deafness without producing the least effect. At his own entreaty I persevered and tractored him six separate times, half-an-hour each time.—J. V. H.

BLINDNESS (UNSUCCESSFUL).—Tractored a girl who had lost the sight of one eye from a severe cold. She had been totally blind of that eye four years. I operated six times, half-an-hour each time, without the smallest effect.—J. V. H.

REWARD FOR PERSEVERANCE.—A CONTRACTED HAND.—April 28, 1824.—Mrs. K., between sixty and seventy years

old. I drew the tractors over the wrist, inside and outside the hand, drawing them to the end of the fingers, for half-an-hour, when I requested her to shut her hand, and I was quite disappointed to find no improvement whatever nor any warmth produced. I persevered half-an-hour longer, principally inside the hand and fingers, when she began to feel warmth, and soon was able to shut her hand, pressing the nails of her fingers firmly on the ball of her thumb. Mrs. K. wept for joy. Tractored her hand three-quarters of an hour the next day, when the cure was complete.—J. V. H.

LOSS OF USE OF THE HAND (UNSUCCESSFUL).—May 1, 4, 8.—A child, five years old, had lost the use of its hand three years, from a fall. Tractored the hand three times, an hour each time. No benefit.—J. V. H.

PALSY (UNSUCCESSFUL).—May 11, 1824.—A poor man was sent to me with a request that I would try the tractors upon him: he had entirely lost the use of his hand and all sensation in the part from recent palsy. Tractored him ninety minutes without the least effect. No warmth.—J. V. H.

A REMARKABLE CURE.—RHEUMATISM.—May 28, 1824.—Mr. S. applied to be tractored. He had had continual pain in the right shoulder for twelve months, and could not raise his hand to his head nor his arm higher than a horizontal position. He consulted Mr. Abernethy, and followed his advice without effect, and was intending to try warm sea-bathing. I tractored him for thirty minutes, when he was able to move his arm upwards and downwards in every direction. In forty-five minutes he lifted his arm over his head with ease. The sensation in the arm was that of prickling, shooting, and great heat, whilst the tractors were drawn at the top only of the arm. He was able to take off his hat with his right hand, which he had not been able to do. The arm continued in a glow the next day, and during the night was in a profuse perspiration: his hand was more



pleasant than it had been during the last twelve months. He was able now raise his arm perpendicularly without hesitation, but he was annoyed if he raised his arm from the arm-pit toward the front side. I treated him eight minutes in this part, when the pain entirely subsided. I treated him also thirty minutes in the top of the arm and shoulder, when he said every pain was entirely removed and that his arm appeared to be perfectly restored.—J. V. H.

A CURED CASE.—RHEUMATISM.—September 25, 1924.—Mr. L. Yelling, applied the tractors to his mother's arm, which suffered with rheumatic pain, which was completely removed in thirty minutes. The old lady would not admit the tractors to be the cause of the cure: said the pain would no doubt have gone at that time had not the tractors been used. In a few days the pain returned with great violence, and she entreated her son to repeat the operation. "No," said he, "why should I, since they would do you no good?" "Indeed I will acknowledge their usefulness," said the old lady, "if the pain subsides this time." They were applied, and the pain ceased and did not return again when this was related, six weeks after, although she had been subject to rheumatic pains for twenty years before.

RHEUMATISM.—October 9, 1924.—A poor man, aged sixty-six years, complained of great pain in his hand from rheumatism of long standing. The tractors were drawn over the back of the hand, from above the wrist to the end of the fingers. In ten minutes the pain abated, and in less than fifty it was entirely removed, he opening and shutting his hand with perfect ease, which he had not been able to do for a long time.—J. V. H.

DREADFUL CONTUSION.—On June 18, 1925, Mr. O., stonemason, was thrown from the front of a house building at Linton, and falling from a height of eighteen feet on his wrists they were turned backwards, producing swelling and pain, so that he could not close his hands or use his fingers

in the least degree. After trying surgical aid with little benefit, he applied for the use of the tractors on the 29th of June. They were drawn over the left hand and wrist, inside and outside, for fifty minutes, at the end of which time he could open and shut his hand with ease, and move his fingers pliantly. Mr. O. was much surprised and delighted, and said had a thousand pounds been offered him he could not have done this before the application of the tractors. The right hand was then operated upon in the same manner for forty minutes, and with the same happy effect. In the evening the tractors were again applied to each hand for thirty minutes, and wherever there was pain, which was speedily removed. In the morning Mr. O. could not move his fingers without pain up the tendon of the arm, but in the evening he could move his fingers in any direction without producing the slightest pain.—J. V. H.

**RHEUMATISM.**—January 18, 1826.—Charles Martin, a paper-maker, was afflicted with rheumatism three months in his left arm, and disabled from work. He could not lift his hand to his head or move it backward or forward without great pain, and shed tears in the morning while attempting to put on his coat. He was operated upon thirty-five minutes:—From the shoulder to the top of the arm, seven minutes; top of the arm to the elbow, inside and outside, ten minutes; elbow to the wrist, inside and outside, ten minutes; wrist to the end of the fingers, inside and outside, eight minutes. The pain was entirely removed. He could move his arm up and down, backward and forward in every direction, with perfect ease. The poor man was all astonishment and gratitude, and expressions of surprise and joy kept bursting forth in a hearty and simple manner as he put on one part of his dress after another.—J. V. H.

**PARALYTIC AFFECTION.**—A poor man who had lost the use of his leg and right side was operated upon twice a day

for three weeks, but found no benefit. August, 1826.—I operated upon this man twice, one hour and a half each time. Had no expectation of his receiving any benefit.—J. V. H.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—March 14, 1826.—Mrs. O., of Strood, had been deeply afflicted for sixteen months with a rheumatic affection in her hands and elbows, so that she was quite helpless and unable to feed herself. I went to Strood on purpose to apply the tractors, Mrs. O. being an old and esteemed friend. Her hands were wrapped in flannel, and her fingers were totally useless. In thirty minutes she could move the fingers of the right hand with some degree of pliancy. Tractored her left hand half-an-hour, which enabled her to use her fingers in a manner which she had not done for many months. A lady came into the room and expressed her surprise at the effect produced by the tractors. Mrs. O. then sat down to dine, a servant being in attendance to wait on her as usual, by putting the food into her mouth, but to the surprise of every one she took up the spoon with her own hand and carried the food to her mouth. The servant exclaimed, "Dear me, madam, I have never seen you do this since I have been here." Mrs. O. then took up a glass of water, of which she drank, and returned the glass to the table, astonished and delighted. After dinner the tractors were applied thirty minutes to the left arm, which she was then enabled to raise to the top of her head and adjust the ribbon of her cap. This afforded her much pleasure. During the operation Mrs. O. experienced a considerable degree of heat from the tip of the fingers to the shoulder, and indeed over the whole frame; nor had she felt so great a degree of warmth for many months.—J. V. H.

A VIOLENT KICK.—June 23, 1828.—Mr. H., of Leeds, near Maidstone, came into my shop walking lame and in great pain; could not set his heel on the ground. He had been kicked in the calf of his leg, and could not bear the

slightest pressure on the part. Tractored him forty minutes—pain all gone—and he could press hard on every part without feeling the slightest degree of pain. He was all astonishment. He had walked into my house limping, assisted by a walking stick, which he now tucked under his arm and walked away as gaily as if nothing had ever happened. The tractors were drawn over the calf of the leg in the direction of the pain, which had considerably abated in twenty minutes. Mr. H. remarked this himself, without my asking him any questions. About four months afterwards, Mr. H. called on me and said he never felt the least return of pain after the time the tractors were applied. This could not be the effect of imagination, nor of expectation, for Mr. H. had come casually to the shop to purchase a stamp, and perceiving him to be in pain I inquired the cause, and immediately applied the tractors, without leading him at all to expect the result.—J. V. H.

**A SEVERE CASE OF RHEUMATISM.**—July 2, 1828.—This day I tractored a poor woman, now lying in the hospital of Maidstone poor-house. She has been three years deprived of the use of her hands and feet by a dreadful rheumatism arising from cold. July 10.—Saw this poor woman to-day; found her sitting in a chair much amended in health. She had been able to walk across the room, which she had not been able to do (nor even put her foot to the ground) for eighteen months. She is recovering fast, entirely from the use of the tractors. This is attested by the surgeon and many others who are surprised at her recovery.—J. V. H.

**A KICK FROM A HORSE.**—Tuesday, September 9, 1828.—This morning saw a poor man limping past my door in great pain, leaning on a stick. He had been kicked on the shin-bone three days before by a horse, and was going to a surgeon to have it dressed. The skin was broken just below the knee, inflamed, swollen and very sore, particularly round the calf, so that the slight touch of my finger occasioned

acute pain. Drew the tractors lightly over the calf and shin-bone forty minutes; the swelling gradually subsided and the pain so entirely ceased that the poor man rubbed his hand with hard pressure all round his leg, but could not feel the slightest remains of pain. The poor fellow was all astonishment, and twirling his stick in his hand walked out of the house with ease and pleasure, expressing his gratitude in the warmest manner. I have never had a better case than the above. The man was taken quite by surprise and was in positive pain, which I took care to ascertain most clearly before applying the tractors. Told him I was glad to find him in an agony of pain, because in the event of its being removed there would be no doubt as to the efficacy of the tractors. A gentleman who saw the whole transaction from beginning to end was delighted, as well as fully convinced of the efficacy of these surprising instruments.

A LOCKED-JAW CURED.—November 12, 1828.—Mrs. P., a poor woman in Wharf Lane, Maidstone, was seized with a locked-jaw four days ago, and continued in a most deplorable state, attended by a physician and a surgeon till this morning, when she was completely cured in fifty minutes by the application of the tractors. The particulars are as follows:—Hearing of this poor woman's deplorable case, I hastened to her house and found her unable to open her mouth, and making a most mournful noise, with a prayer book before her, awaiting anticipated death. The medical gentlemen had been exerting themselves to the utmost in the kindest manner, and one of them said he would give a hundred guineas if he could save her life. This gentleman came into the room whilst I was in the act of using the tractors, which he had never seen before, but kindly said they should certainly have a fair chance, and he directed me where to apply them to the greatest advantage. I continued the operation forty minutes without any apparent benefit, and then giving the tractors into the

hands of the surgeon returned to my own house awaiting the issue of their further application. In about twelve minutes the surgeon (Mr. S.) came breathless with haste and delight to inform me that he had himself continued the use of the tractors, only ten minutes, when the poor creature opened her mouth with an expression of grateful praise to God for so wonderful a deliverance. Mr. S. was so fully satisfied of the efficacy of the tractors that he immediately purchased a pair for his own use.—J. V. H. This is the most important case I ever witnessed, as in all human probability the poor woman would have been starved to death. I had now been five years labouring against prejudices on every side, and particularly from medical men, in opposition to the cures performed by the tractors, which appeared to many persons to be merely the effect of imagination; but the case of this poor woman was so notorious that I was determined to publish it in the newspapers, with Mr. S.'s name, but he however modestly declined the intended compliment in a letter in which he says:—

“The case is yours, the suggestion was yours. I merely continued the employment of the measure from the apparent hopelessness of medical means in relieving the distressing complaint. Although, previously to the employment of the tractors, I had utterly given up the idea of saving my poor patient; although I feared medicine would prove wholly inefficacious; yet I am not prepared to say that certain death would have been the result; but I do not for a moment mean to impeach the effect of the tractors in this case. I feel conviction that they produced the cure. I am extremely gratified that my conduct has pleased you, as I am proud to be treated with consideration by one who seems so anxious to further the dearest interests of mankind.”

**PAIN IN THE HEAD—SWOLLEN LEGS AND FEET.**—November 18, 1828.—Mrs. S., sister to Mrs. P., who was cured of locked-jaw, a very poor woman, suffering all these complaints, had come from Ashford purposely to be tractored. She was at this time, and had long been, suffering acute

pain on the crown of her head, and her legs and feet were swollen, sore, and stiff. I commenced drawing the tractors from the crown of her head down the side of the face, and in fifteen minutes the pain in the head entirely ceased. The poor creature was astonished and overwhelmed with gratitude, praising God. During the operation, and in about five minutes after the commencement, she involuntarily exclaimed, "Surely I cannot deceive myself. Do I indeed feel my foot becoming more pliant. I certainly do. My foot is certainly less painful, though you are only tractoring my head. Why, see! I can move the toes of my feet with ease." I said nothing, but was fully convinced that the galvanic fluid had descended instantly from her head to her feet, as I had heard others speak of this extraordinary effect, particularly the poor woman who had been recently cured of the locked-jaw. This poor woman and another person were looking on, watching every motion, and they clearly perceived the effect which the tractors had already produced on the foot. I now tractorized the lower part of the foot twenty minutes, at the end of which all the pain had subsided, and the swelling was so evidently reduced that the three persons looking on were amazed. The poor woman herself (as if scarcely able to believe her senses) now applied her own hand to her foot in search of the pain which had been there when the tractors were first applied, but it had all fled. I then applied the tractors twenty minutes to the other leg and foot, and the same effects followed. No one can possibly describe the joy and gratitude of this poor woman, who had come from Ashford for the sole purpose of trying the effect of the tractors.

November 19.—Tractorized her feet again this morning, somewhat better—not much. The pain in the head had not returned. She had slept four hours during the night, which she had not done for ten nights, nor even had been able to allow her clothes to be taken off before on account of the violence of the pain. Mr. S., surgeon, came into the

chamber, and was much pleased as well as surprised that the pain in the head had been so speedily removed. He showed me his newly purchased tractors, and told me that he was using them on three patients, and was determined to persevere in their application. The poor woman (Mrs. P.) who had been relieved from the locked-jaw, was now sitting in a chair, but very weak from exhaustion; but her mouth had remained perfectly free from any spasmodic affection. It is impossible to describe the joy, the gratitude, the astonishment, of persons relieved by the tractors; neither would it be an easy task to describe the thrill of pleasure and gratitude to God which pervades the heart of the operator, as his instrument of good to those who are thus so wonderfully relieved.—J. V. H.

**LOSS OF USE OF LIMBS.**—The following case is almost as surprising as any on record. November, 1828.—Mrs. G., of Cranbrook, had been sixteen weeks confined to her chamber (principally to her bed) from weakness in the small of her back and hips, and during the last three weeks she was lifted in and out of bed like a little child, not being able to stand alone. She constantly received the best medical advice, but without effect. The tractors were applied as a kind of forlorn hope. On the second day she was able to walk across the bedchamber; on the fourth day she walked down stairs and back again without any assistance, after sitting three hours in conversation with her astonished friends; and on the tenth day she was walking in the streets of Cranbrook. Knowing the respectability of Mrs. G., I requested her to send me the particulars of her extraordinary case, which she communicated to me in a letter dated December 14, 1828, in which she says:—

“I am happy to say that I still continue to mend, and have several times walked out into the open air. When the tractors were first applied they occasioned very sharp, shooting pains, between the shoulders and down the back, for twenty minutes. They were continued forty minutes, and again the next morning for one hour,



which caused great heat and shooting pains, but I was enabled to walk across my room; and on the fourth day I walked up and down stairs without any assistance, which I had not before been able to do for sixteen weeks. As you wish to make my case public, I have no objection if it can be of any encouragement to others labouring under diseases where circulation is impeded, as I feel it my duty to give every encouragement to the trial of the tractors, as also to give thanks to God for having been pleased to give such power to so simple and small an instrument."

**STRAITENED FINGERS.**—April 25.—George W., aged sixty, came from Manningtree, in Essex, on the 6th of April, for the sole purpose of having his hand tractored, which I have done daily till this morning, when he returned home much satisfied with the partial good effect produced by the tractors. All his fingers (on one hand) had become stiffened by an abscess nine months ago, so that he could not separate them one from another, nor bend his joints; but after a few applications of the tractors the forefinger, with the third and fourth, became so far pliant that he could separate them from the middle finger and bend them to meet his thumb; but the middle finger still remained immovable, on account of a deep wound which had been made at the bottom of the inside by an abscess which had formed there, and the tendons having been cut through the tractors could produce no very good effect. The poor man, however, was well satisfied even with the little benefit obtained.—J. V. H.

**SCIATICA.**—**LAMENESS IN THE HIP, LEGS AND FEET.**—June 23.—Mrs. G., East Farleigh, could only walk with assistance, and then in great pain. Entirely cured in five days. She returned the tractors with a thousand thanks.

**BLINDNESS CURED.**—The following interesting case was related to me by my benevolent friend, Frederick Smith. When Mr. Smith resided in the Haymarket, as a chemist, a young officer, totally blind (accompanied by his wife), applied to him for his opinion respecting the tractors. The officer had lost his sight in Egypt. Mr. Smith was exceedingly affected by his deplorable condition, and almost

against hope applied the tractors one hour, at the end of which the unfortunate young man thought he could distinguish a faint glimmering of light. The tractors were applied for an hour the next day, and then the shadow of persons passing could be distinctly perceived. The third day the form of objects could be distinguished. Hope became brighter, and the fourth day the young officer could distinctly see persons passing and repassing. He was overjoyed and wept. His wife caught the emotion, and so did the benevolent Frederick Smith, and they all wept together with grateful joy. In a few days the young man was quite restored, praising God.

**BLINDNESS.—A REMARKABLE CASE.**—A lady had been blind of one eye for three years. It was occasioned by her looking at the sun, and she was perfectly blind of that eye. Mr. R. (surgeon), applied the tractors, and after the fourth application she could see to walk about the room, the other eye being closed. After the seventh application she was perfectly restored. A remarkable circumstance occurred during the operation on the eye of this lady, who was afflicted with rheumatism in the hip, but the pain entirely departed; hereby showing that the galvanic influence or fluid is diffused throughout the body.

**CONTRACTED HAND.**—A remarkable case, communicated by Miss B., of Fairford, Gloucestershire.—“A poor woman, whose hand was so nearly closed from rheumatic fever that she had to wear a cushion within it in order to prevent its becoming completely contracted, gladly accepted my offer of applying the tractors. A physician accompanied me, and he examined her arm, which was quite withered, and her hand, which had been contracted fifteen years and was totally useless; the knuckles had quite disappeared though they were just perceptible to the touch. The tractors were applied forty minutes, which occasioned a tingling sensation; the next time they were applied forty minutes, which occasioned one of the fingers to snap conti-

nally, and the hand gradually opened, though not entirely straight. Two of the knuckles had really risen up, and she was enabled to pick up anything from the ground, and also to lift a heavy weight. Her gratitude was extreme."

**SPRAINED KNEE.—EFFECT OF OIL.**—September 4, 1829. —Edward J., captain of one of the Maidstone hoys, sprained his knee. Lent him my tractors, which he applied eight days without any benefit. Inquired if he had used any greasy application to his knee, and found that he had been continually applying oil, which had prevented the tractors having any good effect. Desired him to wash away the oil and apply the tractors again. He received immediate benefit, and was enabled to run, although before he could scarcely walk.

**STING OF A WASP.**—September 15, 1829.—Mrs. A., of Ipswich, was stung in the fleshy part of the hand; fingers considerably swollen. I applied the tractors and in ten minutes the pain and swelling were considerably abated; in thirty minutes she was much relieved. The tractors were applied again for thirty minutes; pain and swelling entirely removed.—J. V. H.

**HEAD AND FACE-ACHE.—VALUE OF PERSEVERANCE.**—September 6, 1829.—Mrs. H. had for many hours endured excruciating pain in her head, left eye-ball, and cheek. Applied my tractors ten minutes without any apparent effect. Mrs. H. was, through pain, tired of the application, and wished me to desist. I persevered ten minutes longer, and the pain was entirely removed and did not return. Mrs. H. went into a deep sleep, an effect frequently produced by the tractors.—J. V. H.

**LAME LEG.**—October 15, 1829.—Mr. C., bailiff to Mr. Lewis, East Farleigh, had been many years lame of one leg, which he could not raise more than five inches from the ground. Tractored him one hour, and he was then enabled easily to raise his leg over the top of a stool

eighteen inches high. He was all astonishment, saying that he had not been able to do so for many years. He called on me a week afterwards and said that his leg had continued better than for twenty-five years, and that the leg which had been better than the other for many years was now the worst, in consequence of the amendment of his lame leg.—J. V. H.

A CONTRACTED HAND.—A CAPITAL CURE.—May 29, 1830. —Mrs. P., of Otham, had lost the use of her right hand, on the 21st December last, by inflammatory rheumatism, and had not been able to close it for nearly six months, nor cut a slice of bread, besides suffering constant pain. I applied the tractors one hour. The use of her hand was fully restored, all pain ceased, and she took a knife and cut a slice off a loaf of bread with perfect ease; and was overwhelmed with gratitude and astonishment. She kept opening and shutting her hand as if to ascertain the reality of her sudden cure, whilst unspeakable delight beamed in her countenance, unable to express her thankfulness. She told me that when her husband was from home she was obliged to apply to a neighbour to cut her bread. As the poor woman had experienced continual pain from the elbow to the wrist, I drew the tractors five minutes (on the upper side of the arm) from elbow to wrist, and ten minutes from the wrist (over the back of the hand) to the end of all the fingers alternately; then the same on the inside of the arm to the end of the fingers. At this period the poor woman shut her hand involuntarily, exclaiming that if any person had offered her twenty pounds a few minutes before, she could not possibly have done so. The action of shutting her hand produced a painful sensation in the ball of the thumb, but this was speedily removed by the tractors. A tightness was felt in the knuckles, but the tractors soon rendered them perfectly flexible. The tractors were continued thirty minutes longer, from inside the wrist over the palm of the hand to the extremity of

each finger alternately, till the poor woman could open and shut her hand with perfect ease, pressing the nails into the fleshy part of the hand. The cure was complete. She had not been able to pick up a pin nor cut a slice of bread for many months, but now she could do both with perfect ease. The poor woman went home with an overflowing heart, for she had long been bowed down with sorrow from pain and inability to pursue her usual avocations, and had often traversed her chamber for hours together unable to obtain relief. I could not but feel exceedingly thankful for having again been the happy instrument of good to a suffering fellow-creature. This poor woman called on me three weeks afterwards, her hand perfectly free from pain and fully restored. She called again twelve months afterwards, her hand had continued perfectly well.—J. V. H.

TOOTH AND FACE-ACHE.—A FINE CURE.—February 13, 1831.—A lady had suffered most excruciating pain nearly sixty hours without intermission, passing two sleepless nights from inflammation in the face and gums; and although every remedy had been tried which medical skill could devise, still she could obtain no respite from her sufferings. In this extremity I was requested to apply the tractors, and I had the happiness, in less than thirty minutes, to witness their astonishing effect, as the pain was entirely removed, and the lady sunk off into a fine sleep from which she awoke in about five hours perfectly free from pain. Although I had so often witnessed the surprising effect of the tractors, yet I was astonished in this instance at their powerful influence, because the pain being principally confined to the jaw-bone and teeth, I was fearful they would not have much beneficial effect. The pain did not return, and for this simple reason: the tractors had drawn out the inflammation. The next day the same lady was attacked with an aching pain in her forehead, which was entirely removed in about twenty minutes by the tractors.—J. V. H. The two foregoing cases are as satis-

factory as anything I had ever witnessed, because the patient had tried every remedy which medical skill could devise, and the tractors were only resorted to as a forlorn hope.

**RHEUMATISM.—A CAPITAL CURE.**—March 8, 1831.—Mr. T. had been three weeks tormented with rheumatism in his arm and shoulder; could get no rest night nor day. He came to my house in great agony, and could not move his arm without suffering acute pain. I applied the tractors fifty minutes and he was relieved from all pain, to his great surprise and joy. Before the tractors were applied he could not bear the slightest touch of the finger upon his arm, but now he moved his arm with perfect ease in every direction and pressed his finger firmly on the fleshy part of his arm in search of the former painful feelings, but they were all gone.—J. V. H.

**CONTRACTION IN BOTH HANDS.**—June 17, 1831.—Miss D., of Hunton, met with an accident six years ago by a fall which deprived her of the use of both her hands, so that she could not shut either; her knuckles were also much swollen and hard. She had been electrified several times and had been under medical treatment several years without obtaining relief. She came to my house accidentally, or rather providentially, this morning, and on perceiving the state of her hands I prevailed on her to allow a trial of the tractors. The swelling and stiffness of the knuckles were reduced in ten minutes, and having applied the tractors twenty-six minutes to each hand she could open and shut them with perfect ease, pressing her fingers firmly upon the fleshy part of her hand. She was astonished beyond measure, and I was also a little surprised at the cure having been effected in so short a time, particularly as she distinctly affirmed that six years had elapsed since she had closed either of her hands.—J. V. H.

**SCIATICA.**—July 9, 1831.—Mr. R., surgeon, Brighton, informed me this day that himself and Mr. C. had attended a poor man who laboured under this painful complaint, for

Seven minutes' application of the tractors removed the pain entirely.—J. V. H. This was one of those pleasing cases which leave no doubt as to the certainty of the efficacy of the tractors. I happened to see this poor man evidently in much pain with his hand, and it immediately occurred to me that the tractors might possibly give him relief, and I was well rewarded in making the application, which had so wonderful an effect, that in less than four minutes he exclaimed that the pain had sensibly decreased; in seven minutes it was entirely removed, although it had advanced up his arm to the shoulder, producing very considerable uneasiness.

SPRAIN IN LOINS.—June 16, 1836.—I was stooping to pick up something which lay on the ground, and in a moment something seemed to snap in my loins, and I was unable to rise or move, feeling most intense pain, and with great difficulty I was led into the house and placed upon a chair. The tractors were applied for twenty minutes, and I was enabled to rise up and walk up and down stairs, and the pain was entirely taken away.—J. V. H.

CONTRACTION.—A most beautiful case, supplied by the benevolent Mrs. Whatman, Vinters, who personally applied the tractors to a poor cottager. The detail is furnished in Mrs. Whatman's own handwriting as follows:—"Thomas Roffe, of Thurnham, had for several years lost the use of his hands, which were much contracted and quite without circulation, cold and dead, the right hand the worst, having no use of it at all. Began applying the tractors Tuesday, October 16, 1838, commencing with his right hand. In ten minutes he complained of pain in his wrist. I turned his hand, and applied the tractors inside, and then again outside, and over each finger. In half-an-hour he could move the fingers a little, and unbend them much with the other hand. He was delighted, and said he felt it more than ever he had done since his illness, and said also it felt so light. I wrapped it in warm flannel; and calling again

at his house on the 19th, three days afterwards, I found him in his garden digging potatoes, the spade in one hand and taking up the potatoes with the other. The poor man was exceedingly pleased, and said he could now lift anything with his hand, but he complained that it perspired wonderfully, so much so, as to wet a woollen glove through. He had used the tractors himself on his right hand, half-an-hour each night and morning. He finished digging potatoes on the 25th October, his hands (both of them) better. This poor man continued the use of the tractors several weeks, and was able to prune trees, and do much work, although before application of the tractors he had been laid by, not able to work." The above is not only a delightful instance of the efficacy of the tractors, but it is a most pleasing display of kindness of a lady of large fortune devoting her time to the relief and comfort of a person in distress, applying the tractors herself.

**RHEUMATISM.**—A MOST INTERESTING CASE.—Mrs. W. (above named), requested me to visit a poor man much afflicted with rheumatism. I found him in bed, exceedingly feeble—left hand disabled by rheumatism—pain in the knuckles and fingers, and also at the elbow. I applied the tractors to the back of his hand, across the knuckles, and down each finger to the end. In about six minutes the poor man involuntarily exclaimed, "Dear me! bless me!" and then stopped. In another minute he ejaculated, "Is it possible that those little things (the tractors) can do my hand any good?" I thought he was only expressing unbelief as to the possibility of any good arising from the tractors, and I therefore asked him why he thus expressed himself. He replied, "Why, sir, I feel such a difference in my hand already, that I could hardly believe it possible." The pain in the knuckles had begun to subside, and in a few minutes it was entirely gone. The poor man was overcome with astonishment and joy. A trifling degree of pain still remained in his little finger,



and in the third also, but in two minutes the tractors took it entirely away. The poor man was literally overwhelmed with gratitude, and began to open and shut his hand with ease. Not willing to leave him whilst any pain remained in any part of his hand, I requested him to press hard and feel if any pain remained, which was the case in his thumb, and this was also freed in two minutes from all pain. The man was more and more surprised, not knowing how to express his gratitude. I then requested him to try again, and find out if there was any pain in any other part of his arm. He pressed hard upon his elbow, in which there was a sensation of pain. I applied the tractors to the part, and in less than five minutes the pain had entirely disappeared. I left the poor man and his wife astonished beyond measure, both of them thankful in the highest degree. I directed them to thank God for his mercy in giving such power to such simple means. I gave them a copy of "The Sinner's Friend."—J. V. H.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—December 31, 1839.—Russell, the poor man mentioned in the foregoing case, was severely afflicted with pain and swelling in the knee of his right leg, and at the ankle. I called on him this morning, and found him sitting in a chair, his legs resting on a stool, his right leg stiff at the knee, so that he could not bend it, and in much sharp pain, so that he could not bear the slightest touch of the finger without flinching. With some difficulty and with great tenderness the stocking was taken off. The tractors were applied to the knee, being the most tender part, and in less than six minutes Russell exclaimed, "Dear! bless me! Is it possible that the pain is so soon going away?" In ten minutes the pain was entirely removed from the knee, creeping as it were down the leg to the ankle, whence, and from the whole of the leg, it was most completely removed, the whole time occupying only fifteen minutes. I passed my hand over every part with a strong pressure, where the slightest

touch could not previously have been endured, but not a particle of pain remained. The poor man was all astonishment, as well as myself, for I had never beheld a more delightful case. Russell had not been able to walk across the chamber during the last three weeks, but he now arose from his couch, stood upright, pressed his foot firmly on the floor, and then walked round the room, backwards and forwards, overpowered with astonishment and gratitude at his sudden relief from pain. His wife had quitted the room before the tractors were applied, and as her husband was in much pain when she was present I called her to come and witness the delightful change—her husband now walking about the room with a smiling countenance and a rejoicing heart. Expecting her great astonishment, I placed myself in a situation to look steadily on her face as she first opened the door, and it is impossible for any words to express the surprise depicted on her countenance. Her first words were, “The Lord bless me! Oh! how wonderful.” She appeared almost frightened at beholding her husband, whom she had but a few minutes before left in pain and weakness, now boldly marching across the room with a firm step, relieved entirely from all pain. As for myself, I was overcome with gratitude to God for his mercy in having made me again an instrument of such real and positive good. I requested these poor people to give God the praise, as it was to Him we were all indebted for this wonderful cure. I think in all my experience I have never met with anything more delightful or more decisive.—J. V. H.

**DISLOCATED SHOULDER.**—September 18, 1840.—Mr. H. was unable to close his hand on account of a dislocated shoulder, which had been set and restored, but left pain and weakness behind. I tracted Mr. H. one hour, at the end of which the pain had entirely subsided, and he could open and close his hand with perfect ease, and passed his hand round to his back, which he said he could not have done

before the tractors were applied if all the town of Maidstone had been given him to do so. Mr. H. was truly grateful for the good he had so unexpectedly received. Blessed be God for imparting such wondrous properties to such very simple means as the tractors. Mr. H. did not apply to me for the tractors, but I happened to see him in the street disabled, and I requested him to call upon me, that I might endeavour to do him good. Gave him a copy of "The Sinner's Friend." The above was a most satisfactory case. Requested Mr. H. to return thanks to God for the relief afforded him. I did the same. Mr. H. informed me (July, 1842,) that he had never felt the least return of pain in his hand or shoulder since the day on which the tractors were applied. MEM.—May 22, 1852.—Mr. H. met me in the street, and said he never saw me but he always felt gratitude for my having removed (by tractors) the pain from his hand. The pain had never returned.

AGONIZING PAINS IN THE FACE.—February 25, 26, 27, 1850.—Mrs. J. V. Hall was afflicted with most acute pains in her face, the tractors were applied, and in less than thirty minutes the pains were always removed. This was a most clear case of absolute pain of the severest kind.

[The above are selected from two hundred and thirty-six cases recorded by the Autobiographer.—Ed.]

## CHAPTER IX.

DIARY. 1825—1838.

DANGEROUS ILLNESS—WINE REFUSED—TRIP TO FRANCE—THE DEAF SCHOOLMASTER—EVIL THOUGHTS IN PRAYER—FORTY YEARS—OLD COMPANIONS—USEFULNESS OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND"—EDITIONS IN GAELIC, IRISH, TAHITIAN—"SINNER'S FRIEND" REJECTED—SPIRITUAL DESPONDENCY—MR. WILLIAMS THE MISSIONARY—FRAGMENTS OF TIME—A PENITENT'S PRAYER—"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN MANY, FRENCH AND GERMAN—REPRINTED IN AMERICA. AGE 51—64.

JANUARY 1, 1825.—To a poor man almost blind I said, "Your eyes will be opened in another world." "Thank the Lord," said the poor fellow, "I can see more now than I could before I was blind." The poor man said he had known me when I was blind, and he appeared glad to find that my eyes had also been opened.

SICKNESS.—A woman had been hired to nurse my dear wife. She had just come from nursing a man who had died of typhus fever, but having fumigated her rooms she was not supposed to be liable to convey the contagion. About Christmas day, 1824, I began to droop. My surgeon entreated me to take wine to strengthen me. I positively refused. My two daughters now appeared to be declining very rapidly. Mary the worst. At this juncture the nursemaid was attacked and soon lost her senses, whilst I was in great danger, and my dear wife expected to be bereft of child and husband. Dear Mr. Slatterie came over twice from Chatham on purpose to see me. He knelt at my bedside and earnestly entreated the Lord's compassion.

During the fortnight of my extreme illness the Lord nursed me in the hollow of his hand and prevented any wicked thoughts coming near me. I lay in his hand like a little child, and my heart was incessantly overflowing with the most intense gratitude. It was not affliction, but a continued outpouring of mercy.

When I partially recovered Dr. S. prescribed wine or porter. I replied that I neither could nor would take either, but that I could and would trust in the Lord to give me strength without wine or porter. I knew that He had raised up Daniel upon pulse and water, and He could, and I doubted not would, in tender mercy do as much for me; especially as it was my heart's desire to honour the Lord, whom I took at his word—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and honour him." All this did the Lord accomplish in my case, and caused my strength to return without the aid of strong drink. My heart did indeed rejoice in this faithfulness of the Lord to a poor creature who had put his whole trust in Him, in opposition to the advice kindly tendered by the physician. There was a still greater mercy developed by this trial, inasmuch as the Lord proved that He had removed every disposition towards drinking wine, for had this propensity only lain dormant how gladly would sinful nature have embraced the opportunity. But no, the Lord had completed the work of his own hands, and to his name be all the praise. I saw many things during my illness which I had not seen before, at least not so clearly: pride to be brought down, sin to be cast out. Vanity appeared to have been so prevalent that soon after my recovery I destroyed nearly fifty letters of thanks from persons to whom the Lord had made me useful.

[Some may regard the Autobiographer's refusal to take wine medicinally and his confidence that God would restore him without it as the error of enthusiasm. But it must be borne in mind that in

certain cases the smallest indulgence in alcoholic drinks arouses the old passion, to subdue which total abstinence as a means is absolutely essential. Many reclaimed drunkards have gone back to their former habits of excess through taking wine medicinally. There may be cases where it is far better to run the physical risk than the moral. The present instance was one of these. At the same time it must be borne in mind that what is now known as "Teetotalism," renounces wine as a *beverage* only.—Ed.]

APRIL 25.—Three cavalry officers came in. Officer—"Give me three of those little books—'The Sinner's Friend.'" A gentleman who knew the officer inquired—"Are they for yourself?" "O, d— me, no; I'm not a sinner." J. V. H.—"I think, sir, that you will find one day that you are a sinner." "Why do you think so?" J. V. H.—"Because I think that all who swear are sinners." "O, d— me, that's nothing! They call me a Methodist in the barracks." I said no more, and the officer, who was young and handsome, went away laughing at his own wit.

MAY 3.—A TRIP TO FRANCE.—My health had continued gradually to amend, but my friends insisted on my absenting myself entirely from business that I might enjoy the benefit of a few days at the sea-side; therefore on Tuesday, the 3rd of May, I set out for Dover. The next morning I arose in excellent health, knelt before the Lord, read the fourteenth chapter of John, and at seven walked round Dover harbour down to the sea, and put up prayer and praise to the Lord whilst the foaming waves were rolling at my feet. I gave a "Sinner's Friend" to each of three sailors who were watching the ships, and then returned to my inn to breakfast. At Calais I was struck with the surprising difference between the manners and customs of people who resided at so short a distance from each other. It appeared as though one had got into another world. In the evening I strolled through the streets much pleased with the happiness which seemed to pervade all ranks. Not a sad countenance to be seen. I sat down on a bench and

watched the old men smoking their pipes at their doors chatting with their wives, whilst the children were playing around them—all happy. I thought of my own dear wife and children, praying the Lord to bless them. At Boulogne, having paraded the streets I turned my horse towards Bonaparte's pillar. The sun was shining in splendour, the larks were singing melodiously over my head, and the whole scenery was so enlivening that as I rode along I put up a fervent prayer of praise and thanksgiving to my gracious God, entreating Him to keep me holy and fill my heart with heavenly love for Christ's sake. I found at the hotel a good-natured Irishman who knew all the scandal of the place, which he retailed at a liberal rate. He paid me very great attention, and would insist on supping with me. He began to eat away without the least ceremony, and appeared astonished at my rising and calling upon the Lord for a blessing. Upon my sitting down, he immediately exclaimed, in true Irish brogue, "Och, sir, you'd just suit my uncle, for he's a very religious man." This was said with so much real good nature that I could not resist a smile. As the vessel entered Dover harbour I poured out my heart in praise for God's mercy in having preserved my going out and my coming in. Blessed be his name. I had thought much of the Lord during my journey, and my heart was continually lifted up to Him to preserve me from every evil thought and way. He did preserve me. Arrived in safety at my own house, I returned thanks to a gracious God for finding my health and strength greatly increased by this excursion, though it had been for only four days and a half.

JULY 8.—A poor but respectable old man came to make known his distress. He was seventy-six years of age, exceedingly deaf, his language correct and energetic, and his manners prepossessing. In his younger days he had been employed in the office of a barrister, latterly as a school-master, and was going to Canterbury to see if they would

take him into the workhouse. Had been soliciting charity at some respectable houses, but saw only the servants who laughed at him because he was deaf. Tears of sorrow rolled down his venerable cheeks. He seemed in a state of despair. I smiled with pleasure at the goodness of God in sending him to me; but the poor old man, not knowing my intention, exclaimed, in a piteous tone—"Oh! do not laugh at me!" I put a half-crown into his hand. He lifted up his eyes with the utmost astonishment and in the most emphatic manner ejaculated—"The omnipotent God reward and bless you." On putting another half-crown into his other hand he was quite overcome and ready to sink to the ground. I placed a stool for him to sit upon and then spoke to him of the goodness and mercy of God. He wept aloud and said, "Your benevolence overcomes me as much as if you had scolded me." Gave him a piece of bread and butter and a glass of wine and water, and on his attempting to thank me I looked upwards towards heaven and pointed with my hand to make him comprehend that it was there his thanks should be addressed. He said—"I am ashamed to confess it, but my distress at the rebuffs I had met with was so great that I thought to throw myself into the river, and went towards it for that dreadful purpose; but again I thought I would try once more, and God directed me to your house." On hearing this I instantly wrote on a slip of paper—"Put all your trust in the Lord, He will never forsake you." The poor old man put on his spectacles and having read the sentence exclaimed—"He has not forsaken me, and I will trust Him in future."

JULY 18.—I am in continual fear lest I should be tempted beyond the power of resistance, although my hourly prayer is for a humble, holy, watchful heart. I cry out, "O wretched man!" but blessed be God I am not cast off. My heart appears the seat of every evil propensity, and were it not for the grace of God I should soon fall into some abominable sin. "Oh! for a closer walk with God." Then I



should be more happy. The worth of the world could not make me happy without freedom from sin. The Lord sanctify my wicked heart.

SEPTEMBER 26.—This morning whilst engaged in private prayer I was so dreadfully annoyed by the temptations of the devil suggesting evil and filthy thoughts, that I was obliged to open my eyes and wave my hands to and fro as if to keep Satan off, and at the same time cry earnestly to God to help me. Oh how dreadful are such temptations and what doubts and fears do they create in the mind. I tremble lest I should be cast away and become an apostate from my God, notwithstanding all my professions of loving Him.

JANUARY 1, 1826.—O may I indeed set out again this very morning with a stronger determination than ever to make the Lord my refuge and my trust; and may his Holy Spirit dwell constantly in my heart, that I may be holy in all my ways—all my desires.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15.—This morning, my four boys and their sister E. assembled to read the word of God. I then spoke to them of the love of God in sending his dear Son into the world to seek and to save the lost. Told them how kind the Lord had been to myself, and assured them that He would be equally kind to them if they sought Him early. Concluded this address (to which they all listened with eagerness and attention) by entreating them ever to keep alive in their hearts and memories that beautiful prayer, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;" the whole of which we sang, and then broke up our little meeting to prepare for going to the house of God.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24.—FORTY YEARS!—On Tuesday, January 24, 1786 (forty years ago, the same day of the week and the same day of the month), I left my father's house on Snow Hill, London, and came to the house I now occupy, a little errand boy, not twelve years old. Then I was the youngest in the house, now the oldest, and raised

up to be master over all. I know not how to express my gratitude when reflecting on the goodness of God during so many years. Rebellion and ingratitude not only marked my younger days, but have reached even to my grey hairs, and yet I live, and am not cut down as a cumberer of the ground. Yes, I live; but it is in, through, and by my blessed Jesus that I live, resting on Him who has borne with my manners in the wilderness for forty years, and by whose mercy I have been raised from the depths of hell to delight in the way of the Lord my God. No wonder that I am utterly at a loss to express my feelings, and well may I say—

“When all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.”

Such a hell-deserving sinner as I have been, and yet exalted to mingle with, and even to be numbered amongst, the saints of the most high God! Wonder, O heavens! Wonder and adore the riches of grace treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ for the vilest of the vile. None could ever have exceeded myself in wickedness, yet holiness is now my ardent pursuit, and I burn with desire to glorify my God in every wish of my soul. Heaven in prospect; hell behind me.

“Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.”

Precious to me indeed! and O may I never lose the influence of that blessed Holy Spirit, by which my heart is quickened, cheered, and warmed into a flame of heavenly love. To the Lord be all the praise. “O Lord, truly I am thy servant, for Thou hast loosed my bonds and

brought up my soul from the grave, and kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit."

My former companions in iniquity, where are they? Tremendous thought! Almost all cut down in their sins in early life, whilst I remain to tell the wondrous tale of redeeming love. Of eleven young men who, with myself, at the age of twenty, rioted in all manner of sin, often sitting together around the same table, drinking and singing and swearing, of these eleven not one is left; the whole of them have passed into eternity without a shadow of hope, or the least desire to know the Lord. How marvellous then are my mercies, and how great my responsibility. I have been spared to study the word of God with great delight and with constant prayer, searching every word of the sacred pages with an increasing appetite, earnestly desiring to have the precepts of the Lord bound around my heart as the rule of my life in all things, that I may live to his glory, and to the honour of his beloved Son. But I must refrain. There is no end to this blessed theme.

MARCH 21.—Visited widow H. again. She said, "I thank God, sir, that my daughter sent for you to come and see me, but my heart was then hard, and I tried to soften it but could not. But now I feel that the Lord has indeed changed my heart, and I hope the Lord has forgiven my sins for the sake of Jesus Christ." How different was this visit to my first, when she said "I have said the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, and have lived peaceably with my neighbours, and they say that I was always a good neighbour, what can I do more?"

APRIL 1.—The Rev. E. J. was sent for to a poor man who was dreadfully ill, and crying out with agony that he was going to hell. Mr. J. gave him a copy of "The Sinner's Friend." The poor man had led a wretched life. Some one had desired him to read a small book, "The Duties of a Religious Life." What was the poor man to

do with the duties of a religious life? He was dying, and wanted to find the readiest way to the Saviour—the Sinner's Friend. The poor man died in a few days in full hope of pardon through Christ.

**AWFUL CHANGE.**—Why not J. V. H.? Only the mercy of God. Mr. G., a student at R. College, preached the gospel; but afterwards turned wine merchant, became a drunkard, and a cruel husband. Died in an hospital, aged thirty-three. Was once a good-natured man, but became cruel through strong drink. Why was it not I? O how great are my obligations to the mercy and grace of God!

**APRIL 22, 1828.**—We had the privilege of entertaining at our house the Rev. Rowland Hill, eighty-three years of age.

**OCTOBER 1.**—Received the following communication from Mrs. P., to whom I had sent fifty "Sinner's Friend:"—

"About eighteen months since I gave several copies of 'The Sinner's Friend' to a very poor woman, and requested her to distribute them among her neighbours. She said she could not read, but would get her husband to read it to her. It was several months before I saw her again, when she eagerly accosted me, saying, 'O, madam, I good have news to tell you. My husband has left off drinking.' 'Has he, indeed?' I replied; 'How long?' 'Ever since I took him that little book.' I said to her, 'And do you really think it was owing to that little book?' 'Oh yes, for he was for ever reading it when he came home.' I have reason to hope the good effect thus produced was continued, as it was six months before I saw this poor woman again, and then her appearance was completely changed, from one of extreme misery to that of a clean and respectable person. She said she thanked God that her husband went on well, and that he had himself purchased the clothes she then wore."

**MARCH 22, 1830.**—Twenty "Sinner's Friend" to Rev. J. Slatterie, who informed me that he had heard of two intances lately in which it had been made useful. Gave two to two wicked young women who had impudently inquired for a book of love, saying they did not care how wicked it was. I was astonished and grieved, and

admonished them of their danger. They were about seventeen or eighteen years of age. I put into their hands "Susan Grey," and "The Dairyman's Daughter," which they purchased, and went away looking very serious and thanking me for my advice. Poor young things! How my heart did ache. A day may come when they may remember my warning and exhortation.

MAY 30.—Two to J. W. Wrote him an admonitory letter. This poor man had several hundred pounds bequeathed him a few months ago, and instead of attending to his work as a journeyman carpenter, he is daily going to public houses, drinking from morning to night. He has a wife and five children. MEM.—He afterwards hung himself in prison.

JULY 21.—Three, on request, to Mr. N., who expressed much pleasure, and reminded me that I had once put a close question to him, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" He clasped his aged hands and with great fervour said, "Blessed be the Lord, He is my only hope."

FEBRUARY 22, 1837.—To Mr. C.,—one of my former wicked companions:—

"MY DEAR C.,

"Whatever you and I may have been, I trust that we have seen the folly of our younger days. It is your mercy and mine that there is an atonement made by the Son of God for the sins of the whole world; but this will be of no avail to those who do not apply to Him for the pardon of their sins and truly repent. To all such the gate of heaven is thrown wide open with a free invitation to enter. You and I are very near the end of our course, and in a very short time shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Take this, my dear friend, the kind admonition of your old companion, and in private cast yourself at the footstool of mercy. You have seen the wonderful change wrought in me, and you may be assured that this has only been by the immediate hand of God, who has mercifully rescued my soul from death, and has granted me the happy privilege of exhorting all my old companions and hundreds of others to flee from the wrath to come, and seek God with the fullest purpose of

heart. I pray you read 'The Sinner's Friend' with earnest attention, and may God Almighty make it a blessing to your soul, as He has mercifully done to very many others."

FEBRUARY 25.—POOR BOB S.—This man had been one of my old wicked companions in very early days. He was now an inmate of the workhouse-hospital, where I had attended during the last five years on the Sabbath to read the Scriptures and exhort the people to turn to the Lord. He was one of my hearers during the last three years, and it pleased God to touch his heart whilst he heard from his old companion the joyful news of salvation. Many a time have I seen tears of repentance roll down his cheeks when speaking of the mercy of God to his soul as the vilest and most undeserving. He was taken ill, and confined to his bed when I visited him. Two days before he died he said to me with intense feeling, "Christ is the greatest comfort I ever felt in my life." He then put up his hands in fervent prayer, to which I added my heart's Amen. He prayed like a man who felt the need of a Saviour.

FEBRUARY 28.—This day I had the thrilling pleasure of receiving intelligence from Mr. G., of Glasgow, that he was about to publish "The Sinner's Friend" in the Gaelic language, for the use of the Highlanders. The above encouraging testimony brought me on my knees before my gracious God for this new testimony of his mercy and goodness.

MARCH 10.—This day it has pleased the Lord to grant me the great privilege of witnessing an edition of "The Sinner's Friend" in the Irish language, translated under the direction of the daughter of the Bishop of Meath. O may the divine blessing attend every copy in that benighted country. I humbly dedicate these to the Lord with earnest prayer and thanksgiving.

MAY 5.—At the Tract Meeting, in Exeter Hall, the Rev. J. Williams said that—

"He held in his hand a valuable tract, entitled 'The Sinner's

Friend.' The editor had told him that if he would translate it into the Tahitian language, the means should be furnished of enabling him to print twenty thousand. He had accomplished the work, and the tract was published. He had prefixed a few words, of which the following was a translation. 'This precious little book was translated by your missionary, J. Williams, to make known to you the word of life; and some friends of Jesus in England, feeling compassion for you, have given their money to purchase this large number of copies of 'The Sinner's Friend' which are now sent to you. These are the names of those friends:—The Lord Bishop of Chester, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Barham, Lady Brisbane, Miss Keane, Lady Louisa d'Espagne, Hon. Mrs. King, Archdeacon of Ely, T. P. Plumptre, Esq., M.P.; Messrs. Cobb, Prance, Hall, &c.' Mr. Hall wished him to compose a short hymn, to be printed on the opposite page." He read a specimen verse and translated it, saying,—“He believed he could speak with more tongues than the new lights in England, (long cheering) but he had the advantage above them all, that he could interpret his tongues, which they could not.”

O may I be kept humble, even to the dust and under the dust, that my soul may not be lifted up with pride on account of the Lord's goodness in conferring so great an honour upon so great a sinner.

SEPTEMBER 22.—This day completes twenty-one years since even so much as a tea-spoonful of wine of any description has ever passed the surface of my tongue. On the contrary, the very smell of strong drink is most abhorrent to my feelings. O the wondrous change which the grace of God can effect upon the renewed soul! I never drink anything but tea, or coffee, or milk, and yet at sixty-three years of age I am stronger in body and mind than I was thirty years ago when indulging in all kinds of strong drink. But it is not my body only which has been strengthened, but my soul, blessed be God, has been growing in grace, producing the most exquisite enjoyments in this new life devoted to God. During all this time my aim has been to direct poor sinners to the “Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world,” and the Lord has been pleased to bless my efforts in the most astonishing

manner. To the Lord alone be all the praise, and to Him I desire most humbly to devote every power of body, soul, and spirit. In Jesus, my salvation, my only hope and trust, I desire ever to be found, in full assurance of faith that He will never cast me away from his presence nor suffer my soul to be lost. His word standeth sure, and I am safe in Him—in his righteousness, not in my own, nor in any change of heart or life, but solely, wholly, and fully in the righteousness of the everlasting Son of God.

DECEMBER 6.—“**SINNER’S FRIEND**” REJECTED.—Dear N. and myself were this day riding in an omnibus in which there was only one more passenger, a lady, elegantly attired, to whom I gave a copy of “*The Sinner’s Friend*,” but she refused it saying, she never read such things by any chance. N. looked rather queer to see his father receive such a knock on the head, but the Lord was pleased to prepare a soothing plaster, which was mercifully applied to me on board the steamer in which I returned to Gravesend. In one of the deck cabins I found eight respectable persons sitting unemployed. To each of these I gave a copy of “*The Sinner’s Friend*,” and perceiving that they were favourably received, I opened my mouth boldly in the name of the Lord, and told them a tale of the love of God to poor sinners. They all listened with great attention, and one of the ladies told me she was a descendant of the excellent Matthew Henry, and that she had in her possession a considerable quantity of his original letters in his own handwriting. I felt my heart all on fire and full of gratitude to God for giving me so very favourable an opportunity of speaking good of his blessed name.

JANUARY 1, 1838.—Spared to see the commencement of another year. I desire to dedicate all my powers to the service of my gracious God, and my dear son V. being about to sail to the Cape, as commander of the *Velocity*, I send out by him a few copies of “*The Sinner’s Friend*”



in the name of the Lord. I took the parcel in my hand, and kneeling before the Lord entreated his mercy and blessing to accompany every copy.

During the whole of the last year the Lord has been pleased to bestow upon me blessings upon blessings, till my cup has been running over, and I have been privileged with many delightful opportunities of speaking and writing the praises of the Lord, and have been the honoured instrument of imparting comfort and consolation to many disconsolate souls, but I myself have never been happy. My sins have been a gnawing worm in my heart, ever before me, so that many times when I have appeared to be, and have been all in a blaze for the Lord Jesus, I have not been perfectly happy. But this does not at all, no not in the least, interfere with my firm belief that God has pardoned all my sins for the sake of his beloved Son whom I dearly love. Oh, the anguish of having been an unfaithful steward. My sins are ever before me; therefore my heart is never happy. I mourn in the midst of pleasure, the pleasure of leading sinners to Christ, which to me is the greatest felicity I enjoy in this world, and yet I am never happy. It is not in the power even of my gracious God himself to make me happy (whilst I am in this life), because in doing so He must take away my senses (which could not be happiness), for whilst memory remains the remembrance of my sins will remain; and this is "the worm that never dieth." Therefore it is utterly impossible that I can ever be happy in this world; but this does not in the least oppose my eternal happiness which is secured by the covenant of grace and by the sacrifice of Christ. Were it possible that I could in my own person bring all the sinners in the world to Jesus Christ, and see them converted from hell to heaven it would give me great joy, but it would not make me perfectly happy; still the remembrance of my own sins would remain. Then how dreadful is sin, the poison in that cup which the Lord hath

made to overflow with blessings, as it really does in my case, and yet I never can be happy till my redeemed soul is with the Lord. I shall soon be there. Blessed be my God.—J. V. H.

JANUARY 14.—Dear Mr. Williams, who translated “The Sinner’s Friend” into Tahitian, dined with me this Sabbath, and I presented him with the stereotype plates, for which he was exceedingly thankful. He returns to the South Seas in a few weeks, taking with him 20,000 copies of “The Sinner’s Friend” in the Tahitian language. May the Lord be pleased to bless every copy for Christ’s sake.

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.—How little do people in general think how much may be gained by gathering up the fragments of time. In my walk every morning from my cottage on Penenden Heath to Maidstone I thought I might gain food for my soul by reading the New Testament for ten minutes. Being quite alone I enjoyed this refreshing repast almost every day, blessing and praising the Lord for giving me such an appetite for heavenly food, and it was with no small gratitude that I found this morning that I had thus completed reading the whole of the New Testament.

MAY 9.—DEEP CONVICTION OF SIN.—In consequence of my son’s absence I slept at the house in High Street. When I arose this morning surrounded by mercies, not the least of which I had deserved, I felt my heart overwhelmed within me, and poured out my soul before the Lord nearly as follows:—

“Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul this morning, in the very place, in the very room, where I have committed so much iniquity. On this very spot do I desire to sink into the earth with shame at the remembrance of my past sins, crying out, ‘Unclean, unclean; God be merciful to me a sinner!’ And, O Lord, I pray Thee to cleanse me from all my pollution, in the name of Him who has given me hope by declaring that they who

come unto Thee by Him shall in no wise be cast out. Help me, O Lord, to rise above every fear, and do Thou mercifully destroy within me all sinful inclinations, and let holiness to the Lord fill my heart and be exemplified by a happy obedience to thy commands. O keep me humble, watchful, penitent, prayerful and believing, that I may live increasingly to Thy glory. And, O Thou blessed Spirit, come and prepare my heart for the ever blessed Son of God. And O Thou blessed Jesus, thou who art the Chief among ten thousand, the Altogether Lovely, O come and abide in me, and help me to abide in Thee as a branch of the true vine, bringing forth much fruit to the praise and glory of God. O my God preserve me in my eyes, thoughts, and desires, that all my ways may please Thee, and that I may bless Thee at all times and have Thy praise continually in my mouth."

I had arisen from my slumber in the very chamber where, in the days of my youth, nearly fifty years ago, I had often deeply sinned against the Lord; and finding myself now in the way to Zion, I felt my past sins rush upon my mind in all the horror of their depravity, and this recollection brought me to cry out the more earnestly for the blood of Christ to wash my filthy soul from its abominable pollution. I do trust that the Lord did indeed hear my prayer, the breathing of a contrite soul. My sin comes before me so powerfully every morning of my life that when I look upon it I am astonished that I have not destroyed myself by my own hand. No one can possibly conceive of the bitter anguish of my mind. O God remember not my sins. Hide thy face from them. Blot them out of the book of thy remembrance. O mercifully grant me the joy of thy salvation. O the agony, the agony, the agony of an accusing conscience. O Lord my God hold me fast for Christ's sake. I cannot look back upon my past sins but with an abhorrence which no language can reach, no heart feel like my own. "God be

merciful to me a sinner," is ever uppermost and accompanies me everywhere—never absent. O what should I do without the appropriation of the precious blood of Christ to my own individual case! I must perish. Were I given to intemperance suicide would immediately follow.

JUNE 14.—Blessed for ever be the Lord for his great goodness and patience in sparing my life to witness an edition of "The Sinner's Friend" in the Manx language, for the poor people in the Isle of Man. By the kindness of a few followers of the Son of God, I shall have the happy privilege of sending five thousand copies gratuitously.

JULY 19.—TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LORD'S MERCY.—"He shall tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon (strong drink) shall he trample under feet." "I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation." Surely the Lord has mercifully and abundantly verified his own word in my own individual case, and this blessed day testifies that twenty whole years have passed away since I discontinued the use of porter, of which I was extremely fond; but not a drop has entered my lips since the 18th day of July, 1818. But this is only part of the Lord's mercies towards me. He has kept me in the hollow of his hand, filling my heart with increasing love to Him, making it my supreme delight to make known his salvation. He has also preserved to me my dear, affectionate wife, that best of gifts (except his beloved Son), whose affectionate tenderness and patience were with me in all my wretchedness; and when sunk in transgression and shame this dear wife never forsook me a single hour, but continued her kind attentions with earnest prayer that the Lord would be pleased to pity and have mercy upon me and deliver me out of the hand of my strong enemy. The Lord has answered these prayers to the rejoicing of her heart. But when I recollect my former unkindness (the effect of strong drink) against this dear wife my heart is agonized almost

to distraction ; grief is never absent from my mind, and I should certainly take away my own life were I to fall into the sin of drunkenness as heretofore. I mourn in secret. I strive to keep it from everybody. I dare not, cannot disclose the whole of my agony. I mourn in the midst of plenty, and groan in the midst of gospel privileges, even with my soul truly devoted to God. Well may I cry out, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" "My life is smitten down to the ground." "But why should a man complain for the punishment of his sins?" Still I would cry out in the name of Christ, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Notwithstanding all this painful experience, no one but the Lord can tell the yearning I have increasingly after souls to bring them to Christ.

The Rev. T. W. C., dean of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote me the particulars of the conversion of a profligate young man converted, by especial mercy, by reading "The Sinner's Friend," portion page 10, "Pardon for the worst of sinners." Blessed, ever blessed, be the name of the Lord !

FRENCH AND GERMAN EDITIONS.—The Lord in his tender mercy has been pleased to put it into the hearts of two pious ladies to send me an offer to translate "The Sinner's Friend" gratuitously into these languages, if I would undertake to publish them, which I have gratefully assented to do. May God add his blessing for Christ's sake. Amen.

OCTOBER 14.—AMERICA.—Received a letter from New York, stating that the Tract Society at New York has printed in the whole 64,000 copies of "The Sinner's Friend," and 94,000 copies of my speech at the Temperance Meeting at Exeter Hall.

## CHAPTER X.

DIARY. 1839—1841.

SPIRITUAL JOY—SIXTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY—REGRETS AND THANKS-GIVINGS—CONVERSION OF COLONEL H.—LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN'S PARISHIONERS—JOURNEY TO NORWICH—SPEECH—"THE SINNER'S FRIEND" AT JERUSALEM—PAPAL EDICT AGAINST "THE SINNER'S FRIEND"—LOSS OF TEMPER—MID-DAY PRAYER—"THE SINNER'S FRIEND" IN BENGALÉE—THE IRISH PACK-MAN—REV. R. W. HAMILTON—REV. J. A. JAMES—SPECIAL ANSWER TO PRAYER—LOVE TO CHRIST. AGE 65—67.

JANUARY 24, 1839.—No tongue on earth can tell the rapture of my soul when speaking for the Lord Jesus Christ. Every power in me all on fire, in a perfect blaze, when telling of redeeming love. But when I look at myself and see the blackness of my heart, and remember my dreadful sins, my soul sinks within me, and had I not a clear view of the mighty (almighty) sacrifice for sin, I should sink into despair. But Christ says, "No! I have redeemed thee, poor sinner. Thou art mine, and none shall ever pluck thee out of my hands." Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift. I, once a poor drunken blasphemer, have now been many years a deacon of the church of Christ. O marvellous mercy! Surely I may well say—

"Who could believe such lips could praise,  
Or think my dark and winding ways  
Should ever lead to God?"

MARCH 14.—This day commences my sixty-sixth year—a poor sinful creature, laden with iniquity, yet overwhelmed

by the mercy and goodness of my gracious God, who has plucked me indeed as a brand from the burning. On Monday evening, March 11th, I, in the absence of our beloved pastor, was presiding at the prayer meeting, and whilst standing at the desk reading the blessed word of God, I was quite overcome with the recollection that on the same evening (11th March, 1811), I was wandering, a poor drunkard in a dark night, amongst the coal mines at Stourbridge, and having passed and escaped these horrible pits I rolled down the bank of a canal, and in one moment more (had not the Lord held me by the hair of my head) should have rolled over into the canal and should have been lost for ever. Is it any wonder that I should have felt the vast difference? Why the very stones would cry out were I to hold my tongue. How wonderful that such a wretch should have been raised up from the very depths of hell to send invitations to tens of thousands of sinners to seek the Lord, and more wonderful still that the Lord should have blessed those invitations to the conversion of many souls. Paul says that he was raised up as a pattern of long-suffering to those who should hereafter believe. I am sure that I have been raised up as a witness of the forbearance and long-suffering of an offended God, that no sinner however vile may despair. I returned home weeping with an agony of gratitude, talking with the Lord—telling Him of his marvellous loving-kindness, and praying Him to keep and preserve me from pride or any kind of sin. I felt like a poor wicked child before a tender father—a prodigal returned. God be praised. O the matchless, boundless love of God!

Notwithstanding all this goodness and mercy the loss of money by my foolishness and extravagance is a source of uneasiness. This is a sad evil for a Christian, but so it is. This poison mixes itself even with my prayers, and I am always thinking how wealthy I might have been if I had not played the fool, or rather if I had not been an unfaithful

steward of the money which the Lord had put into my hands. I have also always before me the remembrance of sin, filling my heart with unutterable anguish. But what astonishing things has the Lord been pleased to effect by the instrumentality of my little book! What numbers of poor sinners have been brought to seek the Lord by this simple means! What need of watchfulness that I be not puffed up with pride on account of having been made so greatly useful! My Lord has also given me a son to be an ambassador for the Lord Jesus Christ. But what a crowd of evil, wicked, devilish thoughts continually occupy my mind! Still I do desire to love the Lord with all my heart, but I have no hope but in Jesus Christ, and no plea but the publican's. Jesus died for sinners, He died for me. Yes, and not all the devils in hell nor all their accusations shall ever dissuade me of this blessed truth. The blood of Christ is too precious not to outweigh and obliterate every possible sin. O when I think of my youthful depravity, and of the sins of my riper years, I am indeed astonished that I am out of hell. Blasphemous language seemed to be united with almost every word I spoke, and filthy songs of the most abominable description were often my delight. But the marvellous change is all of God, to whom I burn with ardent desire that every breath may be to his glory, through my gracious Redeemer, now my chiefest delight, ever in my heart, a million, million times welcome guest, there to live and reign.

**MORE MERCIES.—ISLE OF MAN.**—The rector of B. writes:—

“It gives me sincere pleasure to be able now to communicate to you the intelligence that I lately heard of two persons on this island, an aged man and elderly female, to whom this little book was greatly blessed during their last illness. Their attachment to the little work was peculiarly striking. They would not suffer it to be removed from their bedside, but desired it to be read to them again and again till the power of hearing was sealed in death.”



**REMARKABLE CONVERSION.**—Extract of a letter from the Rev. J. Black, Dunkeld, June 13, 1839 :—

“Last year Colonel H. was taken dangerously ill. A pious member of his family wrote to me desirous that I should see him. I went, but received a message that he was sorry that he was unable to see me. I returned truly sorry, especially as I knew the colonel to have been hitherto averse to godliness and addicted to drunkenness. I recollected, however, that I had a copy of ‘The Sinner’s Friend,’ bound in silk, which you had kindly sent me. I sent the colonel this elegant copy with a note, and followed it with prayer to Him who has the hearts of all in his hand. A few days afterwards I received a letter from his pious relative, saying he evidently took the present in good part and was reading it frequently, adding that had she offered it to him she was sure he would have spurned it from him. He unexpectedly recovered from his dangerous illness, but continued to read ‘The Sinner’s Friend’ and the Bible. He left the neighbourhood soon after for Edinburgh, where he now resides, so that I had no opportunity of seeing him again, till in the beginning of last month, being in Edinburgh, I received a message from the colonel, saying he would be glad to meet me at a certain prayer meeting at seven o’clock in the morning. How glad was I of such a message! I went and met him—found he was a regular attendant at the daily prayer meeting, as also at a daily meeting at two p.m. for exhortation for the quickening of believers and the conversion of sinners, though he had to walk nearly two miles to each meeting, and he a man upwards of sixty years of age. He told me that your little book had been the means of salvation to his soul. He also told me that he was informing an excellent young minister of this fact when he eagerly interrupted him by saying, ‘How glad I am to hear you speak so of that little book, for a dear friend of mine told me very lately that he also had received the same blessing from reading it.’ The last time I saw the colonel I left him on his way to a prayer meeting of pious officers of the army and navy residing in Edinburgh. I happened to mention this case at a dinner in Edinburgh, when a medical gentleman was present, connected with the army, who told me that he had been stationed near him when in active service, and that it was then the astonishment of the officers who knew him that he was not dismissed the service on account of his habits of dissipation. The former case which I reported to you was that of one who died of the illness during which he perused ‘The Sinner’s Friend,’ but giving evidence that he had received saving benefit. In the present case the subject of the change recovered and lives to prove its reality. Blessed be

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the Lord for what He has done for him, and O may He keep him to the end, to be a jewel in his crown, and one of the many rich rewards of the author of 'The Sinner's Friend.' "

The blessed intelligence in the foregoing letter threw me quite into an agony of gratitude to God for his wondrous mercy towards me. I fell on my knees with tears, clasping my hands, crying, "Lord, accept my thanks, accept my thanks; accept my thanks, and keep me humble. O keep me humble, but accept my thanks for Christ's blessed sake."

JUNE, 1839.—PREACHING FROM 'THE SINNER'S FRIEND.'—That dear servant of God, the Rev. H. P., of the established church, has been giving a lecture every Wednesday evening from "The Sinner's Friend," and in a letter dated 5th June, 1839, he writes me as follows:—

"We shall take the last page of 'The Sinner's Friend' on Wednesday evening, July 3rd. And now what I desire is, that you write us a letter which I may read to my congregation on concluding your little work. Rejoice with me, my friend, that a young female, about eighteen years of age, has been turned from the power of sin and Satan unto God, by my lecture on the thirteenth page of 'The Sinner's Friend.' "

Extracts from a letter I wrote in response to this request:—

"What comfort God has provided for his own children, such as I believe many of you to be. But why not all? Whose fault is it? Have you not been invited to taste his love? O yes! often have you been entreated by your faithful shepherd to enter the fold of God and feed among his sheep. Had the Queen invited you to a sumptuous banquet, your hearts would have been all elate at the distinguished honour. How awful then is the contemplation, that some of you have hitherto refused the King of Heaven to become one of his guests. Think of the awful consequences of rejecting Him who speaks from heaven. Remember that the eye of God is upon you at this very moment, whilst you are hearing the contents of this, my last appeal. God sees every one of your hearts. He is waiting for your answer; whether you will say unto Him, Thou art my Father, or whether you prefer the downward road to hell. This may be the last warning you

may ever receive: and although the Lord is long-suffering, yet He may cut off the rebellious soul in a moment, this very night. O then tarry not a moment longer, but listen to your dear pastor, and obey the voice of God saying, 'I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and my daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.' O let this blessed invitation lead you most earnestly to seek the Lord.

— But there may be a person in your little assembly who has been some time halting between two opinions. I would most affectionately say to that soul, 'Cast in your lot at once, this very night, among the Lord's people, and then peace and happiness will be your portion. Be not deceived with the form of godliness. Take my advice and prayerful entreaty, and say unto the Lord, Take away all mine iniquity and set Thy seal upon my heart, that I may be for ever thine. Be assured that if you put up this prayer with sincerity, the Lord will receive you this very moment, and your sins and iniquities will He remember no more.

" To you, my dear Christian friends, you who have tasted of the heavenly gift, I would say, Rejoice evermore in the changeless love of Christ. Let this be for your comfort under every trial, that the Lord will never suffer his mercy to depart from you, but He will daily and hourly carry on his blessed work in your souls till it is triumphantly completed in glory.

" Before this epistle shall have been read in your hearing, you will have come to the conclusion of 'The Sinner's Friend.' Now then comes the application—the searching question. Has any good effect been produced in your hearts by the affectionate appeals of your dear pastor in his addresses from this little work? If not, why not? Shall the recording angel return to heaven and say, 'These people have ears, but they hear not?' or shall the seraphs strike their harps anew with louder notes of joy, that sinners have been brought to God? Blessed be God that some from among you have indeed been brought to Christ. O may you all shout, 'Hallelujah, the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, and hath made us to be kings and priests that we may reign with Him for ever.' I am almost ashamed to say a single word more by way of advice, seeing that you have so faithful a watchman over you; but as you have testified your Christian love towards me, I would in return pray and entreat you to read a portion of the word of God every day, if it be but a single verse. You will be sure to receive a blessing in this exercise. I speak from experience. Let me also entreat you to continue steadfast in the exercise of family prayer as well as in your private devotions, for the neglect of either of these will be sure to introduce starvation to your souls. Also, never cease to praise God with thankful hearts for his most especial

mercy in the blessing of so faithful a minister as he is whom the Lord hath placed over you, whom you cannot love too much, and for whom you should never cease to pray. Also put up a few breathings of the heart for the unworthy author and compiler of 'The Sinner's Friend.' Pray for this poor man, that he fall not into any kind of sin, but that he may be kept humble every moment, and be made more and more useful to the glory of God, and to the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ, his only hope and trust. But I must break away, and say, with a heart full of love, Farewell. 'Grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father be with you all, for Christ's sake. Amen.' Study the Bible. Read it daily; always with prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that it may become the food of your soul, a light to your path, and the delight of your life. I exhort you to this, not as a matter of speculation or theory, but as substance—my own happy experience for very many years; therefore I can safely recommend to you that which has been so advantageous and so great a blessing to my own soul. The Lord bless you all. Again, Farewell.—J. V. H."

JULY 15.—FRENCH EDITION, 3,000.—Blessed be God for his great goodness that a French translation of "The Sinner's Friend" was published this day, and humbly dedicated to the living God. O may his rich mercy accompany this little work, now circulated in ten languages in various parts of the world, to the comfort and conversion of many sinners.

I stop and ask myself this question:—Am I doing these things from sincere love to God and to his beloved Son, or am I led away by any desire to obtain the good opinion of my fellow sinners? I am so jealous of myself, that I dare not answer the question, but cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and, like poor Peter, say, "Lord, thou alone knowest whether I love Thee or not." But I do pray, most earnestly, that my whole heart and the warmest affections of my soul may be entirely and unreservedly given up to Thee.

NOVEMBER 25.—This morning I started from Maidstone at nine o'clock on a journey to Norwich, to a meeting of the Norwich Union Life Office. I supplied my bag with

a goodly number of "The Sinner's Friend," praying for opportunities. There were three passengers and myself in the coach, and before we had got four miles I had the happiness of introducing the subject nearest my heart. They listened with earnest attention to what I had to say of redeeming love. Early next morning I left London by the Norwich coach. When daylight appeared I began to look round upon my fellow travellers, but was no way encouraged. We went on silently for about five miles, when I took out a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," as though I were going to read it, when a lady passenger immediately said, "You have got a most interesting little book, sir." "How do you know it to be so, Madam?" "O, sir," she replied, "I know it well, and that it has had a most astonishing circulation." The lady said she knew the author, naming a gentleman of Norwich. This brought on the desired conversation, and we kept on praising God to the very last minute, as the coach drove up the streets of Norwich, and then my fellow passengers gave me a hearty shake of the hand, repeating their thanks. When I arrived at Norwich I found that the whole business of the meeting had been concluded, and that my journey was all in vain so far as concerned the Life Office. Mr. G. insisted that I must not go, but must stay over the morrow. I told him that my place was taken, but they pleaded with such earnestness that I really began to think that the Lord had really some work for me to perform.

I called on \* \* \* Their hearts were all full of heavenly love. They listened to me for upwards of an hour, and before I departed we all knelt before the Lord. Mr. G. took me to dine where I soon found that I was amongst intelligent "Friends," and that another opportunity was afforded me of speaking the praises of the Lord. Mr. T. G. took me to a large meeting of the teachers of the various Sunday schools. How great was my surprise to hear my own name pronounced by the chairman as the

author of "The Sinner's Friend," and that I would address a few words to the company. I arose and opened my mouth for the Lord, who mercifully (as He always does) gave me utterance, and I hope I did not bring any dishonour upon that blessed cause which I so dearly love. Before the meeting broke up I requested Mr. G. to procure three hundred copies of "The Sinner's Friend" from the bookseller in Norwich, and present a copy to each person in the room.

Mr. G. took me with him the next morning to a select prayer meeting, consisting of six dear devoted men who had met for prayer, that the blessing of the Lord might attend the annual meeting of the City Mission, at which it was planned that I should speak. Mr. G. then took me with him to visit a poor dying woman, anxious for her soul's conversion. "The Sinner's Friend" was lying on the chair by her bedside. She was very feeble, but when Mr. G. told her that I was the person who wrote "The Sinner's Friend," her countenance brightened up as she exclaimed, "Do I indeed behold the gentleman who wrote that book which has afforded me so much comfort?" I reminded her of the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, who had most emphatically declared, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and, "None shall pluck you out of my hand." I then told her that if Satan should suggest doubts and fears to her mind as to her safety, to look immediately upon this note of hand, signed "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," "None shall pluck you out of my hand."

At the meeting of the City Mission there were upwards of one thousand persons. In the strength of the Lord I boldly declared my obligations to God's mercy, and then brought forth four instances of the value of missionary efforts, either in speaking to people living in sin, or going to their houses, or being faithful at their bedside, or in giving a tract. I then gave an account of the Lord's

dealings with my own soul, and said that the way of my deliverance was so wonderful that it would appear almost as a fable invented for effect; but the man of whom I had been speaking (as I had spoken in the third person) was now alive and in good health. Then, pausing a moment, I concluded by saying, "And it is from his lips you now hear of the goodness of that God whose mercy endureth for ever." There was a dead silence; the feelings of the people had been wrought up to a high pitch; not a sound was heard, but several dear people upon the platform came up to me and pressed my hand in the most expressive manner. They felt the goodness of the Lord—so did I. He was with me from the beginning to the end. Praised be his name. One gentleman came up and with a half incredulous inquiry asked me if I was really the person who had lain at the edge of the canal!

Mr. B. told me that a young man at Sheerness was about to be united to the church who had been deeply impressed by a sermon preached by my dear son N. O blessed for ever be my gracious God for his mercy towards my dear son, in making him an instrument of bringing sinners to the cross.

FEBRUARY 25, 1840.—On looking into my journal this morning, I turned to the entry made on the 15th March, 1812, when I was in great distress on account of my sinful course, and on reading the petition which the Lord at that time put into my heart that I might become a signal monument of the power and goodness of God, I was overwhelmed with gratitude at his wondrous mercy in answering prayer in so remarkable a manner that for upwards of twenty-three years not a drop of wine or spirituous liquor has ever passed my tongue, and that I have been enabled to be an ambassador of Jesus Christ. I fell on my knees and with tears of gratitude endeavoured to thank the Lord for his wondrous long-suffering. O what encouragement does my case afford to the most abandoned sinner to cast

himself at the feet of Jesus, who has promised that none shall be cast out who come to God by Him. No heart was ever so much at enmity against God as mine, and yet how dearly do I love Him now, and have done for many years. This is all his own work, not mine. Blessed be his name.

MARCH 14.—This day commences my sixty-seventh year. What shall I say of the goodness and mercy of God to so vile a sinner? I stand astonished at my new nature, scarcely believing my own senses that I, who hated holiness, should feel the most exquisite as well as the most unutterable delight in walking in the ways of God. That this blessed feeling should also have occupied the chief place in my heart for upwards of twenty years without the smallest diminution—daily, hourly, momentarily increasing, till my whole soul glows with a constant blaze of heavenly love. I cannot hear the blessed name of the Saviour without feeling a fire within me stealing into my eyes with streams of gratitude for what He has done for my soul. I could praise Him for ever. And O how many opportunities has He given me for doing this within the last year, in journeys by coaches or steamboats, or otherwise; and how has my heart been enraptured in such opportunities in proclaiming to persons whom I had never seen before the amazing love of God in the person of his beloved Son. I have often been lifted up to heaven itself in these blessed exercises, forgetting that I had anything to do with earth. Yet how has the scene been changed when I have looked back upon myself, possessing a heart full of every deadly evil, even while professing to love the things of God—yes, really loving holiness and hating sin. O what a struggle that we may have sin ever under our feet, and holiness ever uppermost in the heart. Temptations stand thick on every side, not only outwardly, but inwardly, and these have annoyed my path unceasingly—temptations of the most deadly kind, causing me to cry out with intense agony of spirit, “Lord hold me in thy



hand: for Jesus' blessed sake let no iniquity prevail against me." Notwithstanding all the blessings which constantly surround me, my heart is ever filled with grief on account of sin. But do I wish to be otherwise, and so forget my sins? O no! I ever desire to remember them with shame and sorrow of heart, that I may draw nearer and nearer to the footstool of divine mercy. I don't at all doubt the forgiveness of God, but I grieve to think how deeply I have sinned against such a merciful God. I could weep for ever over my ingratitude and rebellion against Him who has raised me from hell to become an inmate of heaven. O wondrous grace! matchless mercy! Yes, blessed be his name, I am his, and nothing shall ever separate me from his love.

MARCH 25 TO 28.—In my journey to London, the Lord favoured me with several delightful opportunities of speaking to his praise, and distributing nearly fifty copies of "The Sinner's Friend." The Lord also kept me in a constant state of prayer and praise; and when I awoke in the night a song of praise was the first impression on my heart, and when locked in sleep my dreams were employed in prayer and praise. At the breakfast table on board the steamer, a gentleman sat near me unemployed. I eyed him a little time, then gave him "The Sinner's Friend;" it was cordially received, and he began to read it. I then went upon deck, and presented two copies to persons sitting in one of the side cabins, praying the Lord to grant his blessing. While I was musing, a very agreeable young gentleman came across the cabin and looked as though he wished to speak to me. Offered him a copy. Another young gentleman was sitting near and seemed to enjoy our conversation. We then all three united in the blessed theme. Went to a hair-dresser's at bottom of Gracechurch Street, and found a pious young man, a journeyman, with whom I conversed on the love of God. The next day I called again, and gave him copies

for his fellow journeymen, who were all seeking the Lord. The Lord be praised that his servants are to be found everywhere. Called at a baker's shop at Clapton to get change. A good-natured woman kindly offered me change, and I said to her, "I am an agriculturist. I go about sowing the seed of the kingdom of heaven. Will you allow me to present you with a little?" I then gave her two copies of "The Sinner's Friend," which she received with a smile that seemed to indicate that she was not unacquainted with these things. But as the omnibus for which I had been looking was coming up I had no time for conversation. Called on Mr. B., Cheapside, and to my most agreeable surprise he entered into a very warm disclosure of the mercy of God to his own soul, and urged me to unite with him every day at noon in fervent prayer to God for the conversion of two of our friends. On my return in the steamer to Gravesend I presented a "Sinner's Friend" to a lady, who immediately said that she knew several persons who had been converted through its instrumentality. And now my stock was exhausted, and I returned to my home with gratitude for the great mercies which I had been permitted to enjoy.

**JERUSALEM.**—It is impossible to express the exquisite pleasure which I experienced, May 29, by the receipt of a letter from the Rev. J. N., dated Mount Zion. He proposes to translate "The Sinner's Friend" into the Hebrew and Arabic. I was overjoyed at the letter, which I laid before the Lord on my knees, with thanksgiving that "The Sinner's Friend" had been accepted in that very city where **my** gracious Redeemer shed his blood for the sins of the whole world, and for me. Blessed be his name.

**Mr. A. W.** went to France on June 4, principally to circulate "The Sinner's Friend" in the French language. **Mr. W.** took five hundred copies for that purpose. O may the Lord be mercifully pleased to bless every copy for **Jesus'** own sake. **Mr. B.** has been circulating "The Sin-

ner's Friend" in Spain, from whence he was driven. *The Christian Spectator* publishes the following Papal edict in reference to it:—

"The bold and presumptuous malice of heretics ever seeking to undermine the Roman Catholic church has again been at work. Full of rage and envy, these presumptuous individuals have dared to disturb our peace by propagating, without disguise, doctrines destructive of the true Catholic church—the religion of Jesus Christ. The zeal of our prelates and pastors having driven these enemies from our soil, they have had recourse to other means more disguised, namely, that of circulating pamphlets apparently of a religious character, such as 'The Sinner's Friend,' and others of a similar tendency, but which in reality contain errors subversive of the Catholic faith, so much the more dangerous because they are written with art and talent characteristic of the spirit of the author. We therefore hereby admonish those who may read this pastoral advice, that if they neglect to obey us they neglect to obey Jesus Christ, in whose name we now speak. Finally, for the sake of our own peace and safety, we further make known unto you that we have given account of these things to the civil authorities."

JUNE 16.—I had a sad quarrel this day with the Rev. A. B. respecting a bill. I lost my temper. The clergyman kept his. I was ashamed and deeply grieved, and went crying to the Lord for mercy, and apologized to Mr. B. The Lord grant that I may set a watch before my mouth when tempted to be angry. My heart is yet proud and lofty when it ought to be humbled under the dust of the earth. O blessed Lord Jesus surround me with a guard of angels, that I may be preserved in the hour of temptation from bringing the slightest disrepute upon Thy blessed name.

JUNE 23.—For ever blessed be the Lord that I am permitted to see "The Sinner's Friend" published this day in the German language. I dedicate them all to the Lord, with earnest prayer for the influence of the Holy Spirit to accompany every copy.

JUNE 30.—This day the seventy-first edition of "The

Sinner's Friend " was published, with three entirely new portions which the Lord had mercifully put into my heart to write. I took one of these copies in my hand, and kneeling before the Lord, humbly dedicated them to Him with earnest prayer for his blessing to attend every copy.

JULY 13.—Wrote Dr. Pinkerton that I wished the Frankfort Tract Society to adopt "The Sinner's Friend;" that I would send them gratuitously one thousand copies; and also would present them with the stereotype plates. I laid my letter and the little book before the Lord, and on my knees entreated Him to influence the committee of the Frankfort Society to adopt "The Sinner's Friend."

AUGUST 13.—For a long time my heart has been irresistibly drawn to the exercise of prayer about the middle of the day. When the men have gone to their dinner, I have retired to the printing-office for a few minutes to kneel before the Lord with thankfulness and praise for the continuance of his great and many mercies. I have felt it refreshing thus to hold communion with God in the very midst of business, to arm me against the many vexations which momentarily assail me. I am sure it is good often to run to the Lord, to take shelter under the shadow of his Almighty wings, that He may protect us from ourselves as well as from the world and Satan.

AUGUST 16.—This day I received from W. R., Esq., Russian merchant, the following extract of a letter from his son-in-law at St. Petersburg :—

" Please write Mr. Hall, and tell him I gave 'The Sinner's Friend' to Baron H., a colonel in the Grand Duke's regiment. He is delighted with 'The Sinner's Friend' (which was in German), and calls it the best epitome of the gospel that he ever saw. His copy is lent out, and is going a round among his friends; but he wants a French copy, to lend to those who do not understand German. We shall also lose no time in having it translated into Russ. It will suit the Russians."

Wrote my dear son in China, and concluded my letter as follows :—

“ And now, dear son, as there must be a last letter that you will ever receive from your grey-headed father, and as this possibly may be that last letter, let a father's heart touch your heart in exhorting you to seek an interest in the Saviour's love, that He may be precious to your soul—the delight of your life. And O may you, my dear affectionate son, be found with your father, mother, and every member of your family, at the right hand of God in that day when He shall make up his jewels. You are constantly in my prayers, and O may the Lord hear and answer them in blessings upon my dear son, is the yearning desire of your affectionate father.”

SEPTEMBER 5.—This day I had the exquisite pleasure of sending off by Hamburg steam packet, the stereotype plates of the German edition of “ The Sinner's Friend,” as a present to the Lower Saxony Tract Society, in the name of the Lord Jesus. O may his richest blessing accompany every copy.

NOVEMBER 7.—O blessed be the Lord that I live to see the day up to which He has mercifully enabled me by his great bounty to give away upwards of forty thousand copies of “ The Sinner's Friend.” O what can I render to the Lord for all his goodness towards me, so great, so utterly undeserved? I desire to give Him my whole heart, and to devote all my love to his blessed service for Christ's sake. O Lord ! accept my heart, and seal it thine.

NOVEMBER 16.—I wrote the Religious Tract Society an offer of “ The Sinner's Friend,” to print it as a tract. To this proposition they assented. May the Lord add his blessing. Amen. (SUBSEQUENT MEM.—Up to Midsummer, 1843, the Tract Society published ninety thousand copies, in fifteen editions.)

A note from the son of the Bishop of Calcutta announces that “ The Sinner's Friend ” is already translated into Bengalee, and widely circulated. Praised, O praised be the Lord.

Extract from a letter from A. W., January 28, 1841 :—

“A poor Irish pack-man, well instructed in the popish controversy, a very bigoted Roman Catholic, had a copy of ‘The Sinner’s Friend’ put into his hands near Hereford. The result was not known till some time after, when a poor dying man was visited who proved to be the pack-man, and he was asked what he thought of Christ? The sick man replied, ‘Indeed, sir, were I to make the same profession in Ireland I now do here I’d be killed;’ and when asked how he was brought to know Jesus, he took from his bosom a copy of ‘The Sinner’s Friend,’ and turning to the tenth page, he said, ‘There, sir, I read till I came to that page, but I could never get over that—‘Pardon for the worst of sinners,’ and I now know Christ as my only Saviour.’ The little book was never allowed to be out of his hands till the time of his death, which he met in a triumphant manner.”

Blessed be the Lord, this is the third instance of conversion from the same portion on page 10. All praise to God alone.

MARCH 14, 1841.—This day completes my sixty-seventh year. I can scarcely believe it possible that I am so old. My health vigorous, and my soul all on fire for the Lord Jesus. O what wondrous things has the Lord done for me during the last twenty-five years, making me not only a Rechabite but a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, Leeds, March 16 :—

“How happy was your title, ‘The Sinner’s Friend.’ You had found and proved the sinner’s Friend; you then proclaimed by what you had known of Him that He was a Friend to every penitent. How many have you addressed to the saving of the soul! Many heart-broken ones have been taught by you where to take their griefs and lay their sins. You may disparage the book, and speak of it as a ‘compilation,’ but happy was the thought. You let Jesus speak. I shall not lightly esteem the collector of his gracious words. I shall not slight the vase which contained these odours, the thread which clustered these gems. In any way by which I can forward your designs for the circulation of your little work I shall be most happy. To work with you, and in conjunction with this heaven-stamped instrument, will be no little grace. May I beg the blessing of an

occasional remembrance of me and of my ministry before Him who seeth in secret? Wherever I can I obtain this boon, and the reflection that in different parts of the world I have pledged advocates often gives me a joy which title-deeds of as many ample possessions could not afford."

MAY 12.—A new portion for "The Sinner's Friend"—"What must I do to be saved." In reading in my usual course the sixteenth chapter of Acts, I was impressed with the importunity of the poor jailor to know what he could do to be saved; and as many persons are anxious to know this, I felt as it were a sudden call to write a few thoughts on this passage, and then transfer it to the pages of "The Sinner's Friend." I immediately laid the matter before the Lord, imploring his aid to warm my heart, and then instruct me what to write in strict accordance with his holy Word. In answer to this petition, the Lord was mercifully pleased to direct my mind to write the new portion which will appear in the new edition (eighty-eight) on page 4—"Salvation through faith—not by works." May the Lord accompany it with his blessing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Extract of letter from the Rev. J. Angell James, Birmingham :—

"What a monument of mercy you are! I greatly rejoice with you in the usefulness to which God has called you by the publication of this little work. It will outlive its author, and be sending up converted and glorified saints to heaven to follow him to the realms of bliss. How sweet is the thought of doing something for Christ even after we are dead. If I mistake not Mr. Newman Hall, now a student at Highbury College, is your son. The best wish I can utter for him is, that he may imbibe the spirit of his father's tract and preach in the simplicity and for the object of 'The Sinner's Friend.'"

Extract of letter from a Russian nobleman, Baron H., St. Petersburg :—

"Oh how happy you have made me. Accept my warmest thanks. Many tears have I shed about your little work, and what a delight to

me to communicate it to others. In this exercise God has particularly blessed the present day, for I found opportunity of communicating your little work the same day to persons in whose Christian feelings I place great hope. How willingly would I not fall round the neck of those persons and tell them what a treasure they have got. Tears fill my eyes whilst placing this precious little book in the hands of others, and I at the same moment implore God to let it be accompanied by his blessing. Wishing your little book may soon be translated into the Russian language, I remain, &c."

JUNE 8.—Awoke early this morning out of a heavenly dream, in which I had been engaged with several persons in a house of prayer. I was myself apparently engaged in the exercise of most earnest supplication with an intensity of energy far more than when I am awake. This blessed vision was in answer to earnest prayer the last thing before I closed my eyes in sleep. It has long been my custom, when I get into bed, to pray the Lord that if it be not too much to ask that He will be pleased to preserve me from sinful dreams, and that when my body is locked in sleep my soul may be engaged in his blessed service, either in praise or prayer, so that whether sleeping or waking I may always be engaged in his blessed service. I have reason to bless the Lord that He continually grants my requests to the rejoicing of my soul, so that, with David, I am enabled to say, "When I awake I am still with Thee." Blessed be the Lord.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD TO HIS PROMISES.—What a blessing is prayer! And O what mercy that God should hear us! It has been a great comfort to me in my pilgrimage to trust in the promise of our dear Redeemer, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." The Lord is ever faithful to his word. I have proved it to be so in a most remarkable manner in the following instance. My love and reverence for the Lord have led me to leave the whole direction of my concerns in his hands—to make me perfectly holy and acquiescent in his will, rather than signify to the Lord any particular blessing.



But a few years ago my beloved wife was laid on a bed of sickness, and considered to be within a few minutes of eternity—not the slightest hope—so that the physician told me that her duration in life would not exceed ten minutes. She had parted (finally as we thought) with myself, and I had retired to another apartment whilst she sent for my eldest son to attend her bed-side to receive her blessing. I stepped gently into her room again unobserved by anyone, to catch the last sound of her dear voice, and whilst I was thus remaining in most painful suspense, even then unwilling to dictate to the Lord, but rather feeling, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” and love Him too, a voice from heaven whispered in my ear, “There is a promise laid up for you in the trying hour, I know your faith, your love, and that you would rather not specify a blessing, but would humbly trust my mercy, but now make use of this promise ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.’” With a half suffocated voice I cried out in agony, “Lord, I beseech Thee, for the honour of the word of thy dear Son, do grant me the life of my wife.” I sank back in my chair, overwhelmed with the intensity of my feelings, and could say no more—not a syllable. I could only weep. But O the mercy and faithfulness of God! The angel of death—his arrow poised—was forbidden to strike, and from that very moment my beloved wife began to recover, and she who was supposed to be within ten minutes of death has been many years, and is now, the solace of my life, the joy of my heart, uniting every energy of heart and soul with myself in the work of the Lord, having herself written one of the portions—“Word to the Poor”—in “The Sinner’s Friend.” Blessed be the Lord.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1841.—Twenty-five years of emancipation. I discontinued wine and spirituous liquors Sunday, September 22, 1816. I am more full of life and fire at nearly seventy years of age than I was at thirty,

when I drank freely of everything. By not taking malt liquor I never feel the pain of thirst, therefore do not require liquid aliment in the same degree as heretofore, tea and coffee being sufficient. But beside this, it has pleased God to put "a new song into my mouth;" and He has enabled me by his Almighty grace to live to his glory—a monument of redeeming love. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name," for He has indeed "redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with loving-kindness and tender mercy."

"THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE."—This tract, the substance of my speech at Exeter Hall, at the anniversary of the Temperance Society, May, 1836, was adopted and 136,000 copies printed by the New York Tract Society entirely without my knowledge. Blessed be the Lord! Who would have thought, when I made this speech, that it would have been made a blessing in America?

DECEMBER 1.—Mr. E. M. died this day, aged sixty-three. He was one of my early companions in a society of twenty or more gay young men indulging in folly and sin; we two were the only persons left; all the others cut down in the prime of life. I had spoken and written to Mr. M., and I gave him a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," with strong entreaty that he would read it with attention. His death is a warning. The whole society, of which I formed a leader, is now broken up—all gone except myself. Shortly I too must die! I behold David and Saul and Peter, a murderer, a blasphemer, and a backslider, yet all these three are in heaven, notwithstanding their misdeeds. How came these to find a place there? Because God is long-suffering, gracious, and merciful to all who seek Him through Jesus Christ. He delighteth in mercy. Then why should I doubt of my own salvation, seeing that the Lord has changed my heart and made it the residence of Himself in the person of his beloved Son? Though all men may deem me beside myself, yet no philosophy nor

argument can ever dissuade me of my firm belief that Jesus Christ lives and reigns even in my heart, which once dared to despise his rule and which was determined to indulge in every kind of sin. David said he was "a wonder unto many," so am I and have been among my former acquaintances, but I am the greatest wonder to myself. But "Wonders of grace to God belong." It is all wonder from beginning to end. Some of my friends seem to think that I have a peculiar warmth of manner in expressing my love to Christ. Ah! dear friends, ice itself would become fire with indignation were I not to burn and blaze whenever my dear Redeemer's name is the theme. The wonder is that I am not in the hottest hell instead of singing the praises of God. If any inquire why it is that I love so much, I refer them to the Saviour's own words, "Because he hath much forgiven." Glory, glory, glory be to the Lord. Amen. Lord keep me humble—keep me humble for Jesus' blessed sake. Thanks be to my gracious God that Jesus occupies my heart—ever there—my delight and joy. Oh yes! I can feel Him within—never absent, morning, noon, and night, and in my sleeping hours. I dream of Him, and oft do I awake with rapture from some prayer meeting or some delicious exercise of praise, so that by happy experience I exclaim, "When I awake I am still with Thee!" Blissful state!

## CHAPTER XI.

DIARY. 1842—1844.

SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY—"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN GREEK—LETTER FROM THE PRINCE OF BAROTONGA—DEDICATION OF ALBION CHAPEL, HULL—ORDINATION OF HIS SON NEWMAN—USEFULNESS TO A GENTLEMAN'S BUTLER—SIN OF ANGER—LABOURS AT HULL—WANDERING THOUGHTS—SINFUL IMAGINATIONS—THREE-SCORE AND TEN—THE LOVE OF GOD—LETTERS FROM REV. J. A. JAMES. AGE 68—70.

MARCH 14, 1842.—This day entered my sixty-ninth year and the thirtieth year of my new birth. The Lord has indeed fulfilled his word in my case—"With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation," Ps. xci. With long life, inasmuch as I have now outlived all my friends, the associates of my youth. My own time must, however, shortly come. But I have not the slightest fear. Not because of my new nature, a total change of heart, but from the impossibility of God to be unfaithful to his word. And He has said by his beloved Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall have everlasting life. By the grace of God I do believe in Christ, although I was once an infidel, and He is become the very chiefest object of my affections, with a constant hatred of all manner of sin. But this firm faith in Christ does not engender pride, as though I deserved the favour of God because of my belief. Oh, no! for I still feel my soul humbled in the dust, convinced that I deserve the lowest hell; but Christ has paid the price of his precious blood to redeem my soul from death, therefore I am his by purchase, and not through any good works if I had any. In my old age, and with plenty

of this world's goods, I am still a beggar, begging my way from earth to heaven every hour of my life. But I feel enriched by free, unmerited grace! It is my desire ever to lie at the foot of the cross with deep repentance and love towards that Divine Redeemer who ever lives and reigns in my heart. This blessed feeling has been increasing daily in my soul more than twenty years. God be praised evermore. O may my beloved wife and all my dear children enjoy the same heavenly delights, that we may all meet round the throne in blissful union to sing for ever of redeeming love. Still I am a poor sinful creature, mourning all the day long on account of a depraved disposition, although the name of Christ is so delightful to my soul. I want to be all holiness—not a particle of sin about me. "O for a heart from sin set free."

A letter from the Religious Tract Society informs me that "The Sinner's Friend" is to be printed at Athens in the Greek language. How wonderful, that where Paul made known the then unknown God, and possibly even on Mars Hill, "The Sinner's Friend," by the blessing of God, may be the means of directing some poor sinner to the cross!

MAY 2.—When the late martyr Williams was at my house, I wrote an affectionate letter to Makea, king of Rarotonga, which Mr. W. engaged to deliver to him on his return to that island; but as Mr. W. was murdered, I never expected to hear anything about my letter. To my surprise, the following letter was delivered to me this day from Makea David, son of the late king of Rarotonga, translated by Mr. Buzacott, resident missionary, as follows:

"AVARUA, RAROTONGA,  
"September 20, 1841.

"My brother beloved greatly in Jesus, J. V. Hall,

"Seen have I your letter which you wrote to Makea. He died in the month of October, 1839. He did not see your letter which you

wrote him. The manner of his death was that he died with faith in the blood of Jesus the Messiah. A bad man was he truly formerly, but afterwards did he entirely give up his heart to God. My brother, I understand that Jesus the Messiah is your rejoicing by what you have said in your writing to Makea. I also understand the little book, 'The Sinner's Friend;' a book very excellent and enlightening to read. My friend, I am delighted that such love is experienced in my time, and for the very great love of Jesus the Messiah to you and to me in this season of good the most excellent. That is all the word from

" MAKEA DAVID."

**APRIL 19.**—This morning dear Newman and self set off from Rotherham to Thorne, on our way to Hull. In the packet were several emigrants for America, to whom I spoke of the mercy of God. In the cabin I also found four dear Christians, to whom I opened my mouth for the Lord, encouraging them to put their trust in Him. At Hull we were most courteously welcomed by Sir William Lowthrop. In the evening to a prayer meeting which was being held at Mr. Stratten's chapel to implore the Divine blessing upon the new chapel to be opened on the morrow. Mr. S. astonished me by saying, "A stranger, who is now here, unknown to us personally, but well known as the author of 'The Sinner's Friend,' will I hope engage in prayer when the hymn has been sung. As soon as the service was over, about a dozen ministers and others came round me with kind shakes of the hand. O how great is the goodness of the Lord towards me! On our return we found the Rev. Dr. Raffles and Dr. Harris, who had come to officiate at the opening of Albion Chapel on the morrow.

**APRIL 20.**—**OPENING OF ALBION CHAPEL, HULL.**—The Rev. J. Stratten commenced the service by a dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Dr. Harris preached from "Thy will be done." There was breathless attention for an hour and a half. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Raffles threw open the gate of mercy wide as infinity, from "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." O it

was enough to awaken the dead, and I trust that many a soul was made glad indeed in the Lord. I had some very pleasant private conversation with Lady L. upon the mercy of God to sinners. Afterwards I spoke to the butler about the way of salvation. He said he was not a converted man but he hoped to become so. He appeared truly thankful and promised to attend to my admonition. I spoke to him a second time, urging him to seek the Lord without delay. I entreated him so warmly that he appeared deeply affected.

APRIL 22.—At Sheffield a respectable woman addressed me—"Sir, you gave a very instructing little book, 'The Sinner's Friend,' to a person here, the other day. Would you be so kind as to give one to me?" She asked with such a look of importunity that I said—"Oh, yes, and I bless God that you have asked me." I then took hold of her hand in a kind manner and said—"Do you know Jesus?" The tears started in her eyes, and she looked that she knew Him. Shaking her kindly by the hand I commended her to the blessing of the Lord, and when I got into the street I could scarcely refrain from crying aloud, "Lord, Thou art ever blessing me; and Thou knowest it is the joy of my heart ever to be praising Thee. My heart, my heart praises Thee, O God." I was quite in rapture at this very unexpected opportunity of speaking for the Lord.

APRIL 25.—Mr. W.'s butler walked with me to the railway station, which gave me the opportunity of speaking to him on the great importance of being decidedly a Christian. At the station-house I conversed with a young female on the necessity of being found in the ways of God. Gave her a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," thankful to God for the opportunity of beginning the day in his service.

APRIL 27.—Calling accidentally apparently at a hair-dresser's in Nicholas Lane, I entered into conversation with him on the mercy of God, and offered him a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," when he agreeably surprised me by saying

that I had given him a copy two years ago, when he resided in Gracechurch Street. This led to more animated conversation on the love of Christ, and he said he felt it quite a mercy that I had been led to call at his house—it had refreshed his spirits. I quitted the house praising God for so unexpected an opportunity of declaring his mercy to sinners. On presenting to a fellow-passenger a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," he clasped my arm and told me that he had something very particular to tell me about it. It had been put into his hands when he was in a sad state of sin; he took it into his garden and read it, which, through the grace of God, brought him to cry out for mercy as a poor sinner; he wept in agony, and had now been many years enjoying the service of the Lord. God be praised.

FRIDAY, JULY 8.—ORDINATION OF MY DEAR SON N.—This day my dear wife, N., and our kind friend Rev. Thomas James, went by the *Vivid* steamer to Hull. On presenting a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" to a young lady on board, how was my heart rejoiced to hear her say that it had been the instrument of the conversion of her brother. I gave two copies to two German gentlemen, in the German language, which were most politely received. At midnight I strolled upon the quarter-deck, where all was still, not a creature there save the man at the helm, when suddenly a soft sound of harmony stole upon my ear. It was the voice of praise—some children of God singing his praises at the forepart of the vessel. I listened with rapture, and silently stepping to the forecastle, I found two men and a female singing—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." It was so intensely dark that it was impossible to distinguish a single feature, but I sat myself down and united my voice with these dear unknown and almost unseen Zion travellers in singing the praises of our gracious God. We afterwards sang a verse or two of the "Evening Hymn," and then I talked to them about Jesus Christ,



with which they appeared delighted and thankful, and giving to each a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" and a hearty shake of the hand, and commending them to the blessing of God, I retired to my berth with a heart full of gratitude and joy. O how I do love to speak of and for my gracious Lord. It is the element in which I breathe and live. It was indeed truly delightful to hear the praises of God in the darkness of midnight upon the foaming sea.

JULY 13.—HULL.—This day it pleased God to allow my dear wife and self the privilege of witnessing our dear son N.'s being ordained a minister of Jesus Christ. N. had been unanimously invited by the deacons and church of Christ assembled in Albion Chapel to take upon him this important office, and this day about twelve ministers were assembled for the service. The Rev. T. James proposed the usual questions to N., whose straightforward account of the principles of his faith, and the motives which had led him to desire the office of a Christian minister awakened the deepest sympathies, and drew tears from many. I wept with gratitude to hear him declare that from a child he had been taught the way of the Lord, early instructed by his dear parents to walk in the way of holiness and truth. He spoke of his early advantages, but acknowledged that his religion was merely outward, until a circumstance aroused him seriously to seek salvation in Christ Jesus. This was simple, but made effectual by the Holy Spirit. It was a letter from a younger sister. Here again I had abundant reason to praise the Lord, that my dear children had not been taught in vain to seek the Lord. When these questions had all been answered, dear N. walked into the table pew, and kneeling down, the twelve ministers each placed a hand upon his head, invoking the blessing of God upon him, and he arose an ordained minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. Our dear pastor, the Rev. E. Jinkings, of Maidstone, gave the charge, which

concluded the important ceremony, which had continued nearly four hours.

SABBATH DAY, JULY 17.—ALBION<sup>e</sup> CHAPEL, HULL.—Dear N. commenced his arduous services as pastor. His first text was, "Brethren, pray for us," and in the evening, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Christ and Him crucified." The Lord's Supper was administered after the evening service to about eighty communicants.

JULY 19.—I embarked on board the *Vivid* steamer; there were four Wesleyan ministers on board, and when the company were assembled to tea, one of them asked the divine blessing upon our refreshment. I could not refrain from expressing my pleasure, at the same time saying that I should be very glad to have a prayer meeting in the saloon at half-past seven o'clock, when about twenty persons united in prayer and praise until half-past nine. The next morning at half-past ten we renewed this exercise for an hour.

AUGUST 6.—At Hull I had the opportunity of speaking to many persons, particularly to Sir W. L.'s butler, that he might overcome his besetting sin of intemperance and find a refuge in Jesus Christ. I took him by the hand and spoke to him tenderly till his eyes told the feelings of his heart. My son N. says in a letter from Hull:—"On Thursday last H. came to offer himself as a member for church-fellowship, and stated that it was my father who first led him to think seriously of his soul. How my heart rejoiced, for one of the first batch of new members to be my father's spiritual son." When I read this I fell down on my knees in joy and gratitude, and could only articulate with convulsive accent, "O my Lord, mercifully accept my thanks, and bless that man with establishing grace for Christ's sake, and keep me humble." What delight have I experienced in speaking for Christ in steam-boats, coaches, railways, omnibuses, and anywhere when

opportunity has occurred. It has been my highest delight to "bless the Lord at all times, and to have his praise continually in my mouth," and to say, "Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." This is the second instance of a gentleman's servant having been brought to think seriously of his soul in consequence of my admonition.

OCTOBER 20.—A servant provoked me by obstinate argument when I endeavoured to explain to him his error. I felt angry and spoke hastily. I was sorry for it and immediately fell on my knees beseeching the Lord to pardon my sin. "Set a watch before my mouth," &c. How needful this for every professor of religion!

JANUARY 4, 1843.—N. writes that one of the members admitted to church-fellowship last week attributed to reading "The Sinner's Friend" her first religious impressions. Also that he had been sent for to see a sick man who had been without any religion or hope. But a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" had been lent him, and N. found him sobbing with penitence and joy.

JOURNEY TO HULL.—MARCH 12.—In the afternoon of this Sabbath, I had the pleasure of conducting the service at Wincobank Chapel, near Sheffield. About three hundred present. I spoke for an hour—my soul all on fire. March 14.—Hull.—Arrived at Dr. Gordon's. At Dr. G.'s met ministers of the Established, the Presbyterian, and Independent churches. We heartily agreed upon the essential points of the gospel—none but Christ. How delightful to meet with sincere Christians of every denomination. March 17.—Accompanied Sir W. L. to the prison, and addressed a few words to the debtors. Afterwards addressed the female prisoners, who were also assembled in a room where Lady L. was reading to them from the Bible. March 19.—Bethel Floating Chapel.—Conducted the service on board the Floating Chapel, and spoke for about an hour to six hundred persons—sailors

and others. The ship was literally crammed. March 23.—Mrs. H., of Welton, told me that a gentleman, who was taken ill, requested particularly that she should be sent for to speak to him about a Saviour. Mrs. H. read several portions from "The Sinner's Friend," which so comforted his soul that he pressed the little book to his bosom with gratitude and shortly afterwards died. March 26.—Penitentiary.—Sir W. L. and Miss M. took me to address the inmates, twenty-six young females. Spoke tenderly to these unfortunates, many of whom wept exceedingly. I felt that I myself was far worse than any of these poor females. The Lord has saved me; why not save them? March 29.—Unceasingly alive to his mercy, I felt constrained as I walked along the streets to be continually praising the Lord. I hope it is indeed the true desire of my soul that my God may be glorified by me in every word and thought and deed, and that Christ may occupy every space of my heart to the exclusion of every kind of sin. March 30.—Enjoyed a walk of three hours with Lady L., who kindly introduced me to many exceedingly poor Christians, living in such obscure places that I was surprised she had found them out; but she was in the habit of reading and praying with them. In these visits I heard of two persons who had been brought to the Lord through "The Sinner's Friend." April 2.—Mr. B. requested me to come to his house and speak a few words to his two sons who were going to sea. Addressed the children at Albion Chapel. Sir W. L. requested me to accompany him to visit a captain of a merchantman who was ill of consumption, but not sensible of his danger. I walked home quite tired in body—not in mind—for I have reason to bless God I am never tired in his cause. All I want is a complete separation from self. April 4.—Called on a poor watchmaker at his dinner hour. Made apology to him. He said our discourse had done him more good than six dinners. April 8.—Home.—Dear Mary and self

knelt together before the Lord to thank Him for his great mercy during our absence, and for the kindnesses from the whole of our friends during our stay in Yorkshire. I had never had so delightful a relaxation from business. My dear Mary being my companion made my joy complete. Blessed be the Lord.

AUGUST 19.—THE NIGHTINGALE.—This sweet singer very seldom sends forth his dulcet notes after the month of May, but one of these little warblers has been singing several times during the last four days in our garden at Penenden Heath.

AUGUST 29.—MR. A., deeply concerned about wandering thoughts in prayer, said he had long wished to ask my opinion. I assured him that all Christians were thus annoyed more or less. Told him that it was well if such intrusion really gave us pain, because it evinced the sincerity of our desire, and that God knew our frame and pitied us, remembering that we are but dust. That it was Satan's constant endeavour thus to interrupt our communion with God, and that I myself was constantly annoyed in this manner. Mr. A. seized my hand with great warmth and thankfulness. As soon as he had departed, I knelt before the Lord with gratitude for this opportunity of directing a tender conscience to Christ for consolation.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 10.—I have for several days past been harassed, morning, noon and night, with the most detestable and abominable thoughts, so that I have almost suspected my interest in Christ and in his precious blood. And what seems the most extraordinary thing in the world, I have dwelt upon these imaginations until I have seemed to re-commit some of the sins of my youth. I prayed against them at least in word, but it did not seem to be the spirit of prayer, till this evening my heart was so deeply impressed with a sense of my ingratitude and danger that I fell on my knees in an agony of supplication, crying out (feeling myself to be amongst the lost whom Jesus

came expressly to save), "O Lord, I am the lost! the lost! but, O Jesus, Thou didst come to save the lost. Lord, I am the lost, O save me! Save me from evil thoughts, impure imaginations, detestable thoughts; O save me from these. And, O God, for the sake of the word of thy dear Son, root out of my heart everything that is evil, that my soul may rise above every sin to rejoice in Thee. Give me true repentance, true sorrow, and a happy departure from sin. O God hear me, for Christ's sake." Evil thoughts were with me at the Lord's Supper! O these cursed intrusions of the lion and the adder to a poor heaven-seeking sinner. Dec. 12.—Blessed be the Lord these thoughts have greatly subsided since my earnest cry on Sabbath morning. O how dangerous it is even to a grey-headed disciple to trifle with or look with any encouragement upon sin. I feel that I have constant reason, like David, to cry out, "Forsake me not now that I am old and grey-headed."

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A beautiful, fine, sunny, mild day—warm as April. Primroses in blossom in our garden. Thrushes singing merrily. A. bathed in the Medway.

MARCH 14, 1844.—Seventy years of age. Were it not for a correct reckoning of the past years I could scarcely believe it possible. No lassitude, no disease whatever. I may well call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless the Lord. I awoke very early this morning praising Him for preserving my health and causing me to rejoice in Christ as my all-sufficient Saviour. But in the midst of mercies, almost beyond compare, still my nature is prone to sin. I lament it deeply, with earnest cry for a truly penitent heart.

MARCH 21.—NEW PORTION FOR "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."—I was so deeply impressed with a sense of the love of God that I felt constrained to write upon it as follows:—

" 'For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' John iii. 16. Now, reader, what have you to say to

this blessed declaration, made to rich and poor throughout the whole world? What excuse would you make for not accepting this gracious assurance of mercy? Will you plead your unworthiness? There is nothing said about worthiness or unworthiness,—but it is ‘whosoever;’ therefore it is addressed to you, to you individually; and woe be to your soul if you refuse this gracious invitation. The Lord’s mercy is all of free grace, without money, without price. Arouse yourself, then, and embrace the offered pardon, embrace it while you have life, embrace it instantly, or death may cut you off from the promised blessing, even everlasting life. The writer of this portion, now grey-headed, a monument of the love of God, was once as far off from salvation as the vilest of the vile; but, before he takes his final leave of the world, he now, for the last time, as a redeemed sinner, earnestly implores his fellow-sinners to turn to the Lord, and seek Him while He may be found. Think of the love of God. Will you despise such love as this? Oh, if you reject this offered mercy, eternal misery instead of eternal life must inevitably be your doom, and not a ray of love (now offered) to soften the awful, endless gloom of hell—made more painful by the bitter reflection that you might have been saved, but would not. The Lord help you to believe. Amen. ‘O taste and see that the Lord is good,’ Psalm xxxiv. 8. The love of God, in Christ Jesus, secures redemption to all who call on his blessed name. Come, come, come and be saved.”

This is my last piece in old age. Blessed be the Lord.

MARCH 26.—This day we took possession of our new residence, and my dear Mary and self knelt together before the Lord to dedicate ourselves and our new tenement to the Lord, beseeching his blessing to accompany us in this and in every circumstance of our future life. In the evening, at our family altar, we again with our children and servants repeated the same heartfelt offering to Him.

“The Sinner’s Friend” is now adopted and published by the four largest Tract Societies in the world—the London, Paris, New York, and Lower Saxony; also in India by the Calcutta Translation Society, under the superintendence of Bishop Wilson, in various dialects. O what do I not owe to the Lord for his wonderful mercy in thus bestowing such great honour on my little work!

MAY 8.—It was again my privilege to speak to the

people in Week Street Chapel, our dear pastor being absent in London. My principal design was to urge the great importance of being one with Christ, and in every situation of life to have Him always with us. The blessed reward of being one of his sheep—eternal life. The security—never perish; “No man able to pluck them out of my hand.” Blessed security! Although I had no thought or desire to have been thus engaged, and would rather have relinquished it to any other person, yet when I was so engaged my heart was all on fire, overflowing with the most intense feeling to induce my fellow-sinners to seek a close union with our blessed Redeemer, and through Him to be one with the Father.

AUGUST 12.—This evening conducted the prayer meeting. On my way I met a man who had been a high professor, but who had fallen away in a most disgraceful manner. In him I saw what might easily have been my own case, but for the sustaining hand of God. Nothing but a constant supply of divine grace can preserve me from falling. O Lord for the honour of thy own name, keep me from all kind of sin, and make me holy for Jesus’ blessed sake.

Copy of a letter from the Rev. John Angell James :—

“ I sincerely congratulate you, and heartily bless God for the creating—new creating, preserving, sanctifying, satisfying, and every other kind of grace that has been manifested towards you in carrying you through seventy years of your earthly pilgrimage, and especially for that rich and sovereign mercy which made so willing and effective a servant of Satan a still more willing and devoted and happy servant of Christ. Dare I say so much? Dare I add the comparative term and say ‘more?’ Well, at any rate, it will apply to one of the adjectives, more happy, I am sure, if not more willing and devoted. It is delightful to hear a man of seventy years of age sing the song of grace with all the raptures of a young convert of eighteen. I wish I could borrow your voice and your harp, and raise the one and strike the other with the same ardent emotions which thrill in your soul. And yet sometimes I think I should be almost proud of my enjoyments: and you are so signally favoured that you must watch well your heart, lest, like Paul after his elevation into the third heavens



you should be in danger from 'the abundance of the revelations.' What a thought and what an expression was that—'Lest I should be exalted above measure!' So that with such hearts as ours now are, there is danger in going to heaven. So that they who live nearest to heaven need that grace which was sufficient for Paul, to enable them to walk humbly upon earth. But I am delighted, in reading over your letter again and again, to find so much evidence that you are anxious to give all the glory to Christ. This is it—this is the true impress of the cross. How much is comprehended in the Apostle's collection of monosyllables—'Yet not I, but the grace of God in me.'

"Did you ever read Erskine's sonnet on 'Strife in heaven?' in which he represents a number of the redeemed contending for the point as to which is most indebted to Divine grace. I am inclined to think you would not easily yield to any one in this respect. But you submit a case to me, and that is, Whether I think you are authorized to indulge the full assurance of hope with which you are so happily favoured? You wish to know if you are correct? Correct? How can you doubt it? Can any one who has taken Christ as his wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, be otherwise than safe? Impossible! He who accepts Christ as a whole Saviour, and rejoices as much in sanctification as in justification; who delights in salvation because Christ will be glorified by it; who thinks with peace of death because it is our way to Christ, and who exults in heaven because we shall see Christ as He is, be with Him and like Him: if that man is not safe, then there is no salvation for any one and we are yet in our sins. Go on my friend to indulge your assured hope. Long for heaven, and yet be willing to remain on earth the humble, hoping, waiting, and working servant of our Lord. I have very little to say about my poor self. I think, I dare say I am sure, I love Christ if I love anything; but I want more of what you speak of, 'the glowing, burning, blazing and increasing daily.' Oh that my cold heart (yet not quite cold neither) could but catch something of this heavenly fire. Well, we shall be all seraphs hereafter. There will be neither night nor winter in heaven. I was not a little interested on reading in the last number of the *Christian Spectator*, that one of the speakers mentioned as the two tracts he had found most useful, 'The Sinner's Friend' and 'Believe and be Saved.' Thus you see we are associated together in the service and success of our Master. I should like to come again to your cottage, but I don't know when I shall have the opportunity. I can unite in spirit, and do. Here I have the advantage of you. I can see you in your scenes of daily walking with God, though you cannot imagine me in mine. Well, come and make yourself acquainted with them," &c.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Twenty-eight years have now rolled away since the Lord mercifully shut my mouth against wine and spirituous liquor. I awoke early (at two o'clock) this morning, and instantly my hands, heart, and soul, were lifted up to heaven with grateful praises.

I strolled into the country this morning among a few cottages, when I saw an old man and woman, and I began to speak to them about Jesus. Their countenances evinced the great pleasure they felt in so dear a subject, and my soul was so excited in speaking to them that I shed tears of joy. But just at this moment an interruption took place, the objects disappeared, and I awoke. It was a dream; but one of those delightful visions with which the Lord often favours me in answer to fervent prayer. So powerful was the impression of my apparent visit to the cottages, that I felt the warm pressure of the poor old cottager's right hand grasping mine with Christian love.

NOVEMBER 21.—Letter from the Rev. John Angell James:—

“My venerable and much esteemed Friend,—I devote a few minutes to sympathise with you in all your feelings of adoring gratitude for the mercy which visited your soul, and plucked you from the hands of Satan, who once held you so fast. The Lord did this not only for your own sake, but for the sake of many others whom you have been the means, by your beautiful and simple work, of rescuing from the power of the same dreadful enemy of God and man. ‘What a miracle of divine goodness,’ I hear you exclaim, ‘am I!’ Just so, and you will utter the exclamation with tenfold more rapture in heaven, when you find yourself in the presence of the Saviour who has redeemed you, and see, bowing at your side, and singing the same song of Redemption, a goodly company whom you were the means of exalting to that state of glory. Why, to have lured one heart to love, and one voice to praise the Saviour is an honour which will never wear out nor fade throughout eternity. You talk of your letter being a kind of farewell letter, for that you are in your seventy-first year and may soon be gone. Though you should deem it almost unkind to wish you to be kept so long from your home, yet for the sake of others I do indeed desire that you may not go to heaven till you have been the instrument of sending scores of poor sinners to

that blessed state, in addition to those who are waiting on the shore to welcome you to it. Why, if you could only save one more soul, and that one only by living to the age of Methuselah, you ought to be willing to live and be kept from your glory so long as this. I am glad to find your heart so full of love to Jesus, that the winter of old age does not chill and freeze the current of this divine passion; but I am equally delighted to perceive that that love does not extinguish penitence. 'Extinguish it!' you exclaim. 'Why the more I love the more I weep.' This is as it should be. I do not understand the love and joy which outlive a sense of sin. The more assured I am that my sin is pardoned, the deeper is the sense I have of the evil of the sin that is forgiven. God says, speaking after the manner of men—'Thy sins and iniquities I will remember no more;' but if God forgets our sins that is no reason why we should. Will you believe me when I say I read your letters with shame, not for you but for myself? Oh that my heart glowed and melted like yours. I grieve over it continually. Still, I do not believe it is a mere cold, hard, unbroken stone. It is, I think, flesh, but the flesh is sadly benumbed. I want not your metallic tractors drawn over it, but the cross—the cross. I want to love more intensely. Well, the want will be fully supplied by and by. Heaven is a region of love, where it will be as easy to love as it is to live, for, indeed, love will be our life. We shall see Him as He is, and if we love Him for the report, what will be the state of our hearts when we see Him. I bless God for your watchfulness, even to the last. Yes, we need it, till our foot stands on the threshold and our hand touches the door-latch of our Father's house. I knew a minister who lived to be seventy, and then fell into sin, and who confessed that the means by which Satan gained the advantage over him was by making him proud of his reputation as a good man. What a lesson! I have never forgotten it, and have derived great service from thinking of it. 'Hold thou me up, O God, and I shall be safe.' Satan owes you and me a great grudge, as I have told you before. His whole diabolical rage and malice is set in motion by 'The Sinner's Friend' and 'The Anxious Inquirer.' He would gladly give many, many souls to bring either of us down. May the Lord disappoint him. I hope you do not forget me in your nearest approaches to the throne of grace.

"And now may the Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you. May He still help you to bear fruit not only unto, but in old age," &c.

"Keeping mercy for thousands." This new portion for "The Sinner's Friend," appeared for the first time in the

140th edition. I submitted it to the Rev. J. A. James before it was published and he wrote me as follows:—

“Your beautiful little effusion on ‘Keeping mercy for thousands’ will make an admirable addition to a work already rich in encouragement for the poor lost sinner. What an unspeakable blessing that God does not hoard mercy and grudge to part with it, as the miser does his gold, but keeps it only to spend it. Rich in mercy. Rich in that attribute which disposes Him to spend—to give. Rich in making others rich—and what millions He has enriched, and yet like the sun, which has been spending his beams for so many thousand years, is as brilliant, as full and as diffusive as ever. But the mercy of mercies is that He has had mercy on us.”

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## CHAPTER XII.

DIARY. 1845—1847.

VISIT TO HULL—DR. GORDON—CHRIST RAISING THE DEAD—SPIRITUAL DREAMS—SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST—ENCOURAGEMENT—BIGOTRY—LETTER FROM HIS SON V.—A VISIT FROM THE LORD—MADNESS—WIFE'S BIRTHDAY—HULL—THE POOR COBBLER—"THE SINNER'S FRIEND" IN ITALIAN—CÆSAR MALAN—"THE SINNER'S FRIEND" IN DUTCH AND RUSSIAN—A BACKSLIDING DEACON. AGE 71—73.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1845.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.—It was on Sabbath day, March 2, 1818, that I partook of the Lord's Supper for the first time in Week Street Chapel, having been received on the previous Friday as a member of Christ; and this day I had the great privilege to officiate as a deacon, to which office I had been unanimously elected many years ago, and the Lord has mercifully preserved me until the present day. I felt overwhelmed with gratitude, and I requested our dear minister to return thanks to the Lord publicly on my behalf.

HULL.—MARCH 24.—Walked about the docks to circulate "The Sinner's Friend." This evening a district meeting of Christian friends was held in Sir W. L.'s drawing-room. To my unspeakable gratitude five or six persons referred to "The Sinner's Friend" as having been made a blessing to their souls by directing them to the Saviour. O how merciful is the Lord to me, the very chiefest of the worst of sinners. Nobody knows how bad I have been but myself. Yet the Lord knows it all, but blessed be his name, the blood of his dear Son cleanseth from all sin—for my sins. Ah! Satan, you cannot have me while Jesus is

so dear to my soul. April 5.—Accompanied Miss M. to the Penitentiary, and addressed the poor inmates. April 11.—I took an opportunity of speaking to Dr. Gordon (quite alone) of the happiness he would feel in having Christ in his heart.. He pressed my hand, and said he knew that I had his best interest at heart. Sent fifty copies of "The Sinner's Friend" to each of the ships shortly to sail for Quebec with emigrants. May they give comfort to the poor emigrants quitting their native land for ever, and help to lead them to that land where parting is never known.

MAY 21.—In the absence of our dear pastor it was my privilege again to address the people at Week Street Chapel. My watch having stood still, I was so intent in the work of the Lord, that I detained the people till a quarter before nine o'clock, almost three-quarters of an hour beyond the usual time. I wonder they were not tired, although I was not. Subject—"Jesus raising from the dead the young man of Nain." His was a natural death. A sinner born again is as much a wonder as Lazarus raised from the dead. Not so difficult for the Saviour to raise a man from natural death, because he made no resistance; but the spiritually dead refuse the mercy of God. Yet does He, in infinite mercy, awaken dead sinners to life. This is a theme to dwell upon for ever. No wonder that when my heart was all on fire I should have kept the people upwards of an hour and a half. The Lord has indeed raised me from the dead—dead in trespasses and sin. Blessed be his holy name.

MAY 31.—Awoke this morning very early in a state of the most rapturous excitement, induced by having been engaged in speaking of the mercy of God to myself, a once abandoned sinner. I appeared to have been travelling in an omnibus, which had stopped for a few minutes at an inn in a village, where I espied an old Christian friend, with whom I immediately got into conversation upon the

love of Christ; and I was so deeply and so ardently engaged in the subject that I forgot all about time, and the omnibus went forward, leaving me behind. I awoke and found it was all a dream, but I was for a few minutes as much excited as though it had been all real. I wish to serve the Lord morning, noon, and night, that Jesus may ever occupy my heart, sleeping or awake.

JUNE 4.—It was again my privilege to conduct the Wednesday evening service. The great indignities heaped upon our gracious Redeemer had impressed it upon my heart that if sinners exercised a constant recollection of what was endured by the Son of God to secure their salvation, they would daily and hourly hate every kind of sin. Spit upon Him! Cover his face! Buffet Him! All this endured for sinners. No friend stood by Him; all had fled, although they had declared they would die with Him. O how weak are all the resolutions of human nature when left to self. Not even a murderer treated with such indignity and cruelty. May the remembrance keep us ever humble and watchful against sin.

JUNE 7.—This morning Mr. O., a perfect stranger, came to Maidstone for no other purpose than to pay me a visit. He addressed me in the most enthusiastic manner, saying that he had distributed many thousand copies of "The Sinner's Friend," and knew of the good that had been effected by its circulation, in cases almost exceeding credibility, only he knew them to be true. The Rev. J., from Tahiti, came in the evening. So that the Lord was this day pouring forth a river of delight in bringing me into close communion with his dear people. On this day we had the great pleasure of entertaining the missionaries, &c., who had come to attend the annual meeting. Our room was literally crammed. Twelve ministers among them. I was truly thankful for a house and a heart to receive the friends of my Lord.

JUNE 23.—Lady L. in a letter quotes from one from her

nephew on board the B. N. which my dear son V. commands: "We have two services every Sunday, at which the captain reads the Scripture and explains it, and we have prayer every morning." What an answer to prayer is this great thing, and what an encouragement to pray unceasingly for dear A., that he may be brought to love and serve the Lord. And why not? Can any one be so far from the Lord as I was in the days of my youth? But I had a praying mother, and her prayers for her son have been abundantly answered, and why should I for a moment distrust the same God, who has put it into my heart to pray most earnestly for my children? Oh, no! I will not doubt his goodness. My Arthur will assuredly be brought to love and serve the Lord, together with my other dear children, that we may all surround the throne of glory to sing of endless love. The Lord grant it for Christ's dear sake. Amen.

AUGUST 13.—When I was last at Hull I had repeated conversations with Mr. B. Since my return home I have written him upon the importance of seeking an interest in Christ. Mr. B. has replied to these letters expressing anxiety, doubt, and fear. In reply I wrote Mr. B. :—

"Happy am I to assure you that Jesus is not only willing to receive you, but that He absolutely waits your approach to his footstool that He may bless you with his love. He has shed his blood to atone for all your sins, whatever may have been their nature or their number—*all, all* blotted out for ever. You have nothing then to fear, for He has said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out; for it is the will of Him that sent me, that *every one* who seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' If I have not the wisdom of the learned, I hope I do know something of the mercy of God to poor sinners, and also of his yearning after them to do them good, for 'He *so* loved the world,' &c. If it had not been so I should have been lost for ever, but 'He sent from above, He took me, and drew me out of many waters, and delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling,' raising me up as a monument of *mercy* and as an encouragement also to others who should hereafter



believe. And as I feel persuaded that none can possibly be shut out who come to God by Jesus Christ, and also that none can be found on earth who have sinned more deeply than myself, so I feel warranted to declare that it is impossible for a penitent soul to be lost (coming to Christ) as it is impossible for God to cease to exist."

AUGUST 19.—**AWFUL BIGOTRY.**—This morning in conversation with Mr. W. upon the prejudice against dissenters, Mr. W. who is a member of the church of England, told me that the Rev. D. G. said to Mr. W. himself that if he were dying he would sooner have prayers read to him by a profligate clergyman than he would by a pious dissenter. Oh, most horrible delusion! and yet Mr. G. is said to preach the gospel. The Lord have mercy upon him, and change his heart that his eyes may be opened to see that ordained ministers are not always ministers of Christ. See the following dreadful case. \* \* \* \* Would Mr. G. hear prayer by such a wretched ordained minister?

AUGUST 19.—Received the following letter from dear V. :—

" B— N—, *March 14, 1845,*

" Lat. 38 S., Long. 62 E.

" MY EVER DEAR FATHER,

" Though not near enough personally to wish you many returns of the day, yet I do so in my heart, and I pray that you may be spared to us all for many years to come, that we may have yet for a season the benefit of your bright, cheering, and consistent example, and rejoice still in receiving your ever-warm welcome to our unbroken though somewhat scattered circle. With an almost childlike simplicity I find myself unconsciously turning to the locality where my honoured and beloved parents dwell as my home. Many would censure my feeling thus, as unbecoming; but I am proud of retaining the ardent recollection of the home whence, for so many years, I drew all my happiness, and learnt all the good I ever did learn. I am happy to bear testimony that all my evil ways were learned elsewhere. I know not by what sweet magic, by what exquisite skill (perhaps it be the exuberance of affection) that such charm has been thrown over our home, but it is a happy thing that it is, and has been so, and now there seems to me no greater earthly joy than that of gathering for a time round our dear father's hearth, for there

is still the kindly spell of the smiling eye and the loving tone, and the heart ever ready to sympathize with one's troubles or rejoicings. To me, who have led so unsettled a life, and never can feel settled by the nature of my occupation, my reveries of home have perhaps an extra and peculiar charm. Thoughts of bygone years and quiet happiness recur, and abandoning myself to the alluring abstraction, I awake, as it were, from a dream after a time, and wonder where I have been. How delighted I should be if it were permitted to us all to meet once, and dear S., around the paternal hearth, and to worship at the paternal altar, and feel we have one common God and Saviour."

AUGUST 26.—Anniversary of our wedding-day, completing thirty-nine years united to my beloved Mary—more beloved than ever. But oh! how my heart aches at the remembrance of the pain I have occasioned her to feel, and oh! how my soul mourns at the recollection of my sins against a holy God. The very mercies of God made me quite miserable, because they were so greatly undeserved. I was indeed and always am truly sorry for my sin, but I have implicit confidence in the blood of Christ to atone for all my guilt, although of the deepest die.

A VISIT FROM THE LORD.—AUGUST 28.—My dear wife had arisen very early this morning to take a pair of shoes to a poor woman who was going to trudge to B. When she quitted the chamber I was led to think gratefully of the mercy of God in having given me such a dear wife, whose heart was disposed to acts of benevolence for the Lord's sake. This led me to think of my own sinfulness. Tears involuntarily gushed forth, and I called upon the Lord with sincere sorrow of heart to forgive my sins. I put my hand upon my heart, entreating my gracious Saviour to take full possession there. I felt as though He were really there, and in the strong emotion of soul-felt repentance I exclaimed, "Yes, dear Jesus, dear Jesus, here live, here reign." Tears of joy were intermingled with sorrow—joy that I did indeed sorrow for sin. These few (too few) moments were indeed precious; and whilst tears

ran down my cheeks, my heart overflowed with love. Tears of sorrow, precious token of a Saviour's love. Such visits when they do come are precious indeed, and to be remembered with gratitude which cannot be expressed, and which can only be understood by one who has been redeemed as I have been, by blood divine.

AUGUST 30.—Mr. G. gratified me with the very pleasing intelligence that he had visited a Jewess on her dying bed and that she died a Christian. The little book, "The Sinner's Friend" was lying near her, and had by the Lord's great goodness been made a blessing to her soul.

I had heard that one of the Misses P. was a pious woman, but I did not know which; therefore, when I entered the library and saw a lady, I said, "I am not sure that you are the Miss P. I am in search of, but I mean the one that is pious." Miss P. immediately replied, "O you must mean my sister, I will lead you to her. She is in her chamber." "But," I said, "why are you not pious?" Miss P. became agitated, and the tears stood in her eyes, whilst she emphatically acknowledged she ought to be so. I took her hand and exhorted her to seek the Lord, as the only way to true happiness and peace. She was deeply affected, and thanked me warmly.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Astonishing that such a wretch as I was should be permitted to speak for Christ. But the ways of God are not our ways, and He in infinite mercy first grants conversion to the most unlikely (like Saul of Tarsus), and then bestows upon them a commission, saying, "Feed my sheep." Marvellous! When I was a gay, dissipated youth, wallowing in sin, with about a dozen hell-deserving companions, spending the Sabbath in taverns, making a mock of religion, if any one had hinted at the bare possibility that my (then blaspheming) tongue would one day be employed in the praises of God, I should have enjoined them to procure a strait-waistcoat and send me to a mad-house the moment they saw the least sign of such a change

coming upon me. But blessed be God, I have lived to hear the charge of madness brought against me for no other cause than the love I now bear to the Lord Jesus; and if this be madness, I wish it to continue and increase even to raving. One of my old bottle companions once accused me of having become quite mad in my religious opinions. I replied, "I only wish that God would make you as mad as you think me to be. But I did not make myself mad (as you call it), and if I could but inoculate you with the same madness by biting you like a mad dog, I'd grip you to the very bone that you might go raving." Ah! blessed Lord! this is a madness that brings a man to his senses, and leads him to exclaim with holy ardour, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for I know it to be, by happy experience, the power of God unto salvation." What a wonderful thing is changing grace! "All things new." The air we breathe, the bread we eat, the water we drink, and every comfort around us, all, all have a different aspect, a different relish to what they had before. Ah, we never truly live until we live to God. The change is truly as great as from darkness into light—hell into heaven. "But," says the sceptic, "where is the proof?" To such an one I would say, "Look at yonder wretched object, prostrate on the ground, covered with filth, frightful to behold, his eyes glaring, and cheeks bloated with intoxication. Hear those dreadful oaths and curses at every word belching from his stammering lips. Look at the wretch—lost!—a very beast. Appalling sight! Turn from the loathsome object, and enter yon temple of the Lord, and there behold the striking contrast. An aged pilgrim presiding at a prayer-meeting, giving out the hymns with a pathos and solemnity that bespeak a heart full of adoration, thanksgiving, and love to the Redeemer. Listen to the glowing effusion of his soul in prayer—all on fire for God—confessing the enormity of his past sins, yet humbly exulting and glorying in the sanctifying influences

of the Holy Spirit to prepare his heart for the reception of the ever blessed Son of God, that He may there ever live and reign, a million, million times welcome guest—the joy of his soul, the daily increasing delight of his life. But who is this aged pilgrim, with silvered hair, so full of heavenly fire? Who is he? Listen, O earth, and you ye angels of God, who rejoice over a penitent sinner turned from the error of his ways! Listen ye angels, listen! Who is he? Why, the aged silvery-haired pilgrim is no other than the once poor blaspheming rebel whom you saw prostrate on the ground, in all the horrors of intoxication, covered with filth! Yes, praise to the tender mercy of God, this is the very wretch whom Jesus saw weltering in his blood, bade him live as the lost whom He came to save, and then put on him a new robe, and made him the author of “The Sinner’s Friend.” Is anything too hard for the Lord? This is the proof of the power of changing grace. Merciful God! O God of wonders! Well may this poor man sing—

“Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I’ll raise,  
But oh! eternity’s too short  
To utter all Thy praise.”

Is it any wonder then that when I speak of Christ I am all in a blaze? Why the very stones would rise up against me were I to be silent one single moment. The Lord Jesus is always in my thoughts, my heart, my tongue, and I can no more help or cease speaking of Him than I can live without breathing.

OCTOBER 10.—The natural birthday of my dear, dear wife—dearer than ever—dearer than when she completed her nineteenth year as my wife. Now she has lived to see the returns of her birthday forty times since we have been united in the bonds of increasing love—a numerous offspring, and our children’s children, with mercies on every side. O what reason to call upon our souls and every

power within us to bless and praise the Lord. We had a happy family party. After dinner we united heart and voice in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." After tea we repeated hymns, and I took the opportunity to address my dear children, entreating them to make the Lord their trust, and then they would find Him to be as kind to them as He had been to their father. When I am dead and gone perhaps they will think of this. O may the Lord fix it upon their souls.

NOVEMBER 27.—This day presented the stereotype plates of the Irish edition of "The Sinner's Friend" to the Tract Society, Dublin, and gave them permission to publish it in their own name. Sent them with prayer.

DECEMBER 9.—This day I presented the stereotype plates of the Welsh edition of "The Sinner's Friend" to Messrs. P., Booksellers, Chester. Sent them with earnest prayer.

JANUARY 24, 1846.—Sixty years ago, on this 24th January, 1786, I was conducted by the hand of the Lord into the house where I have for thirty-two years been the principal director, and where I am now making this entry, in possession of perfect bodily health, my soul rejoicing in and panting after God.

MARCH 27.—In Wesley's Hymn Book, hymn 433, verse 4:—

"My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,  
 Into thy blessed hands receive;  
 And let me live to preach thy word,  
 And let me to thy glory live;  
 My every sacred moment spend  
 In publishing THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

It is my soul's sincere desire to fulfil the above verse to its utmost extent.

HULL, APRIL 9.—I went on board the emigrant ship *Amazon*. The captain a truly pious man. We were warm friends in a moment, and walked up and down the quarter-deck praising God. My heart was filled with thanksgiving.

I gave Captain P. 120 copies of "The Sinner's Friend" for the emigrants. Visited four young persons, all dying of consumption, but each looking to the Redeemer for salvation. It was a pleasing although a solemn sight to see four persons in the bloom of life all struck with the arrow of death, but without the sting. April 12.—This day I had the privilege of reading the word of God and speaking to the unhappy inmates in the penitentiary. April 18.—Arrived at my own home, and instantly ran up into my bed-chamber and knelt before the Lord with thankfulness for preserving mercies in my going out and coming in, during which I had enjoyed many happy opportunities of circulating very many copies of "The Sinner's Friend" and speaking for the Lord.

JUNE 29.—Received twelve copies of "The Sinner's Friend" printed at Brussels in the French language. Praised be the Lord for his tender mercy in putting it into the hearts of the Brussels Tract Society. The Rev. Dr. Pinkerton has published at Frankfort 5,000 copies in the German language.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Thomas B., a poor cobbler, had lately signed the teetotal pledge. I had frequently exhorted him to give up strong drink, and had given him a copy of "The Sinner's Friend." This morning I found him very steadily at work. I took his hand affectionately, telling him that I felt deeply interested for his happiness. On questioning him respecting his rent, it appeared that he was about ten weeks behind in payment. I told him that I wished his mind to be at perfect ease, that he might have nothing to annoy him in his resistance to former evil habits; therefore, I would lend him a sovereign. The poor man was quite overcome, and when I placed the money on the table, I saw him brush away a tear from his manly eye whilst he attempted to thank me. He gave me his hand, but could scarcely give utterance to his feelings. Again I endeavoured to impress upon his mind that the good of his

soul was my principal aim, and I left him with thankfulness for this opportunity of endeavouring to lead a soul to heaven. O when I can but speak for Christ, it is indeed the rejoicing of my heart. Am I not his? Has He not purchased me with his precious blood? Does He not always reside in my heart?

SEPTEMBER 26.—Called on the cobbler. Found him mending a shoe. He had not tasted strong drink for three weeks. Had found the struggle hard, but had prayed continually for divine aid. Belongs to a benefit club, to which he went (as a member) a few nights ago, but drank only a bottle of ginger beer. His companions tried hard to induce him to drink ale or porter, but he stood firm and took neither. I endeavoured to encourage him to press forward, calling upon God. We then knelt before the Lord in supplication that the poor man might gain the victory. Told him that I would never leave him, for I believed that God had mercifully made use of me as his instrument to him for good. B. told me that he had been well brought up, but had reduced himself by intemperance. That his father had been three times mayor of Yarmouth. I urged upon him to go to some place of worship on the morrow. He for a moment hesitated, and then said it was his wish to do so, but that by his folly he had parted with a good suit of clothes, pledged at a pawnbroker's, to indulge in strong drink. He went upstairs and brought me the pawnbroker's duplicate for thirty shillings, for a suit of clothes, almost new. As I believed this man to be perfectly sincere, I lent him thirty-five shillings to pay principal and interest. He was quite overcome. He pressed my hand, and said he would be sure to repay me. I believe it.

OCTOBER 3.—Called on B., the cobbler, and found him steady and happy. He was at Week Street Chapel last Sabbath evening, so nicely dressed and clean that I could scarcely believe he was the same man I had met intoxicated in the street. I warned him not to be too confident, but



to be humble and prayerful. Told him that I looked upon him as my child, and, therefore, I should nurse him with great care. The Lord preserve him for Christ's sake.

OCTOBER 16.—Called on poor B. He has never returned to strong drink. He is now free from embarrassment, and has got a nice stock of leather and plenty of work. My prayers are daily offered to the Lord on his behalf. On his way to the chapel an old companion endeavoured to entice him into a public house, but in vain. The angel of the Lord protected him.

T. B. went to London on Saturday and returned on Monday, not having taken a drop of any intoxicating liquor. He there met with an old companion who had been an intemperate man, but had taken the pledge about four years ago; and during the time of his abstaining from strong drink he had become possessed of three carts, a horse, and nine pounds in cash—all saved from the fire. But unhappily he had relapsed into his former evil course of intemperance, and when T. B. saw him he was in a state of destitution, having spent all his money; and to add to his vexation, he saw the comfortable and very different circumstances of T. B., all arising from temperance. T. B. reasoned so strongly with him, that the poor fellow resolved to take the pledge once more, which T. B. had the happiness to see him sign the same day, with a hope of regaining peace and plenty once again, encouraged by the example of his former companion, now relieved from that bitter enemy intemperance. T. B. expresses a desire to be religious in addition to teetotalism.

DECEMBER.—Lady L. gave a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" to a poor old Christian at Scarborough, who opens a gate for visitors during the summer. On the fair-day, kept at Scarborough, a stranger called at the poor man's cottage for shelter from the rain. The poor cottager read "The Sinner's Friend," and talked to his visitor of sin and salvation; and instead of going to the fair he went home

to pray, and is now a member of the Church of Christ. Blessed be the Lord.

MARCH 20, 1847.—This day the Tract Society published a new edition of "The Sinner's Friend," in Italian, and I received the first copy. I took it into my hand, and on my knees entreated the Lord to accept and accompany it with his blessing for Christ's sake.

DEATH OF COL. H.—EDINBURGH.—This dear redeemed sinner passed from earth to heaven March 6. He had maintained the Christian conflict nine years, giving a bright evidence to all around of the great change which had been effected in his soul—once a profane swearer turned to a man of fervent prayer—ever praising God. He told the Rev. J. B., that "The Sinner's Friend" had been the saving of his soul by directing him to Christ, the sinner's true Friend.

JUNE 24.—This evening we had a most delightful prayer-meeting in our house of about forty. We esteemed it a great mercy to be allowed and disposed to open a place in our house for prayer. O what especial mercy to hear M. and S. pour out their hearts in praise and prayer—two men who, five years ago, were drunkards and most profane blasphemers. But these dear men were not so depraved as J. V. H., yet the Lord has made him a praying man for the last thirty years.

My dear son N. visited Dr. Malan, of Geneva, at his own residence on the 16th of August. He took a letter and a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" from me. He describes his visit in the following words:—

"On entering the enclosure we saw through an open window a comfortable party at tea, one an old man with grey hairs in curly luxuriance flowing over his shoulders. On our entering the door he came forward, and without asking my business, introduction, or anything else, drew us both to the table and made us sit down. I said to him, 'But you don't know who I am;' to which the doctor replied, 'O, but I know if you did not love Jesus you would not take the trouble to come and see me.' Dr. M. opened out at once;

lamented that Christians talked so little of Christ. They talked of themselves and their feelings more than of Jesus. He said that English Christians put happiness in the wrong order. They said—'Believe, be holy, be happy.' But it should be—'Believe, be happy, be holy.' As soon as a sinner trusts in Jesus he should rejoice and this will help him to become holy. I gave another copy of 'The Sinner's Friend' to a monk at the Hospice on Mount St. Bernard, saying, that although he was a Catholic and I a Protestant, the Saviour was the same, whose merits that little book sought to proclaim. He took it politely. Who can tell? It may one day be the means of warming his heart up there in the continual winter."

SEPTEMBER 7.—This day I most unexpectedly received a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" in the Dutch language. On my knees I presented the copy before the Lord. I was quite overwhelmed by such an unexpected favour, as I had not known of "The Sinner's Friend" having been translated into the Dutch language.

OCTOBER 21.—This morning I received from St. Petersburg copies of two editions of "The Sinner's Friend," in two different languages spoken in the Russian empire. I was quite overwhelmed with gratitude that it has pleased God in infinite mercy to clear the way for the circulation of "The Sinner's Friend" in Russia. I immediately on my knees presented the copies to the Lord, earnestly praying that his blessing may accompany every copy circulated in Russia.

A Glasgow paper says: "On Wednesday morning, when the colliers proceeded to their work in a pit in the immediate precincts of Airdrie, they found lying at the bottom the mangled bodies of three young men. The deceased were tradesmen belonging to Calder Bank, and had been drinking deep in Airdrie on the preceding night. There is little reason to doubt that they had wandered and stumbled down the pit by accident." Why not the fate of J. V. Hall? He wandered amongst the coal-pits in a state of blind intoxication, on a dark night (March 12, 1811), but was preserved by Almighty love, and spared to be the author and compiler of "The Sinner's Friend."

NOVEMBER 22.—A MELANCHOLY BACKSLIDER.—A deacon of several years' standing and respectability, of Salem \* \* \*, lately expelled for drunkenness. None, no not one, safe, but as upheld by the Lord. I wrote the poor fellow-deacon the following letter :—

*" November 22, 1847.*

*" MY DEAR FALLEN BROTHER,—*

*" May God in tender mercy help you to rise again. Satan has miserably deceived you, and tumbled you to the very lowest depths. But wounded as you have been, he cannot prevent your return to the Lord, who only waits to hear your cry for pardon with contrite spirit, and then He will instantly stretch forth his hand of mercy, and raise you up once again. But you must not delay a single moment, nor stay to make yourself better. Your case is not worse than poor Peter's was. He had just partaken of the Lord's Supper, declaring that his love for the Saviour was so great, so strong, that although the other eleven disciples might possibly forsake the Lord, yet he would never be so great a coward—Oh, no, he would follow Him even unto death. Yet in less than twelve hours, he swore that he never knew the Lord. But he repented of this dreadful apostacy, and was instantly forgiven. And so it will be with you, my poor brother, for He never 'breaks the bruised reed.' Arouse yourself then, instantly, and cry for pardon. Plead the Saviour's blood—an unfailing plea. You cannot be refused. No, not if your sins had been a thousand times worse than they have already been. Arise and trust in the Lord, and the He will heal your soul, and make you a more humble, and then a more careful follower of Christ than ever—a monument of divine love. The Lord bless you with strength and faith to trust in Him, for Christ's sake. The writer is intimately acquainted with a person who was once in the same state as yourself, and had been, and is again, a member of the Church. Take courage then, my poor brother, and go instantly to the Lord. Jesus shed his precious blood to expiate all your guilt. Never taste a drop of strong drink of any description from the present moment until death shall place you beyond its poisonous power. Do this, and you will be again a happy man—respected and beloved of all who love our blessed Lord. May the Lord accompany this letter (written in Christian love) with his blessing, for Jesus' blessed sake. Amen. Yours, with most affectionate sympathy and solicitude, once a backslider, but now and for many years, through infinite mercy,*

*" A DEACON IN THE FOLD OF GOD."*

## CHAPTER XIII.

DIARY. 1848—1852.

**"COME TO JESUS"—THE WEDDING AND THE FUNERAL—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF DAUGHTER—CONVERSIONS BY "SINNER'S FRIEND"—HASTY TEMPER—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF DR. GORDON—RUSH THE MURDERER—B. THE COBBLER—SPANISH GIANT—BISHOP OF C.—CONVERSION OF HIS SON A.—SCOTT'S COMMENTARY—SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY—ENDANGERED EYE-SIGHT—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—HEART'S DESIRE—WELL-STORED MEMORY. AGE 74—79.**

MARCH 14, 1848.—I enter my seventy-fifth year in perfect bodily health, my soul panting for the living God. I rely solely on the atonement of Christ for acceptance with God, and for the pardon of all my dreadful sins. Blessed be the Lord, He hath given me plenty of this world's goods, more than enough, to which he has bountifully added a bank-note of eternal life. "None shall pluck you out of my hands." O marvellous mercy!

APRIL 8.—A present of a remarkably neat pair of shoes from the cobbler, accompanied with an affectionate note. This redeemed shoemaker has long walked in a course of strict sobriety.

MAY 9.—"COME TO JESUS."—This little work was published this day. The production of my dear son N. I took several in my hand, and on my knees held them up before the Lord, entreating his blessing to accompany them in the same successful manner as "The Sinner's Friend." O what mercy that father and son are each engaged in calling sinners to the Saviour.

MAY 16.—CONTEMPT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.—This day J. G., Esq., passed me within a yard with the utmost contempt.

We were schoolfellows when I was twelve years of age, and had always been good friends until the day in which I wrote him about the salvation of his soul, and presented him with a copy of "The Sinner's Friend." From that day he ceased to speak to me. May the Lord have mercy upon him. Poor fellow! O what an object of pity!

COMFORT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.—The Lord has always a remedy for any ill which his children may be made to feel. This day the Rev. P. cheered me with the intelligence that "The Sinner's Friend" had been a source of comfort to his son in his dying hours.

MAY 26.—This day I had the blessing of giving the fifty thousandth (gratuitous) copy of "The Sinner's Friend" to a poor shoemaker. What infinite mercy to have been thus spared in life, and to have had the power, the means, and the will to disperse these messengers of mercy gratuitously, in addition to many thousands for which I obtained the money from pious Christians by begging the same for the sake of my dear Redeemer.

MAY 31.—Gave a "Sinner's Friend" to a gentleman who put out his hand in the kindest manner and with a pleasing smile said, "Although I am a Jew, yet I am pleased to see you are endeavouring to do good, and I admire your motive." He said he knew several excellent Christians abroad, and he highly esteemed them. He shook me most kindly by the hand.

JULY 6.—Funeral of Mrs. G. A. attended by many friends who had witnessed the happiness of her bridal day, not quite ten months ago, when she shone in all the hilarity of youth and prospect of happiness for many years to come. What a dream is human life, and the dead how soon forgotten! But they who die in Christ are remembered ever—registered in the book of God. Mrs. G. A. left an infant son—never to know his mother—the key to her tomb. My dear wife and self were of the wedding party. We are spared to each other after a happy union

of more than forty years. How good and merciful has been the Lord to us!

JUNE 22.—This day the horses in a van which had been engaged to remove some furniture took fright and started off at full gallop along the narrow lane leading from Loose to Maidstone, clearing everything in the way until their progress was arrested in the High Street. Within a minute of their approach to a precipitous hill at Tovil, our dear daughter M. had ascended the hill in her pony chaise, and perceiving the rapid approach of the van, without a driver, she was blest with presence of mind to draw off instantly to a vacant space, whilst the tottering vehicle rolling from side to side, rushed past her with frightful velocity, leaving a vivid impression of a most merciful deliverance from destruction, for had she been one minute sower, or one minute later, she would probably have been overwhelmed in the centre of the hill or crushed in the narrow road leading thereto. It was the hand of a watchful Providence.

JULY 19.—A few nights since in my dream, I was in the city of Worcester, in the shop wherein I once resided. I begged permission to go behind the counter, to the very spot where the Lord first met me, and (on March 14, 1812) told me that if I would forsake my sins they should be forgiven me. I fell on my knees, and in an agony of gratitude poured forth my soul with tears—overcome by the immensity of the goodness of God in having preserved me thirty years from my besetting sin. I explained all this to the person in the shop, and was so deeply excited by the intensity of my feelings that I awoke in the greatest agitation. All appeared to be real, and it was nearly half an hour before I became placid as usual. The same dream was repeated two nights afterwards. O how my soul expands in praises to God. He has indeed done great things for me, and I am truly glad.

CONVERSION OF A MURDERER—MARK SHERWOOD.—The

Rev. C. H. writes thus:—"About three years ago, when I visited at the jail of Newcastle, a wretched man was awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife. I put into his hand 'The Sinner's Friend.' He read it (he told me) over and over. The chaplain had every hope that he was savingly converted. He died with 'The Sinner's Friend' in his hand. It was taken out of his grasp after his body was removed from the scaffold." All praises to the Lord. Amen.

A poor old Greenwich pensioner applied at a bookseller's shop in London for a copy of "The Sinner's Friend;" and when he had procured it, he expressed an intensity of pleasure in having ever met with that little work. A copy given him had been the means, under the blessing of God, of leading him to see the sinfulness of his course, and directing him to the Saviour. This incident was communicated to me by Mr. C., who happened to be in the shop when the pensioner made his purchase.

AUGUST 20.—THE SABBATH DAY.—A HASTY TEMPER.—I was very unhappy, because I had been suddenly betrayed last evening into a bad temper, and spoke hastily to dear A. It made me wretched during the night. Apologized to A. this morning. I was very sorry, not only that I had been unkind to A., but that I had grieved the Spirit of God. I prayed the Lord to pardon me and make me more watchful in future.

OCTOBER 10.—MY DEAR WIFE'S BIRTHDAY.—Dearer to my heart than ever. We have warmly loved each other forty-four years, blessed with an offspring of fourteen children, six of whom have passed away in infancy, and eight are now continued to us, our joy and anxiety in our old age. O may the Lord make them all his children by adoption and grace. And O may Christ live and reign in all their hearts and in our hearts, and may our love for Him far exceed all the love we have so long enjoyed for each other, that when time shall be no more we may be with Christ for ever.



NOVEMBER 2.—DR. GORDON, HULL.—A letter from N., with intelligence of increasing illness of this excellent man—this kind and generous friend, suffering excruciating inward pain, which he tries to conceal from his friends, but all in vain. He is reduced to a skeleton, yet patient in the extreme.

NOVEMBER 14.—KENT AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY. ANNUAL MEETING. COURT HALL, MAIDSTONE.—Whilst presiding at this meeting I put up a silent prayer to the Lord to accept my thanks for the great honour bestowed upon me, entreating Him to keep me humble, that I might not be lifted up with pride. O the blessed change, that I who once in the very same room, in the days of my youth, had sported in the giddy dance—the most conceited coxcomb upon earth—and had mingled also in convivial drinking parties under the very same roof—that I should be now presiding at a Bible meeting—praising God. O it was a great change indeed.

DECEMBER 7.—“The Wonderful Escape,” my speech at Exeter Hall, May 1836.—This day received a letter from Mr. H. of the New York Tract Society, stating that they had printed 322,267 copies of that speech. Who would ever have ventured to conjecture it?

JANUARY 22, 1849.—Wrote dear Dr. Gordon a long note of gratitude and praise for the mercy of the Lord towards him, and encouraged him to trust implicitly for the continuance of grace until the end.

Sent two copies of “The Sinner’s Friend” to the Queen and the Prince. Reply from the Secretary of the Privy Purse:—

“BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *January 16, 1849.*

“Sir,—I am directed to express to you the Queen’s and the Prince’s thanks for the copies of your tract, which Her Majesty and His Royal Highness have most graciously received. You must allow me, sir, to bear my humble testimony to the practical usefulness of your little work, several cases of which have come under my own personal observation. There is no tract which I have more pleasure in

distributing than that whose title and text refer to 'The Sinner's Friend.'—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant," &c.

**JANUARY 30.**—Dr. Gordon still lingers on earth, rejoicing with ecstasy in redeeming love. His new birth has unlocked his heart and loosened his tongue, so that he is now full of rapture in speaking boldly of Christ. He preaches the gospel affectionately to every one who visits him, and openly tells what great things the Lord hath done for him. He is indeed "a wonder to many," but especially to those about his bed, who have long been the followers of our gracious Lord and Saviour. He is sinking gradually to the tomb, awaiting the approach of death without a particle of fear, but rather rejoicing in the prospect before him. He is lovely in his meekness and temper—confessing himself a sinner with implicit confidence in the righteousness of Christ alone for the salvation of his soul. His sayings are of the most exquisite kind—so genuine, so truly the teaching of the Holy Spirit as to preclude every doubt of his acceptance with God.

**FEBRUARY 3.**—**JOURNEY TO HULL.**—We were very soon at the bedside of the dying saint. But what a meeting! No language can possibly describe it. The joy of Dr. Gordon surpassed all imagination. His look of love spake unutterable things whilst he told us the great things Christ had done for him. We remained with him till near midnight. His testimony of what Christ had done for his soul was of the most thrilling description. The beautiful hymn, "There is a happy land," was sung in his chamber by his wish, and I was requested to offer prayer. My heart was full. It was the gate of heaven.

**SABBATH, FEBRUARY 4.**—Dr. G. much worse this morning. We came to Hull just in time. N.'s text, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Had some delightful conversation with dear Dr. G. He wished me continually to speak of Christ as he was never tired of

inward. He kept his hand in mine with warm pressure of affection. It was worth a thousand journeys of two hundred miles to see and hear him—so splendid a monument of redeeming love. Told him how great pleasure I received from speaking of him of Christ because he now understood ~~me~~ ~~that~~ he now knew experimentally the love of God. Dr. G. is the most interesting evidence of the power and love of God I ever beheld. In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was administered in his room. The hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," was sung. O what a dying scene! May my latter end be like his.

FEBRUARY 6.—My dear wife sat up all last night watching with his family around the bed of our suffering friend. He talked considerably during the day, and saw several of his friends, to all of whom he spoke most enthusiastically of what the Lord had done for his soul, entreating them to seek Christ. This subject seemed to engross every ~~energy~~ ~~of~~ his mind—his countenance beaming with delight.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7.—Dr. G.'s last day—a day of the most intense interest. All were now aware that the end was approaching. About three hours before his death a friend called to bid farewell, and seeing her bending over the bed, he directed a chair to be placed near her to prevent ~~the~~ ~~her~~ ~~from~~ ~~falling~~. Himself perceiving his end to be near, he made a motion for all present to give him a last kiss, and as his face was bedewed with cold perspiration, he delicately wiped his eyes himself. Nothing could exceed his politeness to the very last. He asked for a passage in Revelation ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~army~~ ~~clothed~~ ~~in~~ ~~white~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~repeated~~. Since ~~the~~ ~~eye~~ ~~was~~ ~~now~~ ~~fixed~~ ~~upon~~ ~~him~~ ~~watching~~ ~~every~~ ~~breath~~. Now ~~at~~ ~~all~~ ~~in~~ ~~tears~~, yet rejoicing at the salvation of a ~~man~~ ~~who~~ ~~was~~ ~~brought~~ ~~by~~ ~~sovereign~~ ~~grace~~ ~~to~~ ~~trust~~ ~~in~~ ~~Jesus~~. Women ~~could~~ ~~so~~ ~~behold~~ ~~his~~ ~~sweet~~ ~~countenance~~—so peaceful, so ~~rejoicing~~ ~~so~~ ~~fully~~ ~~the~~ ~~redeemed~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Lord~~. Nothing ~~and~~ ~~possibly~~ ~~exceed~~ ~~the~~ ~~bliss~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~glorious~~ ~~scene~~—~~the~~ ~~certainty~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~salvation~~ ~~of~~ ~~our~~ ~~dying~~

friend. I saw him enter the gates of paradise. Christ was there. Angels were there. All heaven rung with joy at his entrance into that blest abode.\*

SABBATH, MARCH 11.—Harassed with evil thoughts in the house of God. Painful in the extreme; obliged to forget I was present there, and fixed my heart in earnest prayer to be rid of these frightful pollutions. God be merciful to me a sinner of the vilest degree. O my dreadful sins! No penitence could cleanse, no sorrow heal, nothing less than the blood of Christ could possibly atone for such enormous guilt. But blessed be God this precious blood does amply atone! The more I reflect on the mercy of God the more I love Him, and this very love makes sin more and more hateful.

APRIL 7.—Wrote to Rush, the murderer, urging him to repentance, with a copy of "The Sinner's Friend." April 19.—Mr. F. writes: "I believe Rush has seen 'The Sinner's Friend,' and made it an occasion for displaying the hardness of his heart. Nothing can be conceived more hardened than his present state. We are driven to the only available resource—prayer."

MAY 2.—PLEASING INCIDENT.—"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it again after many days." This day Mrs. A. addressed me as follows: "About six years ago, sir, you were travelling with me in an omnibus when you gave the passengers copies of 'The Sinner's Friend.' On reading the words, 'Sinner! this little book is for you,' I felt offended, because I then thought myself to be a Christian, but on reading the little book I discovered my mistake, which led me to seek the kingdom of God in right earnest, and ultimately to unite myself with the church of Christ." On my knees I returned thanks to the Lord for this new instance of his mercy. What

\* For a full description of the last days of Dr. Gordon see the Memoir, by his son-in-law, entitled "The Christian Philosopher triumphing over Death."

encouragement to sow the seed of the kingdom of heaven on every opportunity. The person above alluded to was quite a stranger, I was not aware that I had ever seen her before the present day.

ANOTHER GRATIFYING INCIDENT.—“The Christian’s Penny Magazine” speaks of a clergyman’s daughter leaving a copy of “The Sinner’s Friend” with a poor woman quite averse to good things, and unwilling to receive kind advice. The lady called again, and to her surprise and delight the poor woman burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming—“O, ma’am, that tract you left me has made me so unhappy.” The lady read to this poor woman some of the many promises of Scripture. At last a ray of heavenly light burst upon her soul, and in a few weeks she died rejoicing in redeeming love. Blessed be the Lord.

MAY 4.—B., the cobbler, and his wife, both admitted this evening members of the church. Three years ago the slave of intemperance. He has been a teetotalter upwards of two years—steady to his pledge and increasing in his business and worldly goods every day. Praised be the Lord for having employed me to be useful to him. May 16.—Poor B. went to London on Monday last, and returned this day in a dreadful state of intoxication. What a painful disappointment to all my hopes and exertions on his behalf, and what is far, far worse, the disgrace upon the church of Christ, of which (only twelve days ago) he became a member. Still his case is not quite hopeless; but he has a dreadful battle before him. May 17.—Called on this poor man. He appears truly ashamed and sorry for his sin. Gave him encouragement to set out afresh. Prayed with him. He wept, but said very little. No attempt at extenuation. Silent, deep grief; his poor wife looking the very picture of misery. Ah! this is only a very faint representation of my own miserable case. A dear wife ashamed and grieved to the heart. But God has delivered me from my strong enemy, and why not poor

B. ? May the Lord hold him fast. B. had been to London, saw all his friends and resisted all their solicitations to taste porter or any kind of strong drink, and had come as far as Rochester quite safe; but whilst waiting there for the van Satan met him in the form of a wretched fiend named B., who, after two hours' teasing, seduced him to take a sip of brandy and water. Then all was over, and he came home insensibly drunk. O that fatal cup! I promised not to give him up. He has not been a hundredth part so bad as myself. May 18.—Visited poor B. He is deeply penitent—broken-hearted. Endeavoured to comfort him with assurances of the mercy of God to every truly penitent sinner. Entreated him not to absent himself from divine worship on the next Sabbath, but not to speak to any person. I have great hopes of him, especially as he is determined in the strength of the Lord never to taste strong drink. No one in the world can so fully enter into his feelings of compunction and sorrow as myself, because I have unhappily passed through the same dreadful experience. God has mercifully restored me. Why not B. ? No reason for despair while Christ is our Intercessor. Sabbath, May 20.—Poor B., a true penitent, was at chapel this morning and evening, exceedingly dejected. Our dear minister very kind to him, taking him kindly by the hand.

JULY 6.—SCOTT'S COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE.—Began the New Testament again with an increased appetite for this blessed book, which I had previously read six times throughout, making large extracts from the same. I had previously occupied seventeen years in the study of Scott's Commentary on the Old and New Testament with unspeakable delight and satisfaction. It has been my great happiness to have now been in the daily study of the word of God thirty-four years—never ceasing to feel delight therein, with earnest prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit. I began in right earnest in 1815.

JULY 9.—Received a letter from the Rev. C. H., sixty-one octavo pages!

JULY 20.—Letter from Mrs. J., Ireland :—

"A lady gave a copy of 'The Sinner's Friend' to a poor young woman, a Romanist, who was dangerously ill in the workhouse. She died, and after her death her mother returned 'The Sinner's Friend' to the lady, with a message from her daughter that the reading the little book had made her feel herself to be a great sinner, but that it had also made her happy in Christ Jesus. The persons around her dying bed wished her to have a priest, but she refused. She had found the Saviour. They said she was mad."

JULY 30.—THE SPANISH GIANT.—Gave him a "Sinner's Friend," and through the interpreter recommended him to seek the favour of Christ as his comfort here and hereafter. This giant is seven feet ten inches in stature, very stout, twenty-three years of age, the eldest son of a giant family. He thanked me with a warm shake of the hand.

THE CHOLERA.—Told my beloved Mary that I had been thinking that if the cholera came upon myself I should say to her, "Dear Mary, Christ is in my heart and I love Him dearly, and He knows it. I repent deeply of my sin and I trust implicitly in his own words, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' This is my confidence for eternal life. My sorrow is heartfelt, deep and pungent, on account of my past sins, but Christ is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever! My love for the Lord Jesus is greater than all other affections in the world. I do love Him dearly. He is ever in my heart."

In a letter from the Rev. C. H. is the following remarkable account of the late Bishop of C., who died at Edinburgh, under the name of T. W. In 1820 he fled the country to save his life. About eight years ago he introduced himself to the Rev. J. F., under the assumed name of T. W. Mr. F. was somewhat startled at the contrast between his personal appearance and his mode of address. He had all the manners of a person of rank, which he seemed to wish to conceal. He frequently asked Mr. F. how far the mercy of God would reach? Did Jesus

die for the very chief of sinners? By some means "The Sinner's Friend" had fallen into his hands. This little work (he told Mr. F.) roused him from a death-like sleep in sin, and he saw himself in colours that made him miserable and terrified him into reflection. One night, about three years and a half ago, he broke his thigh. Mr. F. found him in extreme agony of body and mind, crying lamentably for mercy. He lived a few months after this accident, and at last found peace, not through having read "The Sinner's Friend," but through another little work, published at Edinburgh; but it was "The Sinner's Friend" which first probed his heart, and led him to cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "The Sinner's Friend" was his constant companion, and he was always speaking about it—blessing God that it had come into his hands. After his death it became known to Mr. F. for the first time that T. W. was no other than the once Bishop of C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.—A DAY OF GREAT REJOICING.—A.'s DECISION FOR THE LORD.—This evening our dear pastor (Rev. E. Jinkings) caused our hearts to dance for joy by reading to us the following important letter, which he had received this afternoon from our dear son A. :—

"I have for some time past felt the importance of all disciples of Christ acknowledging before the world their adhesion to his cause, and it is in connection with this duty that I now write to you. It is my desire to become a member of Christ's church under your ministration; and more especially do I desire that my enrolment under Christ's standard should be commenced in my native town, as it is there that I have too often despised his name, his gospel, and his people, and I now wish my former friends and companions to know that although once on their side I am so no longer. In taking this step I feel its vast importance and the obligations under which it places those who adopt it, but I trust, by God's help, so to walk that I may not bring condemnation on myself nor dishonour on the church. The more I think on the subject the more I feel its responsibility and my own weakness and frailty, but if I waited until I felt I had in myself sufficient strength to guide and uphold me in my profession, I feel I might wait till the world should cease to exist,



therefore I come now and offer myself, unworthy as I am, praying and believing that God will hold up my going in his ways that my footsteps slip not. I feel that I can no longer continue a secret disciple of Jesus Christ, but that I must confess Him before men if I desire Him to confess me before his Father in heaven. My desire to do so this communication bears witness of—the time of doing so I leave in your hands. I remain, &c.”

NOVEMBER 27.—Poor B., again intoxicated, roaming about the streets to public view. O the misery coming upon that poor backslider! Lord hold me safe in thy powerful hand. December 4.—His poor wife entreated me to lend her husband five pounds. She entreated me to lend the money for her sake. I told her that I would for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, in hope that her husband might still be brought to be a Christian. December 6.—Called on poor B., to warn and encourage him. Why should he not be quite restored? He has not been half so wicked as myself, and yet the Lord has not forsaken me. Prayed earnestly for poor B.

Extract from my dear son A.’s letter to Rev. E. Jinkings, November 28 :—

“According to your request I send the following account of the principal causes which have operated in determining me to solicit admission to the fold of Christ. There are very few persons in Maidstone who know anything about my former life who are not aware that I was in the foremost ranks of Satan, ever ready to do his will with my utmost energy. Many have been the times (known only to myself) when, standing on the brink of ruin, God has mercifully kept me back, changing my determination in a moment, and I have been astonished to perceive the dangers from which I have been delivered, attributing these deliverances to my own good fortune, not seeing his arm, whose mercy alone saved me from falling. Thus had the greater part of my life been spent in one continued series of fightings against God and my own conscience—getting more and more hardened every day in sin, especially whilst living in London, surrounded by temptations from which it is scarcely possible to conceive how a young man can escape. At this time I was induced by my brother N. to attend a meeting

of 'The World's Temperance Convention.' Teetotalism as well as religion had been with me a constant source of ridicule. But I shall ever bless God that I was induced to attend that meeting. I there heard arguments which I still think unanswerable. I resolved that if the convictions I then felt as to the influence total abstinence would have morally and temporally, should continue until the termination of a period fixed in my own mind I would certainly join the Temperance Society, and exert every energy in my power to promote a cause which I had often endeavoured to injure. Some persons might be led to inquire, What has this to do with a change of heart with respect to religion? It had an immense influence on my mind, as it has also done on many others. Placed as I was at that time amongst drinking and dissipated companions (the two cannot be divided), I could no longer join with them at taverns and theatres. The house of God became more interesting to me, and the more I thought of teetotalism, with respect to the welfare of the bodies of men, the more I wanted to think of their souls, and of necessity, of my own soul. I came to Maidstone on the earliest opportunity and signed the pledge, that those who had known me as its calumniator might know that I was not ashamed of my change of opinion. I now present myself to sign a pledge of far more importance. I have hesitated partly through fear of the world's scorn, and also from a sense of my unworthiness, and a fear also that by inconsistency I might bring disgrace on the church and thus become a stumbling-block to others. The longer I live the more I feel my own vileness, but I cannot read my Bible and remain on neutral ground. I crave your prayers, dear sir, and the prayers of the church, that I may be prevented from falling. Teetotalism has preserved me from innumerable evils, and has often led me to think of the dangers of my soul. Many were my convictions, but I stifled them—I would not listen to their warnings till Christ mercifully knocked once more at the door of my heart, and louder than ever. I could resist no longer—the door was opened. It was a day never to be forgotten. It was on the 18th June, 1848. Mr. Grigsby, of Staplehurst, preached on the necessity of turning to Christ as the only true comfort and consolation. One illustration which he made of early piety struck my mind with a power which I had never before experienced. It was that of a child presenting some fruit to its parents. It would like to present such fruit with as little blemish as possible and with the bloom on it also; and so with youth. Mr. G. urged them to present their hearts to God with the bloom of youth upon it, before sin had destroyed it. From that hour I determined, by God's aid, to begin a fresh course of life; but this determination somewhat

subsided, until at the watchnight of the last evening of the year 1848, God in infinite mercy renewed it with redoubled force. And now, dear sir, entreating your prayers and the prayers of the church that I may be preserved from falling, and that I may devote my energies to any and every object which has for its aim the glory and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, I remain, &c."

O what infinite mercy and compassion of our gracious God that He, by sovereign grace, has thus turned the heart of our dear A. to seek the kingdom of heaven!

FEBRUARY 14, 1850.—SCOTT'S COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE.—Blessed be God I have now purchased eight copies of this invaluable work for my dear children—a copy for each. O may this book be made as great a blessing to my beloved children as it has been to their father, who has with intense earnestness and prayer, read the whole of the Old Testament and notes four times, and the New Testament six times, making many extracts.

FEBRUARY 19.—Mr. K., private secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to a relation says, "I shall feel obliged by your calling to-morrow on Mr. Hall, and tell him that the archbishop was much pleased with his son's book, 'Come to Jesus,' but he thought it required another chapter, showing the inevitable result of truly coming—pardon, peace, faith, hope, charity, &c., by which alone the reader could be assured that he had come, &c. All this is implied in various parts of the book, but he (the archbishop) thought it would be an improvement to be distinctly stated in a separate chapter, and he begged me to say so. We also both thought it would be advantageous if there was an edition the size of the large 'Sinner's Friend.'" I sent N. a copy of the above.

MARCH 14.—Blessed be God my first waking thoughts early this morning went up to Him with grateful praises that He had brought me to the commencement of my seventy-seventh year in perfect health, surrounded with every temporal comfort. But I grieve in my soul on

account of my dreadful sins. Yet, had they been a million times worse, they are not beyond the cleansing sacrifice of my precious Redeemer. Thirty-eight years ago on this day (March 14, 1812) the Lord sent his arrow of conviction into my heart to bring me to that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, even my sins. O what a monument of mercy am I! Christ ever in my heart as a glowing fire of heavenly love, a million million times welcome guest. It is the highest ecstasy of my life to speak of Christ, boldly to declare the great things He has done for my soul, never ashamed nor afraid to testify openly the power of changing grace in my own experience. God be praised. O for a humble watchful heart that I forget not this great, this special mercy by the allowance of pride or self-complacency, and thus forget the hole of the pit from whence I have been digged—never say to another, Stand by, for I am holier than thou art, but always remember that it is of the Lord's mercy that I have not been consumed. Glory be to his most holy name.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2.—Consulted Mr. W. about my left eye, become dim since the erysipelas. He rather alarmed me by stating that the sight would be gone. I felt no disposition to repine, for it had pleased God to favour me with good eyesight seventy-six years, and if I lose the sight of my eye I have not lost a clear view of Jesus Christ.

AUGUST 5.—In strolling out for a little exercise this morning I called upon all the inmates of the B. Almshouses, and spoke to them of Jesus Christ and his salvation. They were all exceedingly thankful, and I was truly happy in the opportunity of speaking a word for the Lord.

AUGUST 16.—My heart filled with anguish on account of my sins. Yet I do love the Lord Jesus supremely. It is the very breath of my soul that Christ should occupy every space of my heart. I do not love Him by bits and scraps but with my whole heart and soul. Praised be his name.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Visited Mrs. S. at the almshouse. Found her ill in bed. Spoke to her of Christ, the only way to heaven. She wept exceedingly, and for some time could not speak distinctly, sobbing "What shall I do!" Directed her to look to the Lord Jesus Christ as the Eternal Son of God, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and that none who come to God by Him shall be rejected. She had known me from the time I was twelve years of age, and had witnessed the follies of my youth. We had often danced together at balls and private parties, at which time it was not at all probable that I should ever come to speak to her about salvation. She had been for many years a professed Unitarian, therefore it was trying work to speak to her of Christ as the only way to God. Told her of what God had done for my own soul, and that He had sent me to tell her the way of acceptance by his only begotten Son—no other way. Oh! may the Lord make my visit useful to her soul. September 2.—Visited Mrs. S. She was too weak and low to converse. Spoke to her faithfully of Christ. Took cakes and wine. Gave her about a table-spoonful of wine, which refreshed her. She said to me, "You must never go away."

SEPTEMBER 22.—This day commences the thirty-fifth year of my great emancipation from wine and spirituous liquor, and also my separation from the world and worldly company. Christ has been my constant companion and my greatest joy. It has been my supreme delight and the very ecstasy of my soul to speak of Him and his mercy to poor sinners. Hundreds of delicious opportunities have I been permitted to enjoy of this kind during the last thirty-five years, to testify by voice and life that I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for I know by happy experience that it is the power of God unto salvation—salvation in the hour of temptation. O! what horrid temptations have been spread in my path, frequently, suddenly, into some of which I might have fallen had it not

been for the grace of God, and all my prospects and usefulness would have for ever been destroyed. A voice, seemingly from heaven, said to me one day in a moment of great temptation, "Flee." I ran away in a moment and escaped the net. Psalm xxv. 15.

OCTOBER 27.—This morning our dear son A. commenced his new sphere of action as superintendent of the Sunday-school.

NOVEMBER 15.—The Rev. W. H. W., late vicar of F., now a Roman Catholic, paid us a most unexpected visit of two hours. Mr. W. was most courteous and gentle in his manner and conversation, and perfectly cool in argument, endeavouring to persuade us of our error as Protestants. In reply to my question he cordially admitted that he had no expectation whatever of being received into heaven but by and through the righteousness and mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. W. took both our hands in his own, and with great solemnity enjoined upon us the awful responsibility of seeking the truth, which was only to be found in the Roman Catholic church. My dear wife told Mr. W. that she hoped the Lord would show him his error.

JANUARY 2, 1851.—Received a kind letter from H. W., Esq., Rotherham, containing the following pleasing circumstance :—

"Yesterday some poor old women were eating their New Year's Day dinner here. One of them told us that her son, whom you visited twice, and who at that time was in a very depressed and wretched state of mind, was, through the instrumentality of your visits and your exposition of the prodigal son, brought into complete peace, and has since died, a rejoicing and redeemed sinner."

On my knees I laid this letter before the Lord, entreating Him to accept my heartfelt thanks and praise, and to keep me humble. The above circumstance occurred in 1842, when Mrs. W. invited me to an airing in her carriage, and offered me the choice of a visit to the palace of

Earl Fitzwilliam, or to visit a dying man near Sheffield. I chose the latter, which the Lord was pleased to bless.

MAY 14.—This evening I had the privilege of conducting the whole service at Week Street Chapel. About forty present. My A. there, who said it was a treat to hear his father tell the people of salvation. I was all on fire, glowing with ardour in the blessed work. God be praised for his merciful aid to speak good of his holy name!

JULY 7.—My heart's desire is to glorify God in every thought and word and deed, by implicit confidence in his mercy and by embracing every opportunity of making his mercy known to others, even to the world's remotest bounds. For this purpose I have planned to send out copies of "*The Sinner's Friend*" (by the ship *John Williams*, to sail on the 15th instant,) to the South Sea Islands, to be given to English sailors calling at various islands for fresh water or provisions.

JULY 14.—This evening my dear wife and myself had the high and sweet gratification of hearing our dear son A. for the first time open his lips at the public prayer meeting. Our hearts were filled with praise.

AUGUST 1.—I daily watch the trials for murder that I may send a copy of "*The Sinner's Friend*" to every condemned criminal, and write them also to seek pardon of God for their crime. But I am the greatest sinner of all, and mourn unceasingly on account of inward corruption.

AUGUST 28.—The Rev. C. H. writes as follows:—

"I visited a devoted Christian deeply afflicted—for ten years deprived of the use of her limbs. She is one of the most submissive and truly happy Christians. She said that she was totally ignorant of salvation until she had read '*The Sinner's Friend*.' She then detailed to me the delight and comfort which were thus conveyed to her soul. Last week in conversation with a respectable female she said, 'O, sir, I am glad you circulate '*The Sinner's Friend*;' it was that book that was the means of salvation to my husband, father and mother.'"

To the Lord be all the praise. I laid the letter at the

footstool of mercy with thanksgiving and prayer to be kept humble.

DECEMBER 11.—This morning, between six and seven o'clock, I repeated fifteen psalms, twenty hymns, and the fifty-fifth and fifty-eighth chapters of Isaiah, and the second chapter of Ephesians and part of chapter six, from verse 10 to 20—praising God for a retentive memory and for the pleasure of retaining heavenly things. O it is indeed good to praise the Lord sleeping and waking.

MARCH 8, 1852.—This afternoon my beloved wife and self took possession of our sweet cottage at Penenden Heath. We dedicated ourselves and the house in prayer to our gracious God, with thankfulness and praise for so sweet a retirement in our old age.

MARCH 16.—Dear A. and W. These dear, affectionate, assiduous sons have been most persevering in getting all the accounts posted up to the last hour of my retirement from business. They have been the great comfort of my life, attending to business with so much cheerfulness and untiring perseverance. God be praised for such sons.

MARCH 17.—Dear M. E. spent the day with us at our cottage on the Heath. We all rejoiced in the mercy of God in giving us so delightful a residence. What mercy for our old age. With such rich provision for the body may the Lord enrich our souls and may Christ ever live and reign in our hearts.

MAY 6.—A delightful day at the summer house on Boxley Hill, from eleven in the morning till seven in the evening. A large family party, including dear N. and C., dined and had tea at the summer house. Nightingales singing sweetly, and we sang several hymns praising God for his great mercies.

MAY 9.—Harassed all day with evil thoughts of the most painful kind—remembrance of former evil days. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor of my riper years.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Visited D. this morning, he had



entirely refrained from drinking any strong drink during the past week. Exhorted him to seek to have *the love of Christ* implanted in his heart, as the only sure defence against temptation.

OCTOBER 6.—This morning, in my walk into Maidstone, I repeated the following Psalms :—23, 25, 27, 30, 34, 51, 86, 91, 103, 116, 121, 130, 139, 143, 145. October 7.—This morning, in my walk into Maidstone, I repeated twenty-one hymns, which occupied me till I reached the bottom of Brewer Street. These exercises keep the soul active. I bless the Lord for the pleasure thus afforded.

OCTOBER 14.—Gave a copy of "Come to Jesus" to a respectable man greatly afflicted with a nervous affection, and another to a young woman, formerly our servant, in deep mental agony. Said she wished to love the Lord but could not. Encouraged her to ask.

NOVEMBER 17.—Dear W. took his departure this morning for Camden Town, to unite with his dear brother A. in commencing business there. We sent him forth with earnest prayer.

NOVEMBER 19.—Anniversary of deliverance from bondage. The Lord be praised for ever and ever. This is the completion of thirty-four years since strong drink of any description has ever passed the surface of my tongue. The Lord has held me in the hollow of his hand, and the Lord Jesus has occupied my heart a million times welcome guest, my soul ever panting after God; but I mourn over my past sins.

## CHAPTER XIV.

DIARY. 1853—1855.

ALONE, NOT ALONE—EIGHTTIETH YEAR—MEMORY OF COURTSHIP—  
VISITS TO WORKHOUSE—LAST VISIT TO HULL—CONVERSION OF A  
ROMISH PRIEST—LONG ABSENT SON—N. AT SURREY CHAPEL—  
FAREWELL TO MAIDSTONE—REMOVAL TO LONDON—HEATH-COTTAGE  
—OLD NEGRO—THE COBBLER NOT FORGOTTEN—"MORE THAN  
EVER"—"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN CHINESE—A. AND THE MINISTRY  
—ROBBERY—V. AND THE LOSS OF THE "CÆSUS" BY FIRE—  
"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN TURKISH AND ARMENIAN—VISIT TO AN  
ACQUAINTANCE OF YOUTH—OXFORD—APPOINTED ELDER OF SURREY  
CHAPEL—LETTERS FROM REV. J. A. JAMES AND R. KNILL—ARCH-  
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY—WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE. AGE 79—81.

JANUARY 1, 1853.—Through the infinite mercy of God my beloved wife and self are brought in comfort to the commencement of another year. We began the Scriptures together this morning, my dear Mary commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, the first Psalm, and the first of Matthew. We are now, as it were, alone; our dear children all separated from us—E. in Maidstone, M. E. at Tovil, N. at Hull, E. at Eyam, A. and W. at Camden Town, S. in China, and V. at Calcutta. But we are not alone, for the Lord is ever with us the life of our souls. The lines also are fallen to us in very pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage. Through the kind providence of God we are favoured in our old age with more than sufficient for all our wants, and plenty for the poor and for the service of God, and above all our love for each other is warmer than ever. Praised be the Lord.

MARCH 10.—In four days more, if spared, I shall enter

my eightieth year. May the Lord be then as now and evermore my strength, my joy, and only hope, through his beloved Son. Dear Jesus! my soul's delight and bliss. I have no other hope, no other reliance but upon Him. I deeply repent that I have ever sinned against my gracious God, but I take comfort from his own word that He has no pleasure in the death of sinners, but He delighteth in mercy. I am also comforted by the declaration of Christ himself—"This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one who seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day." I believe all this from my heart, and rest my soul upon it most implicitly. Praised be the Lord.

MARCH 14.—This day, by the mercy of God, I commence my eightieth year, in full bodily health and vigour of mind, surrounded by every comfort. Long before the dawning of the day my heart was lifted up to God with praise. In my dream I had been praising God with most rapturous feelings. I was quite overwhelmed with ecstasy at his mercy toward me. My tenderly beloved wife was also spared to me in increasing love (if possible), and we praised God that He had preserved us together in happy union upwards of forty-six years—our hearts mutually united to the Lord Jesus Christ, whom we dearly love as our only hope and trust, with whom we desire ever to live and reign. He is indeed to us "The Chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely."

APRIL 18.—I was honoured this morning by the kindness of the pious Archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace at Lambeth. His lordship met me in the kindest manner, putting forth his hand with expressions of real pleasure on seeing me. I opened my whole heart to him, and spoke warmly on the love of Christ. In speaking of my dear son's little work, he said it contained evangelical truths without going round about; and when I spoke of my little work, "The Sinner's Friend," he emphatically said, "Not

a little book. I call it a great book, for it has done great good in the world."

MAY 20.—A day ever to be remembered—for this day 1804 (forty-nine years ago) was the first time of my speaking to my dear Mary, of whose name and residence I was perfectly ignorant. I had only watched her coming and going to Angel Street Chapel, Worcester, with an elderly lady, and I myself was engaged in the same manner with my dear mother leaning on my arm, and the similarity of our situation awakened my sympathies, so that I fell in love with this young stranger—determined to find her out and endeavour to win her affections. She had not then reached her seventeenth year. A gentleman, who saw me apparently in conversation with her, asked me the next day how long I had been acquainted with Miss T., the cleverest girl in all Worcester. Thus I learnt her name and address. The next day I was introduced to the family, and thus commenced a courtship which has proved the greatest bliss of my life. We have loved each other most ardently forty-nine years, and I think—I am sure—our love to each other is now more warm than when we were first united on Tuesday, August 26, 1806.

MAY 6.—Extract of a letter from the Rev. T. V. :—

"It was a remarkable circumstance that the two books which Professor Scholefield loved to have read to him, some time before his death, were 'The Sinner's Friend,' by you, and 'Come to Jesus,' by your son. The Lord has indeed greatly blessed you. May He multiply in your own soul grace, mercy, and peace."

MAY 27.—A most comforting letter from dear A. respecting Mr. F. resigning on account of Unitarian opinions. It made me rejoice in the goodness of God in giving him such warm decision for the Lord. He says :—

"However I may admire Mr. F.'s advocacy of teetotalism, it weighs as nothing compared with the vital question of Christ's deity. Take that away and all is cold, miserable, blighted. The discussion

DECEMBER 29.—HULL.—Dear N. was waiting at New Holland to welcome us. December 31.—The Rev. J. K. B., incumbent of St. Paul's, came to see me on account of "The Sinner's Friend" which he had seen when a little boy. He said it was worth a whole life to have written it. Watch-night at Albion Chapel.—Upwards of eight hundred persons present. Cold intense, roads all ice, three degrees below zero.

JANUARY 3, 1854. — Tea Meeting. — School-room, Albion Chapel.—I exhorted those present to get the Lord Jesus in the heart. Told them I thanked God for this opportunity of speaking to his praise, remembering the words of David, "Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will tell what He has done for my soul." Also that when I read what David said, "I am a wonder unto many," I say, "Ah, David, so am I. But I am the greatest wonder to myself." Sabbath, January 8.—A funeral sermon by N. for the late Sir William Lowthorp. January 10.—Meeting of the Band of Hope.—About six hundred present in the school-room, which was decorated all over with banners of all nations. I addressed the meeting, taking for observation C. R. and his sister, moderate drinkers who became drunkards; Colonel H. and Joe B. who sought the Saviour and then adopted teetotalism; S. and M., first teetotallers and thus led to the Saviour. I only desire to praise the Lord. January 15.—The road and pavement frightfully dangerous. I fell flat on my back in the twinkling of an eye, but through the mercy of God I sustained no injury. I thought on Psalm xci. 12, and praised God. I accompanied N. in the afternoon to visit a class of seeking souls, and prayed with them after giving them encouragement to seek the Lord. January 16.—Accompanied N. to the prayer meeting and addressed the meeting on the love of God in Christ Jesus. January 20.—A feeling of deep heartfelt sorrow for sin came upon me this day. Sins of youth, sins of age, all crowd upon me

and cause my soul to grieve before God. I cry for mercy—mercy treasured up in Christ Jesus. O what should I do without Christ. I have no other refuge. He is my all in all. I do love Him dearly. It is the greatest delight of my life to tell of his wondrous mercy to my own soul and to declare boldly what He will do for all who come to God by Him. It is a comfort that—"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." I knelt before the Lord in earnest supplication and praise for this visit from above—communion with God.

JANUARY 22.—Visited the schools and classes in Albion Chapel. Addressed a class of young men, about thirty. Then addressed a class of females, about thirty. Then addressed another class of church members, and concluded by addressing about thirty candidates for church fellowship.

FEBRUARY 22.—This day a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," in modern Greek, was sent me from Athens. My heart beat high and warm whilst on my knees I presented the copy to the Lord, praying his blessing to accompany "The Sinner's Friend" in Greece.

MARCH 2.—This day received a letter from Rev. Henry P., containing the following deeply interesting statement:—

"The Rev. Dr. B., formerly chamberlain to pope Gregory XVI., stated at a meeting held in Rugby a few particulars connected with his conversion. He had been brought up in Malta, and said that few had an idea of the thralldom in which the mind is held in popish countries. Everything proceeding from a protestant pen is considered heresy. One day passing through the sick ward of the hospital a dying soldier made a sign to him. He approached his bed supposing he wished to confess to him, but it was only to request he would send to him the protestant chaplain. He observed at the time a small book clasped in the poor man's hand. He hesitated, doubting whether he was justified in complying with his wish, but he said there was something in a dying man's request he could not resist. Accordingly he sent the protestant chaplain to him. A few days after, the surgeon of the regiment put into his hand a small parcel, saying, the soldier, who felt grateful to him for complying with his desire, immediately before his death had begged it should be con-

years membership at Week Street, and during which time I had been twenty-four years a deacon.

SEPTEMBER 12.—This morning we bid farewell to Maidstone, and were heartily welcomed by our dear sons A. and W. at Camden Town.

SEPTEMBER 20.—This evening my dear sons N. and A. were engaged in open-air preaching near the Obelisk, Blackfriars Road, to about four hundred persons, all attentive and respectful. O what mercy that dear A. should have thus been engaged with his brother in speaking for the Saviour. Praises ten thousand times to our gracious God.

SEPTEMBER 22.—This evening my beloved wife and self took possession of our new dwelling, Heath Cottage, Kentish Town. We on our knees consecrated our dwelling and ourselves anew to our gracious God, with thankfulness and praise. N., C., A., and W. came to supper, and we closed the evening with prayer, and chanting the twenty-third Psalm. What infinite mercy that all my children are seeking the Lord.

OCTOBER 27.—Saw a poor old negro, and on conversing with him found that he was a servant of the Lord Jesus. He had been a slave from Africa, but his master had given him his freedom. My heart praised the Lord for this great treat in meeting a poor black follower of Jesus. When, with a few pence, I put a copy of "Come to Jesus" into his hand, he looked at the title and pathetically exclaimed—"Jesus! ah! He has been with me many years. Yes, He is my strength and my support." On asking him how he came to know all this, he said his master had taught him, and he hoped he was in heaven for he was a good master. I hope to see this black Christian again.

NOVEMBER 25.—Wrote to B., the poor cobbler, an admonitory and encouraging letter to seek the Lord for grace to overcome his besetting sin, and exhorted him to practice total abstinence as the only sure way to resist his

evil propensity to drunkenness. Sent the letter with earnest prayer for the Lord's blessing.

DECEMBER 21.—At the request of my son N., I addressed nearly one hundred persons in the school-room of Surrey Chapel, on the love of Christ, his willingness to take possession of every heart. I was exceedingly warm in exhortation and encouragement to all to come to Jesus. The people were excessively kind, very many of them stretching forth their hands to take hold of mine, expressing their thanks.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—I drove dear Mary to Surrey Chapel, a large congregation. Family party to dinner. No wine. Sang and praised God.

DECEMBER 27.—Saw the poor negro sweeping the foot-path near the Model Prison. Gave him a shilling for Jesus' sake. The poor man looked on the money with a smile and said—"Ah! my Massa sent me dis." Special prayer meeting this evening, Kentish Town Congregational Church, for the influence of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Fleming very faithful in addressing the congregation, as to what progress they had made in the ways of God during the last fifty-two weeks. If I inquire of myself how have I been making progress during the last year, I think I can answer sincerely—I love the Lord more than ever; I repent of sin more than ever; I hate sin more than ever; I pant after holiness more than ever; I trust entirely in the sacrifice of Christ more than ever for the salvation of my soul; I feel gratitude to God for his mercies to myself, my dear wife, and my children more than ever; I love my dear wife more than ever; I feel an earnestness, a warmth in prayer more than ever; I exercise and enjoy mental and ejaculatory prayer more than ever; the Lord Jesus is ever in my heart, my exceeding joy and my supreme delight, more than ever. Praised be his dear name! I believe that what I have here written is the very breath of my soul, the truth.



DECEMBER 31.—WATCH-NIGHT.—I drove my dear Mary and E. to Surrey Chapel this morning, and in the evening we went again to be present at the watch-night service. The Chapel literally crammed. Many persons could not obtain admission. About 2,500 present.

JANUARY 16, 1855.—The Rev. W. C. Milne sent me the first copy of "The Sinner's Friend," translated by him into Chinese. On my knees I presented this copy to the Lord, with praise that He had spared my life to behold this little work printed in Chinese. O for a watchful spirit against pride. What mercy that I should have been spared to witness the publication of two hundred and ninety editions of the tract, in twenty-three languages, comprised in 1,268,000 copies. All praise to the Lord, for it is entirely his own work in putting it into my heart to write this apparently mere trifle, which the Lord has so greatly accompanied with his blessing to poor sinners.

FEBRUARY 21.—This day, after long and anxious consideration and prayer, A. finally determined on becoming a student for the ministry, which had been urged on his attention by his brother. We had earnestly prayed the Lord to direct him.

MARCH 5.—A. admitted a student at New College. May the Lord be with him and help him in his studies.

MARCH 8.—SURREY CHAPEL.—N. preached a sermon expressly at his father, for making complaints of the pain of retrospection of past sins. Text, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul." \* A female deeply distressed told me

\* My father was often in such heaviness on account of the sins of his early life, that I sometimes felt it right to suggest to him whether he was not unintentionally dishonouring the mercy of God and the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, who encouraged the very chief of sinners when they trusted in Him to "rejoice with joy unspeakable;" because not only were their sins "cast into the depths of the sea" but they themselves were the objects of the Divine favour and love. I quite remember preparing the sermon referred to, specially with reference to his case.—ED.

her feelings of misery on account of sinful thoughts and deadness of soul. Said all I could to comfort her.

APRIL 10.—This evening about eighty-four members, whose names began with G. and F., assembled at Surrey Chapel for tea and spiritual communion, a social meeting. My dear Mary and self were present on the occasion. Several persons addressed the meeting, amongst whom was J. V. H.

[It has long been a custom at Surrey Chapel for the communicants, numbering about 1,300, to be invited in sections to spend a social evening together every winter with the Pastor and Elders. The initial letter of the names regulates the classification, and thus "rich and poor meet together." On these occasions all are invited to ask questions on religious subjects or to speak of their personal experience. Short addresses are also delivered by the Pastor and Elders.—ED.]

APRIL 17.—I presented a copy of "Come to Jesus" to a lady in deep mourning, in an omnibus, saying to her, "Will you kindly accept this little book, it will afford you much comfort." But she would not accept it. Presented one hundred copies of "The Sinner's Friend" to Kentish Town Tract Society, and fifty copies to London City Mission. May the blessing of the Lord accompany every copy.

APRIL 19.—The Emperor and Empress of France entertained this day at a grand banquet at Guildhall. In the midst of all this jollity, murderous work going on at Sebastopol, thousands killed and wounded.

APRIL 25.—LOSS OF THE SCREW STEAM SHIP "CRESUS" BY FIRE.—This day a telegraphic communication from V. informed us of the total loss of his ship by fire, that the crew and the soldiers (except one sailor and six soldiers) were saved. We felt much gratitude to God for his delivering mercy and care of our son, at this awful time.

APRIL 30.—A letter from V. with some account of the catastrophe. He was perfectly cool and collected, and steered his burning ship into a small opening in the beach

with as much coolness as if he had been steering her into Southampton. Had the fire broken out when the ship was further at sea they might have been all lost.

The *Globe* gives the following:—

“THE LOSS OF THE *CRÆSUS*.”

“We have been favoured by the Admiralty with the following:—

“Statement of John Vine Hall, commander of the steam-ship *Cræsus*, received from H.M.’s minister at Turin, made on board H.M.S. *Vulcan*, at Genoa, and published in the *Genoa Official Gazette*, April 24.

“We left Genoa yesterday at 9 o’clock, with 270 soldiers and 37 officers of the Sardinian army, and various stores and provisions for the army, including 24 mules on the upper deck. We also had to tow the transport *Pedestrian*, No. 58, laden with ammunition chiefly. Nothing particular occurred, steering four or five miles off the coast, till about 10 o’clock a.m., when my attention was called by Mr. Maynard, junior officer of the watch, and Mr. Smith, boatswain, to the circumstance of the main-stay smoking. It being of wire, was supposed to be on fire in the centre, which was of hemp. This caused me to observe the funnel and steam coming out of it, the funnel being extremely hot, the heat of which had caused the deck plates to expand into a convex form. I told the engineer of the watch to ease the fires and damp the coals. Soon after this smoke was observed below on the main-deck, and the surgeon reported that his surgery, which was near the funnel, was full of smoke.

“We immediately connected the fire-hoses, manned the force-pumps, and I ordered the water to be directed against that part of the bulkhead from which the smoke was observed to come. We cut through the deck on each side of the funnel, and broke several of the deck lights, in order to direct the hose with more certainty.

“After pumping a considerable time, and sending a great quantity of water below, both by the pumps and by men drawing it, the smoke appeared to increase, notwithstanding all our efforts.

“I then called the chief mate aside, and stating my opinion that I thought the fire was extending, directed him to send men to clear away the boats, appointing an officer to each to see them veered astern safely. This was done, and orders given to those in charge of the boats to prevent any one from getting into them. This was effected with some difficulty, because I could not afford to lose the time to reduce the speed, having now changed her course for the land, so that in case the fire should increase we might be enabled to land

the troops with the greater facility. The powder and ammunition were now thrown overboard, under the supervision of Mr. Hildyard, the purser. We still continued pumping, and, assisted by a party of soldiers drawing water, poured volumes of it below. Hailed the *Pedestrian*, telling them that my ship was on fire, and that I would thank them to prepare their boats for lowering (if necessary) to assist us. Soon after I hailed, the *Pedestrian* cast off. We were still steaming towards the shore, and the fire appeared to be reduced at one time, but soon after a flame appearing through the deck, I thought there was not much hope of saving the ship. Hearing that the engine-room might soon become untenable from the increasing smoke, I sent an order to the chief engineer to make up the fires, so that the engines might work as long as possible in the event of the engineers being obliged to leave the engine-room. The fire getting worse, I considered the best course to adopt was to endeavour to run the ship on shore. The coast appeared very difficult to approach, being ironbound and rocky; but perceiving a church in a ravine, it struck me that being low down there must be some cove there, and accordingly directed the ship to be steered for it. The engineers could now no longer remain in the engine-room, and sending for the chief engineer I asked him how much longer the engines would continue to work, for it now became a question whether they would last long enough to enable the ship to reach the shore. He stated that they might work seven minutes or a little longer. I then inquired as to the probability of the boilers bursting, and he made arrangements to prevent an explosion of the boilers when the ship struck. We were at this time rapidly approaching the shore, narrowly observing the nature of the coast as we approached, in order to select a place where it would be most favourable for landing, as it was impossible to stop the engines. In anticipation of striking, and not knowing the nature of the ground, I recommended the commanding officer of the troops to send the soldiers forward, so as to have a better chance of getting on shore first, and also to be clear of the fall of the masts should the shock be so great as to cause them to do so. We were now very close to the shore, and perceived at the foot of the building mentioned before, a small beach and cove. The ship was carefully steered round the rocky point which ran out; and after first striking, the ship heeled over to port, righted, and then grounded tolerably gently, within a short distance of the rocks, about ten yards off. The foremast and fore-rigging were now on fire, and the midship part of the ship in flames. I immediately ordered the boats alongside, and told the commanding officer of the troops to put his men in them, some leaving the ship over the bows and others at the gangways.

After the military had all landed, I told the seamen to get into the boats; and when all had left, the boat came alongside and took the officers and myself, the flames now coming up the saloon staircase. As the ship was now in a perfect mass of flame, and it being utterly impossible to save any of the stores, &c., my attention was called to the means of providing means of transit for the crews, desiring at the same time one of the military officers to tell the commander of the troops that I suggested it would be better for his men to march to Genoa, which course, I presume, he adopted, as I soon lost sight of them.

Seeing that it was impossible to do anything more, there appearing no one on the shore—previous to which the three masts had gone over the side, and the upper deck had fallen in—I left the ship in my gig for Genoa, and arrived on board the *Jason* about nine o'clock. It is supposed that there are three or four military persons drowned owing to their own imprudence in jumping overboard, contrary to my remonstrances and repeated assurance that if they did not hurry and get confused they would all be saved.

"A boat came off from the shore with two women, to render assistance; but the soldiers having swamped the boat by too many getting into it, a seaman named Burns was drowned in attempting to save the women—one of whom was also lost.

"I am of opinion that the fire was occasioned by the heat from the funnel causing the iron bulkhead to be so much heated as to set fire to the wooden bulkhead outside it. I have been nearly two years in command of the *Cyæsus*, and have never noticed anything of the kind before, to this extent; and I never had reason to apprehend any danger. My own opinion is, that some peculiarity of the coal caused the unusual heat of the funnel. I am perfectly satisfied with the conduct of every one connected with the ship, and my orders were carried out with coolness and precision.

"Dated on board the *Vulcan*, at Genoa, 25th April, 1855.

"A true copy of the statement made in my presence, also in the presence of Lieut. Furneaux and Commander Lane of the steam-ship *Jason*.

"E. P. B. VON DONOP, Commander H.M.S. *Vulcan*.

"J. H. FURNEAUX, Lieutenant H.M.S. *Vulcan*.

"—LANE, Commander steam-ship *Jason*."

MAY 2.—I attended the meeting of the Bible Society at Exeter Hall. 3.—Attended meeting of the London City Mission. Dear N. spoke. 4.—Tract Society Meeting, Exeter Hall. I was prevented attending this meeting by

a cold—much disappointed. Mr. Gill, from Rarotonga, spoke warmly of “The Sinner’s Friend” as the fourth publication in the native language. 9.—London Missionary Sermon at Surrey Chapel. Dr. Raffles preached one hour and a half. W. and self held collecting boxes at the doors. 10.—Attended the Anniversary of the London Missionary Society. Went at eight o’clock. The chair was taken by Lord Shaftesbury at ten o’clock. Concluded at three.

MAY 18.—This day, in broad daylight, some person got through the window into our dining-room and carried off the time-piece, jumping down into the garden, where he left evident foot-marks. The servants were at their dinner, and my dear wife, with Miss B., were sitting in the library. Not a sound was heard.

[The house was peculiarly exposed to the invasion of thieves—it was well known that only two elderly persons with two female servants lived in it—yet this is the only instance of robbery during the nine years of its occupancy, and there was never even an alarm at night. The word was illustrated—“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.”—ED.]

#### Copy of a letter from the Religious Tract Society:—

“In a letter lately received from Rev. J. T. Walters, Missionary at Smyrna, he says:—‘One of the most useful tracts is perhaps ‘The Sinner’s Friend.’ The Rev. Mr. Buel, of Athens, sent me a number of them, which have nearly all been circulated. Will the Society permit me to publish it at their expense in Turkish?’ To this appeal we have assented. I know that this piece of information will be gratifying to you.”

On my knees I presented this letter before the Lord, with thankfulness and praise.

JUNE 28.—I visited a man named C., near Surrey Chapel, confined to his bed several years. Mr. C. had known me in Maidstone, from 1800 to 1803, having been one of my early companions. He had heard of my conversion forty years ago, and was so rejoiced at it that he told it to Mr.

K., one of my old companions, who on hearing it said he should not wonder now at any thing. At his request I prayed with him. He knew me when I was a poor blasphemer. Mrs. C. also knew me at that time. O what a change does she now see! Now we knelt together at the footstool of divine mercy. Praised be the Lord. What a glorious manifestation of his saving power! Conducted the Inquirers' Prayer Meeting at Surrey Chapel. Spoke very warmly from the words—"The Lord will abundantly pardon." I felt very warm indeed towards these dear people, young and old, about forty of whom came up to shake me kindly by the hand. The Lord be praised for any good which may arise. O for a humble heart!

JULY 1.—A. preached in the open air this evening in a field. N. preached in the open air at the Obelisk, after evening service at Surrey Chapel. O what infinite mercy that my two dear sons are thus engaged in calling sinners to seek the Lord.

JULY 3.—I feel that I deserve the hottest hell, and yet I dare hope for heaven, because Christ died for the vilest of the vile, such as myself. I echo the words of David, "My sin is ever before me;" I echo the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" I feel hope and comfort from my dear Redeemer's own words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

JULY 31.—A deeply interesting letter from dear A., with an account of his first sermon in the village where John Bunyan lived, near Bedford.

AUGUST 2.—This morning I went to Gravesend by the new London and Tilbury Railway. Returned by steam-boat to Blackwall, and arrived at Camden Town at three o'clock. A most pleasant trip. I was quite alone in a first-class carriage the whole of the way to Tilbury. Enjoyed seeing the corn fields. In the steam-boat were about forty wounded soldiers from the Crimea. Gave "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus" to some of the poor men.

This was a very cheap excursion, only two shillings and tenpence.

AUGUST 26.—Wedding day. Forty-nine years ago my beloved Mary and self were united in matrimony. I think we love each other better than ever, praising the Lord for his great mercy in having brought us together, and preserved us in health and comfort to the present time. I drove my dear M. and N. to Surrey Chapel this morning.

AUGUST 29.—Journey to Oxford by express train; sixty-three miles in ninety-five minutes. E. was waiting for us at the station. By moonlight we strolled through the streets, the old colleges very imposing and grand. 30.—Enjoyed an excursion to Overshot Hill. Gave "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus" to some country women and to the driver. September 1.—Breakfast party. Dropped three "Sinner's Friend" on pavement with prayer. E.'s children and servants with ourselves sang at family prayer. A beautiful sight to praise God for, parents, children, and children's children and servants all kneeling before God. 3.—Two clergymen to breakfast. Gave each of them a copy of "Come to Jesus." Engaged in warm spiritual converse with Mr. M. I was truly thankful for an opportunity of speaking warmly of the love of Christ. In the afternoon we enjoyed a water excursion ten miles down the Isis to Newnham. A most lovely spot. 4.—Inspected the Taylor Institution, then walked to the Radcliffe Library, from the top of which we looked down upon the buildings of Oxford and the distant country. I walked all the way. Praised be the Lord. 5.—Walked in New College Gardens; strength much improved. Blessed be the Lord. In the afternoon we had a fly to a country inn, kept by a widow who had lately lost her husband, to whom "The Sinner's Friend" was made a great comfort. Gave her a copy of "Come to Jesus," and directed her to seek the Lord. 6.—This



morning received a letter from Mr. W. Freeman, one of the elders of Surrey Chapel, requesting me to become an elder, in compliance with a resolution adopted by the elders to that purpose. I laid the letter before the Lord, praying Him to accept my thanks for this mark of his mercy, beseeching Him to keep me humble, that I may not be lifted up with pride. Wrote a reply immediately that I accepted this invitation to become an elder of Surrey Chapel. "I will deliver him and honour him." This the Lord has done. 7.—This morning dear Mary and self arrived at Heath Cottage, and knelt together before the Lord with praise for protecting mercy throughout our whole visit at Oxford. My health restored. Praised be the Lord.

My reply to Mr. Freeman:—

"OXFORD, September 6, 1855.

"All praises to the Lord. My dear Mr. Freeman, my brother in Christ Jesus, your communication reached me here, and I soon found myself on my knees before the Lord with thankfulness for so distinguished a mark of his love to bestow upon me so great an honour, to be invited to become an elder in the church of Christ at Surrey Chapel. I accept this invitation, dear Mr. Freeman, with thankfulness and much love to the elders who have thus thought me worthy their highly valued esteem and Christian regard, and praying the Lord to bless you all and the whole church of God, I remain,

"The least and most unworthy of all redeemed sinners,

"Yours in our blessed Lord affectionately,

"J. VINE HALL."

SEPTEMBER 10.—Wonder, love and praise. What great things hath the Lord done for me, once an infidel, blasphemer and everything evil, to have the heart so completely changed to love the Lord Jesus Christ with sincerity of soul, and to have been raised up to become twenty-two years a deacon in the church of Christ at Maidstone, and now invited to become one of the elders in the church of Christ in Surrey Chapel, and my dear son N. the pastor of the said church. Praised be the Lord. O for a humble

heart and a watchful spirit that I may never forget the hole of the pit whence I have been digged. May I set the Lord always before me.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Family excursion to the Crystal Palace. In the evening took part at the prayer meeting at Surrey Chapel.

SEPTEMBER 25.—This afternoon N. invited us to a family treat at the "Spaniards" inn, Hampstead Heath, and after rambling over the heath returned to the inn and partook of an excellent tea.

OCTOBER 11.—Received a most affectionate letter from Rev. C. H., in which he says :—

"I had a most pleasing interview with the archbishop on Tuesday. I delivered your message, and received for answer that his grace would be most happy to see you at any time and anywhere. We spoke much together of 'The Sinner's Friend,' and I told him of poor Sherbourne who died with it in his hand. Also of another interesting case, that of a poor woman with whom I was altogether unsuccessful in endeavouring to make her understand the plan of salvation, until I happily thought of 'The Sinner's Friend.' The day after I had given her this little messenger of mercy, she said—'O, sir, I never knew anything till now. I was utterly ignorant of all that Christ did for my soul until you put 'The Sinner's Friend' into my hand.' She died a few days afterwards in, I believe, sure and certain hope. The archbishop said these were other proofs, among many he knew, how God had blessed the circulation of 'The Sinner's Friend.'"

OCTOBER 13.—Received an affectionate letter from Rev. J. Angell James. Extract :—

"What a miracle of grace do you and I seem to be in our own eyes. I am ready to contend with everybody, even with you, for the priority of obligation to Christ. I have often said that strong as is the evidence of God's sovereignty in the Bible, my own experience is a still stronger proof to me. I trust your horizon brightens as the sun of heaven's choral day approaches nearer and nearer to it. What a glorious company awaits us in that blessed world, brought there by 'The Sinner's Friend' and 'The Anxious Inquirer.' How many crowns shall we see cast at the Redeemer's feet!"

OCTOBER 16.—From Rev. Richard Knill:—

“DEAR OLD SAINT,—I bless God that you were ever born, and that you are born again, and that you have written for the glory of God and for the good of souls. And now dear N. and A. are following their father's steps. Please give my love to dear Mrs. Hall and your beloved children. While I was preparing to preach in the fields at Tintworth I ruptured a blood vessel and was nearly drowned in my own blood. God has been very gracious to me, so that I am able to preach once a week again, but I have lost my youthful buoyancy and wish to stand in a waiting posture every day to obey the summons to depart and to be with Christ. I hope to see you coming after me, if I go first, and what a meeting we shall have! Shall I sing louder than you? I should like to do so. Farewell till we meet in glory.”

OCTOBER 16.—This day T. A. and myself visited the archbishop at Addington. His grace met me at the door of his study, and put forth his hand with a hearty shake, expressing great pleasure at seeing me again. On making some excuse for my warmth of feeling, he said he was glad to see it, for there was apt to be too much coldness. And on my expressing thankfulness for his kindness, he said he should not expect anybody to be unkind to the author of “The Sinner's Friend.” He said he thought that much of its usefulness might be attributed to its containing gospel truths without going round about. I was all in a blaze in speaking of the Lord Jesus—the love of God in each of our hearts. There appeared no difference between us. Who would ever have thought, fifty years ago, that poor J. V. Hall, then engulfed in misery and sin, should become a welcome visitor to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to unite with him in praises to God. Also to have been chosen an elder of Surrey Chapel. To God alone be all—all the glory.

OCTOBER 22.—This evening Mr. Webb and myself were publicly acknowledged and received as elders of Surrey Chapel. N. announced this interesting setting apart in the most touching manner, alluding to his own early introduction to acquaintance with holy things by his dear

mother, who was present, having directed his mind that way by reading "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and commenting thereon. The school-room was literally crammed; a most solemn, holy occasion. O bless the Lord my soul for this especial mercy in having delivered my soul from death, and raised me up to be numbered with his people in prayer and praise. Is anything too hard for the Lord?

OCTOBER 29.—I had the pleasure to give "The Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus" to two respectable females in an omnibus. Gave them with prayer. I was prevented by rain attending prayer-meeting this evening at Surrey Chapel. It was much disappointment, as I wished to be there as my privilege and duty as an elder.

OCTOBER 31.—Dear A.'s birthday. He perseveres in his studies for the ministry, with fair prospect of becoming a very useful ambassador for the Lord. He has great energy and the love of Christ in his heart. May the Lord bless and preserve him for Christ's sake. Amen.

NOVEMBER 17.—Gave "Sinner's Friend" to a Miss P. and seven others in various ways. All with prayer.

NOVEMBER 20.—Tea meeting of K. L. M. communicants at Surrey Chapel. About seventy present. I spoke very warmly, and concluded the meeting with prayer. Everybody very kind towards me. Praised be the Lord. A medical gentleman in the omnibus gave a tract to every passenger. He told me he had been greatly gratified with the "Memoir of Dr. Gordon." I offered some copies of "The Sinner's Friend" to a woman keeping a fruit-barrow to sell for her own benefit. She honestly declined, she being a Catholic. Dropped several "Sinner's Friend" on the pavement with prayer.

DECEMBER 3.—Wrote at Cambridge Terrace and thence to prayer-meeting. Gave four "Sinner's Friend" and five "Come to Jesus" to various persons. Exercised my mind respecting hymns and psalms (mentally) in omnibus

from Camden Town to Chancery Lane. Keeps the heart warm.

Extract of letter from Mr. G. L., St. Leonard's, to my son Edward :—

“December 4, 1855.

“About twenty-five years ago I called to see you, and not finding you at home I was about to leave the house, when your father came in. He asked my business, and seeing perhaps that I was disappointed, said, ‘Here, take this little book (handing me a copy of ‘The Sinner’s Friend’), read it and your Bible. Pray earnestly, and may God in his mercy bless you.’ He left the room immediately afterwards, but that blessing and that little book made such a deep impression on my mind that it has never been effaced. I still possess the little book, but I should like to have also a few lines from your dear father, if only his autograph, that I may hand it down with the book to my children. Can you obtain this favour for me? if so, you will confer a great obligation on,” &c.

DECEMBER 16.—I desire to bless the Lord that I am brought to rest all my hopes of eternal bliss upon Jesus Christ alone. I have been greatly tried by looking to my past dreadful sins, of which I deeply repent every moment daily, praying the fifty-first psalm.

DECEMBER 31.—Present at the prayer-meeting and the watch-night. J. V. H. engaged in prayer. At half-past ten the watch-night service commenced; a most glorious assemblage of upwards of 2,500 persons. The prayer-meeting was indeed a meeting of solemn and heartfelt prayer, with warm thankfulness to God for his mercy during the past year. Rev. E. Cecil first gave a lecture on the past; Rev. W. Brock on the present; dear N. on the future. A watch-night service was also held at Kentish Town. Our dear A. presided. They had a glorious meeting. O what infinite mercy—my dear children, with father and mother, all engaged and delighting in the service of the Lord. Praised be his holy name. Amen and Amen.

## CHAPTER XV.

DIARY. 1856—1857.

"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN MALAGASSY AND TELOOGOO—CONJUGAL BAROMETER—TRIP TO MINSTER—ASCENT OF SNOWDON—TRIP TO ISLE OF MAN—TRACTORS—SIN FINITE, THE REMEDY INFINITE—FIFTIETH WEDDING DAY—FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF VICTORY—JOSEPH IN EGYPT—CHILWORTH—DEATH OF REV. E. JINKINGS—BISHOPS OF CARLISLE AND RIPON—PRIVATE PRAYER-MEETING—VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY—CHILWORTH—LEITH-HILL—A CONTRITE HEART—INDIAN MUTINY—TEMPERANCE SPEECH—VISIT TO SCARBOROUGH—"SINNER'S FRIEND" IN TAMIL. AGE 82—83.

JANUARY 26, 1856.—Received a long and deeply interesting letter from Rev. D. G., respecting translation of "The Sinner's Friend," "Come to Jesus," "It is I," into Malagassy. Extract:—"What honour has God conferred on you both, father and son, by blessing your books to the persecuted Christians in Madagascar. They appreciate every sentence, and swallow every word with avidity and delight, and bless the God of heaven for them."

FEBRUARY 9.—Dear N. and my dear wife quite scold me for mourning so much on account of my past sins. Ah! they little think of the nature and filth of the sins of my youth. I have indeed sunk in deep mire, and although I have been snatched as it were from the very centre of hell, and have been preserved nearly forty years, yet I cannot forget my vileness, nor cease to grieve from the heart with the deepest sorrow for sin. I mourn in agony and pain. Still I would endeavour to trust in that precious blood shed for all manner of sin.

FEBRUARY 14.—On going to Surrey Chapel in an omnibus last Tuesday evening, I began as soon as the omnibus started from Camden Town, and continued till it arrived at Surrey Chapel. Repeated twenty-five hymns, and psalms 23, 25, 27, 30, 34, 51, 86, 91, 103, 116, 121, 130, 139, and 143. These occupied me all the way and I had one psalm (145th) remaining. Praised be the Lord for a retentive memory and for great pleasure in his service.

FEBRUARY 17.—Teloo goo edition of "The Sinner's Friend" presented me this day from Tract Society. Prayed the Lord to accept my thanks.

FEBRUARY 20.—Called on dying Mrs. N. Prayed with her and repeated several hymns: "O for a heart," "How sweet the name," "In every trouble," "Dear refuge," &c. Scattered four "Sinner's Friend" on the pavement. A pleasant dinner-party, four ministers.

MARCH 4.—B., gardener, here at work, sober. Spoke encouragingly to him not to be out of heart, but make use of prayer for strength to resist his besetting sin, once my own, but God has delivered me. Why not deliver B.? Lord have mercy upon him and deliver him for Christ's sake.

MARCH 14.—First and second birthday. Forty-four years ago (March 14, 1812,) the Lord sent a voice to me from heaven, saying, "If thou wilt forsake thy sins they shall be forgiven." Hitherto the Lord has held me in the hollow of his hand. Jesus is the million, million times welcome occupant of my heart. This day commences my eighty-third year, full of health and life and fire.

APRIL 1.—Dear Mary, self and W., drank tea and supped at the Rev. Thomas James's, where we met the Rev. J. A. James, Rev. Dr. Tidman, Rev. H. Allon, &c., a most agreeable party. Enjoyed much conversation on the mercy of God in redemption by his beloved Son. Mr. J. A. James considered that it was not wrong in me that I did not suffer wine to pass my lips at the Lord's Supper.

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MAY 6.—Drove dear Mary to Hyde Park this morning in our pony chaise, by Regent Street. We enjoyed the ride and the water in Hyde Park exceedingly. Dear S.'s birthday. Prayed the Lord to bless dear S., body, soul, and in his circumstances, keeping him from sin and evil. I wrote S. a very long letter, 1,504 words.

MAY 7.—My dear Mary unwell. We intended to have gone to Exeter Hall to the Bible Meeting, but dear Mary being part of myself, I declined going, and remained at home, a comforter to her whom I so dearly love. 20.—An important day to me, the beginning of my intercourse with my beloved Mary. Blessed be the Lord for all the happiness which has followed that hasty, momentary interview; and blessed be the Lord for increasing love to each other for upwards of fifty-two years to the present hour, with love to the Lord Jesus, looking to Him for eternal joy. O the love of Christ! how delicious to the renewed soul! My dear Mary not so well this morning as yesterday. This renders myself unwell. My dear wife is my barometer. But I grieve more on account of sin. My heart aches, crying out, O God, be merciful unto me, for Christ's blessed sake.

JUNE 17.—I feel my soul more quieted by reposing entirely upon the sacrifice of Christ. If I perish, I perish at the foot of the cross. O Lord increase my faith. I am looking to Christ every hour. He is all in all to me. If I did not believe his word I should sink into utter despair. Neither repentance nor amendment of life, nothing but the payment of my debt by the sacrifice of Christ can possibly save me from eternal ruin. But, blessed be God, the blood of Christ was shed for the sins of the whole world, for every one who believes in Him. Praised be the Lord for such magnificent mercy. This morning I called on the archbishop at Lambeth Palace. He welcomed me as a brother in Jesus, and was pleased to say that I had done much for his cause, intimating by "The Sinner's Friend." His grace pre-



sented me with a small Bible, on a blank leaf of which he wrote, "J. B. Cantuar, to the author of 'The Sinner's Friend.'" He said, "You are very warm-hearted, Mr. Hall;" to which I replied, "Yes, my lord, it is because Jesus Christ ever occupies my heart, and this it is which keeps me ever in a glow of warmth when speaking of Him."

JUNE 23.—I attended prayer-meeting this evening at Surrey Chapel. Offered first prayer, after exhorting the assembly to reflect on the importance of prayer to an all-seeing God. Walked to the end of Farringdon Street. I was favoured with much energy in prayer this evening, in answer to prayer. The Lord's name be praised. O for a humble heart, a watchful spirit, that excitement in prayer may not lead me astray into self-complacency.

JULY 1.—This morning my dear Mary, A., and self, set out for East-end, at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, by boat from Blackwall. A beautiful voyage, the day fine beyond all description. We knelt before the Lord with thankfulness and praise. My dear Mary's health was exceedingly improved by the end of the voyage. I gave three "Sinner's Friend" to three women on board, and one to an old sailor on the cliff and spoke to him on the way of salvation. Nothing could possibly exceed the affectionate attention of A. to his dear mother, anticipating every want and watching over her with all the tenderness of a daughter or a nurse. In the evening we all walked on the cliff, the sea under our feet, most magnificent scene. We sat down and sang, "Praise God," &c., and repeated a few hymns. 2.—This day N. and C. arrived from Rochester, where he had been preaching. We were rejoiced at meeting in this romantic place. We sat on the cliff together and sang "Praise God." We all proceeded in a boat for Sheerness; the battery was practising, firing 68-pound shots at a target in the sea, over our heads. 3.—A. made most comfortable seats for us on the grass, half-way down one

of the cliffs, where we sat and enjoyed ourselves. One hundred and forty ships in the prospect. Our hearts were filled with gratitude to the gracious God whose kindness had afforded us so much enjoyment. 5.—We quitted Minster this morning, having first knelt together before the Lord to thank Him for his protecting care and for having allowed us so much pleasure. We arrived at our own dwelling in the evening, when we all knelt again before the Lord with thankfulness and praise.

JULY 19.—Praised be the Lord, this day completes thirty-eight years since porter, ale, or malt liquor has ever passed my tongue. My heart full of gratitude to God, yet full of sorrow on account of past sins. But I cast my whole soul upon the sacrifice of Christ for the sins of the whole world.

JULY 21.—Trip to Wales, Liverpool, and the Isle of Man.—This morning dear Mary, N., and self, set off to the Welsh mountains. We flew by express to Bangor. We found dear A. at Bangor, where he had obtained lodgings at a temperance hotel. Dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thanks for his protecting care. Mountains far and near, leading the heart to Him who made them all. In the evening we drove to the tubular and suspension bridges. Wonders of art beyond all description. 22.—By train to Carnarvon, where we inspected the ancient castle. My dear Mary ascended to the top of the very highest tower. Gave Welsh "Sinner's Friend" to the guide of the castle. By car to Beddgelert. Heard a language that we understood not. Shoes and stockings seemed to have been dispensed with by boys, girls and women. Gave two Welsh "Sinner's Friend" to two female cottagers. 23.—Snowdon.—This morning my dear Mary and self on ponies, with N. and A., reached the summit in two hours and a half. A cloud on the top prevented a prospect, but the various views in our ascent were sublime. As soon as we arrived at the top we went into one of the

huts and all knelt in prayer and thanksgiving to our gracious God. Near the top is a narrow path three yards wide, called "the Saddle," 3,000 feet high, with a precipice on each side a thousand feet. Over this frightful place we rode with perfect safety, but not without some little thought as to the fatal result if the horses should stumble. We found several travellers on the top, where were three coffee-houses, and we were soon supplied with broiled ham and good coffee. Gave three "Sinner's Friend" (Welsh) to three Welshmen. I rode all the way from the top of Snowdon to Beddgelert, where, as soon as we arrived, my dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thankfulness. Below the summit of the mountain all was fine and clear. Eight and a half hours occupied in this excursion. I would not undertake it again upon any representation, although the whole prospect is of the most exciting description—a world of wonders. Three men at the top sang some anthems most delightfully. My horse stumbled on one knee, but immediately recovered himself without displacing me from the saddle. Praised be the Lord. The Bishop of Norwich, twelve years ago, ascended Snowdon on Saturday and remained there all Sunday, preaching to about two hundred people who had assembled to hear him. N. and A. in vain attempted to persuade me to approach the edge of a precipice over a most frightful abyss, but my dear Mary had more courage and she ventured nearer than I dared to do. What mercy that no dizziness came upon her. I had prayed the Lord to protect her. She walked down the dreadful declivity of "the Saddle," N. and A. close by her side. A. had placed my Macintosh cape on the ground for his dear mother to sit upon, but he forgot to take it up again, therefore it was lost, though it may prove a welcome prize to some poor traveller.

JULY 24.—Started in a car for Llanberis. 25.—Most glorious morning; returned to Beddgelert. When at the top of Llanberis Pass, N. and A. again ascended Snowdon,

whilst my dear Mary and self remained at Penygwryd, and indulged ourselves with broiled eggs, ham and tea. A most lovely scene all around. Gave "Sinner's Friend" (English) to a poor woman at the top of the pass. 26.—N. returned to London. 27.—Sunday. Quietness reigns. Hundreds flocking to the chapel near our dwelling. A quarryman preached, and though it was all in Welsh we were deeply impressed with the energy with which he spoke. 28.—We enjoyed sitting upon a rocky elevation opposite Moel-hebog. Mountains all around. We sat looking with rapturous delight and sang "Praise God." A. collected children in the school-room to sing Welsh hymns. 30.—Having knelt before the Lord with praise for safety in answer to prayer at first setting out, we quitted this romantic spot for Beaumaris, and inspected the ancient castle, enjoying the beautiful scenery along the Menai straits; fine evening. 31.—Sailed for Liverpool. At Liverpool drove along many streets to view public buildings, and heard the superb organ at St. George's Hall. August 1.—Started for the Isle of Man. Lodgings in the centre of Douglas bay, the sea rolling within a hundred yards in front of the house. 4.—Drove to Peel, across the island. Viewed the castle and descended the dungeon. 5.—Left Douglas for Holyhead. We rejoiced in the mercy of God that we were now returning to our dear Heath Cottage, to bless and praise the Lord for his continued mercy and preserving care. Praised be his holy name. 6.—This morning, after praising God for his mercy during our excursion, and praying for his protection, we began our return homeward. At Conway inspected the castle. Warren was waiting for us at Heath Cottage.

August 11.—Bad news from Vine.—Sciatica. It was resolved that I should proceed to Southampton to apply the tractors. Tractored V. seventy minutes from hip to feet. The pain all dispersed, although he had been in pain all day. Blessed be God. R. kindly took me in a fly to

view Netley Abbey. Sorry my dear Mary not with us, I cannot enjoy any scenery when she is not with me. 13.—Tractored V. forty-five minutes, pain removed. He came down stairs the first time for twenty-four days. Uneasy in mind on account of my dear Mary not being with me. Resolved to return home immediately. Arrived at six, praising God for his mercy in having protected me from all harm.

AUGUST 19.—Gave two "Sinner's Friend" in omnibus. Repeated hymns mentally. Questioned Mr. James as to his opinion whether he considered that the blood of Christ cleansed from all sin. He had not the slightest doubt of it. The virtue of the sacrifice of Christ was infinite, therefore atoned for all manner of sin, which could only be finite. I should despair of pardon were it not so. Be merciful unto me, O God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

AUGUST 26.—Wedding day.—Fifty years have now been completed since I was united to my beloved wife, still continued to me in good health by the abounding mercy of an ever gracious God. Blessings upon blessings have attended us all our days. We are both in the enjoyment of good health, surrounded by every comfort, affectionate children, and above all Jesus Christ in our hearts. God be praised for the unspeakable gift of his beloved Son. Visited the exhibition of Martin's three celebrated paintings—"Wrath of God," "Final Judgment," "Plains of Heaven." Afterwards had our likenesses taken at a photographic establishment. Gave a lady in the omnibus "Come to Jesus;" she gave me a tract in return, "Bob, the Cabin Boy."

SEPTEMBER 5.—Yesterday received a most comfortable letter from dear Stephen. Our hearts were surcharged with gratitude, and we knelt before the Lord in praise. He says that on his last voyage he was much impressed with the disadvantages of a nautical life, and prayed earnestly that God would cast his lot on shore and enable him to attend the ministrations of his word. On his return to Hong-

Kong, after he had given up all hope of anything but a continuation of sea voyages, the senior partner proposed his becoming surveyor of shipping. He says he has got a comfortable house, and commenced the first day's family worship with the twenty-fourth chapter of Joshua, and that he was resolved to put away all false gods, and to say "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This letter made us weep for joy with hearts overflowing with gratitude to our gracious God. He has answered my prayers to give S. a ship by giving him something better, a situation on land by which he will be able to attend the house of God.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Drove dear Mary to Hyde Park. Dropped on the pavement "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus," with prayer. On the 22nd September, 1816, forty years ago, I was enabled, by divine grace and mercy, to abandon entirely the use of wine of any kind and spirituous liquor, not a drop of either having passed the surface of my tongue during all those forty years. God be praised. And what is almost miraculous, not the slightest desire after them has ever haunted me, but on the contrary the most positive disgust has occupied my mind at the very smell. Having been many years the slave of strong drink, I might have been tempted to return to it, but God in tender mercy changed the whole of my nature, and enabled me to triumph over my once besetting sin, in his strength and in that alone. Also He has caused the love of Christ to occupy my soul making it my supreme delight to promote his glory. "I'm lost in wonder, love and praise," when I consider what God has done for me in providence as well as grace. Beginning life without a shilling He raised me up to be a Joseph in Egypt to my poor mother and my two brothers, all long since gone the way of all flesh. My poor mother in writing me for pecuniary aid addressed me "My dear Joseph in Egypt, the corn is almost gone, and I look to you again to supply my need." It pleased God so

to prosper me, that I was able to supply all her temporal wants. She died praying for her then prodigal son. The Lord gave me the disposition and opportunity to help many others, to the grateful rejoicing of my heart. In addition to a vast number of various tracts, I have enjoyed the privilege of distributing gratuitously upwards of 57,800 copies of "The Sinner's Friend." But it is all of the Lord. He put it into my heart to write "The Sinner's Friend" which He has followed with his blessing. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness."

OCTOBER 25.—To Chilworth. Most affectionately welcomed by my dear M. E. who was waiting for us at the station. A splendid dinner of ducks was prepared for us, to which we paid most zealous attention, with a hearty appetite and thankful hearts. 26.—Attended service at church near Chilworth; a very excellent sermon, "By faith ye are saved." In the evening repeated hymns with the dear children. November 1.—Knelt before the Lord with praise for protecting care in our visit. Dear N. called to welcome us home and offer prayer. We found home to be sweet indeed. Praised be the Lord.

NOVEMBER 3.—Death of Rev. Edmund Jinkings. This faithful servant of the Lord had been forty years the beloved pastor over the Independent Church at Maidstone, esteemed by all who knew him. He had been to us a most faithful friend in every trial. Prayer-meeting Surrey Chapel and temperance meeting, 2,000 present, Rev. Hugh Allen, rector of St. George's, spoke. N. called on me as an old teetotaller. Did not get home till eleven o'clock.

NOVEMBER 8.—I have loved Christ dearly many, many years, and all his people of every denomination, and I do love them still, and the Lord Jesus more and more, and this causes increasing pain that I have sinned so deeply against Him. I mourn hourly on account of sin, still I dare hope for mercy through the sacrifice of Christ. This day attended the funeral of our late pastor. N. gave an

impressive address. A large number of ministers and many friends proceeded to the Wesleyan burying ground amidst heavy rain. Kindly greeted by several of our old acquaintances. The street was lined with spectators, up to the grave.

NOVEMBER 13.—My time here is now very short, very short indeed, it may be to-morrow. I have no hope but in Christ whom I dearly love. I pray God in his tender mercy to forgive me for Christ's sake. Our pony attempted to run away with us. The Lord preserved us.

NOVEMBER 16.—Dear Mary and self after tea repeated fifty hymns, (twenty-five each). We then knelt together in prayer, afterwards Mary read portions of the word of God. Thus we enjoyed our Sabbath evening though not in the sanctuary. Praised be the Lord for grace to delight in his worship.

DECEMBER 2.—Drove to Highgate, and dined with N. and C. and Mr. Cecil at Andrew Marvel's cottage, opposite Cromwell House, where Major Ireton resided two hundred years ago. Received a letter from the new Bishop of Carlisle, addressed "The Rev. J. V. Hall," in which he says: "Permit me to offer my warm and grateful acknowledgement for the copy of 'The Sinner's Friend' you have done me the favour to send me. A book I have been privileged to circulate many years—a book I have always valued; but this copy is in my eyes of greatly increased value from its containing your autograph." The Bishop of Ripon also writes to thank me for a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," saying, "It is a work I have long known and valued, and it affords me much pleasure to be possessed of a copy from the author."

DECEMBER 15.—Not at the prayer-meeting this evening at Surrey Chapel, but my dear Mary and self enjoyed a private prayer-meeting at home. Myself first, and then my dear Mary, prayed earnestly for our dear children. We then arose from our knees and embraced each other, full of



heartfelt love and gratitude to our gracious God for his great mercy in having united us so many years as his redeemed servants. Praised be his blessed name. Amen.

JANUARY 1, 1857.—The Lord has mercifully brought us to a new portion of time, resting upon his almighty arm. Many have been our blessings, few our trials. Our anxieties have all been overruled for our good and the good of our dear children. Praised be the Lord. I trust that we do indeed love God with full purpose of heart, and gratitude for past mercies so great. The change in my own heart how wondrous; all the free grace of God. Praised be his name for ever and ever! Amen.

JANUARY 14.—Vine has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.

FEBRUARY 13.—Spent the day at N.'s. In the evening N. and self in his study repeated about twelve or fourteen hymns, and I offered prayer. It was good that father and son were thus engaged in praising the Lord.

FEBRUARY 26.—This evening my dear Mary and self, with N. and C., went to the House of Commons to hear the debate on China. N. and self sat in speaker's gallery. My dear Mary and C. in the ladies' gallery. The debate was most animated. The house rose at twenty minutes past twelve. Mr. F. C. was exceedingly courteous, found his way to C. and Mary and gave them ices and tea, and then brought us oranges. He afterwards conducted us into various parts of the magnificent building.

MARCH 14.—The Lord has spared me to enter my eighty-fourth year in full health of body and mind, but a sinful heart. The Lord in my own person has verified the truth of the ninety-first psalm, "With long life will I satisfy him;" the Lord has also "delivered me and honoured me" in various ways, by giving me the friendship and love of so many dear Christian friends. Dined at N.'s. Received congratulatory letters from several of my children.

MARCH 16.—Prayer-meeting at Surrey Chapel. Read

ninety-first psalm and prayed. Afterwards attended public meeting of temperance society, held in the chapel, Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P., in the chair. I made the first speech.

APRIL 17.—New College Soirée. N. delivered an address. Professor Godwin called on me to address the students, which I did with much warmth. Told them to read some portion of the Bible every day, and never to be ashamed of Christ, but to embrace every opportunity to speak good of his name, and never despair of the most abandoned sinner.

MAY 6.—S.'s birthday. Went to Bible meeting, Exeter Hall. Dear N. seconded the first resolution. 7.—Evangelical Alliance breakfast. Called at the Tract Society and enjoyed spiritual conversation there. 11.—Drove to Hyde Park and Rotten Row, a most interesting sight. In evening attended prayer-meeting Surrey Chapel. 14.—London Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall. N. was called upon to make the first speech. Dr. Livingston spoke, and was most heartily welcomed. Also Mr. Ellis, who mentioned "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus" as having been well received at Madagascar.

MAY 25.—To Chilworth. 26.—A fine drive through exquisite scenery, nightingales warbling all around us. In evening took a walk into a copse. Sang "Praise God." 30.—Walked two hours and a half, nightingales singing on each side. Gave "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus" to cottagers. Much heartache on account of sin. Repeated several hymns before rising this morning, and the fifty-first psalm. June 2.—To Leith Hill, distant about ten miles. A most romantic hill with very extensive scenery. We lighted a fire, boiled the kettle, enjoyed a most sumptuous picnic, and revelled in the prospects seen from this the most elevated land in Surrey. Gave "Sinner's Friend" to two poor turf-cutters and spoke to them of the way of salvation. The dear children enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a grand treat indeed, prospect superior to anything in Kent. 3.—Dear Edward's

birthday. We returned to Heath Cottage praising God for his great mercy during the last ten days.

JUNE 4.—In our evening drive our horse suddenly fell quite down, his whole body on the ground, his knees cut ; we returned instantly, frightened, but praising God that it had not been worse.

JUNE 27.—My heart bowed down with sorrow on account of my past dreadful sins. My dear Mary, N. and others of my family, think me wrong in not rejoicing in my deliverance. But I cannot forget my former depravity. Still there is room to hope even in my case. 30.—My heart full of anguish on account of sins of my youth. I tremble yet hope in Christ my Redeemer. None but those who have passed through the same fire can conceive of my agony. But the sacrifice of Christ was too precious to be limited. "Scarlet and crimson" made as "white as snow." I cannot review the mercy of God in his precious gift of such a wife without feelings of the most intense gratitude. To me who deserve the utmost indignation of the Lord has He given the greatest treasure on earth. I cannot look upon my past life (before forty years of age) but with horror and disgust. No man living has ever sinned against God as I have done. I repent deeply, heart and soul, unceasingly praying for pardon and humble confidence in the blood of Christ. Christ is ever precious to my soul, the joy of my heart. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God thou wilt not despise."

JULY 23.—Frightful mutiny of native troops in India. Forty Europeans, men, women and children, murdered at Delhi, which city is in possession of the rebels, who amount to many thousands. The *Golden Fleece*, commanded by dear V., chartered to take troops. August 3.—Delhi still in possession of the rebels. Forty of the rebels blown away from the mouths of guns. These troubles in India are retribution for our unjust attack on China.

AUGUST 18.—Present dispersion of our family. Edward, at Oxford; Stephen, Hong-Kong; Vine, on his voyage to India; Newman, at Folkestone; Arthur, at Carthage; Warren, at Boulogne; Norah, at Bucklesham, near Ipswich; Mary Emily, at Chilworth.

AUGUST 27.—Dear Stephen's son, Peter. We were much excited by a first sight of this dear boy, who embraced each of us in the most loving manner. Took the chair at temperance meeting at Surrey Chapel. Rev. T. Cuyler, from New York, gave a lecture. Rev. Hugh Allen proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Cuyler. 1,800 persons present. I commenced the meeting by a short address, as follows: "Allow me, my friends, to introduce myself to you as an old teetotaler, probably the oldest in this assembly. When it pleased God, many years ago, to call me by his grace, I felt it necessary to forego the use of wine and strong drink, lest at an unguarded moment I might abuse the use of the same, and bring dishonour upon the name of Christ. I prayed God to give me strength to resist every temptation to evil. The Lord mercifully answered that prayer. This was more than forty years ago, and from that time to the present hour, blessed be God, not so much as a single drop of wine or spirituous liquor has ever passed the surface of my tongue. I never drink anything stronger than tea or coffee, and although the enemies of temperance may insinuate that such simple beverages will never give strength, yet I stand here a witness to the contrary, for although a few years have passed since my eightieth birthday, I am, through the mercy of God, full of health and strength, the love of God cheering my soul, and the Lord Jesus ever dwelling in my heart, a welcome guest, my only hope of glory. I am so convinced by happy experience of the blessings of total abstinence, that I would not depart from it in the smallest instance for all the wealth in the world. I would sooner die. I do not make these resolutions in my

own strength, but in the strength of that merciful God who has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; therefore with humble gratitude I would say, Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but to thy name be all the praise. I think temperance, accompanied by the grace of God, is the greatest blessing in the world." At the conclusion of the meeting I entreated the people not to depend entirely on the pledge, but to get the love of Christ in their hearts, as the best security against the temptations to indulge in strong drink.

SEPTEMBER 5.—The pony shied and very nearly upset the chaise. Praised be the Lord for deliverance.

SEPTEMBER 18.—To Scarborough. N. and C. were waiting for us at the station. 19.—Inspected the fine old castle. 20.—N. preached on the sands, about two thousand persons present. Also at Bar Church. 22.—We ascended Oliver's Mount. 23.—A most beautiful ride to Hackness. 24.—By train to Filey Bridge. 25.—Returned from Scarborough. Remained two hours at York to see the minster. Reached home, praising God for his great mercy during our pleasant excursion.

OCTOBER 12.—This evening, at a public tea meeting, at Kentish Town, a testimonial was presented to A. Choice books and a written address, signed by sixty teachers, expressing their approbation of his conduct as superintendent of the school and Sunday evening service for working men.

OCTOBER 29.—London Missionary Meeting at Surrey Chapel. One of the missionaries held in his hand a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus," saying they had been printed in the Tamil language. My heart praised the Lord.

NOVEMBER 27.—From the *Times* this day: "The *Golden Fleece* started from Spithead, 8th of August, the *James Baines* and *Champion of the Seas* left Spithead the same day;—the *Golden Fleece* getting under way four hours after her competitors, both of which she has thoroughly

beaten in the long race to India, neither of them having yet been reported." The quickest voyage ever made.

DECEMBER 8.—Fog intense. Could not see two yards distance. I was troubled to see the pavement under my feet; quite awful. N. and C. rode out in the midst of this terrible fog, and found it perfectly clear and shining sun on Hampstead Heath.

DECEMBER 9.—Dear N.'s new volume of hymns, with a dedication to his dear mother. What mercy to have been spared to our dear children, to witness their respectful and tender affection on every occasion. Praised be the Lord!

"MOTHER! to thee, of right, this book belongs;  
 For, seated on thy knee, an infant weak,  
 With lisping tongue, I learnt from thee to speak  
 'In psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.'  
 Oft didst thou stroke my head, and kiss my cheek,  
 And weep for joy, to hear thy child repeat  
 How the Good Shepherd came from heaven, to seek  
 His wandering lambs,—and how his hands and feet  
 Were pierced with nails—while He, the sufferer meek,  
 Prayed for his foes, then mounted to his throne.  
 With themes like these, my years have still upgrown,  
 Through thy persuasive teaching, tender care,  
 Thine, and a loving father's life of prayer.  
 The book I offer thee is thus thine own!"

DECEMBER 21.—Prayer-meeting at Surrey Chapel. Was requested to offer the first prayer, previous to which I gave the congregation a solemn admonition. 22.—Tea meeting of members. N. called on me to speak first. I felt all fire to open my mouth to tell of the mercy of the Lord. Blessed be his name.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Family Christmas meeting, seventeen in all. After dinner sang "Praise God." A. entertained us with microscope and magic lantern. We had abundant cause to be thankful for this happy meeting.

DECEMBER 29.—Spiritual dream. I was blest with a

dream of deepest sorrow for sin. Awoke praising God. I have been lately blest with spiritual dreams in answer to prayer. 31. — Prayer-meeting, overflowing attendance, nearly fifty new members admitted. I engaged in prayer at the request of N. At 10.30, the watch-night service commenced. The chapel was literally crammed. Rev. R. Robinson gave the first address, N. the second. We arrived at Heath Cottage at 1.15, praising God. We had enjoyed a year of most special mercies, no trouble and no serious sickness, our souls looking to Christ for salvation. Gave "Sinner's Friend" to new members.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DIARY. 1858—1860.

MINISTRY IN OMNIBUSES—NEW WEDDING RING—EXCURSION TO MINSTER—THE LORD'S PRAYER—CHILWORTH AND LEITH-HILL—TRIP TO MATLOCK—PRIVATE PRAYER-MEETING—VISIT TO OXFORD—SOCIAL PARTIES—DRUNKEN DRIVER—CONVERSION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN BY "SINNER'S FRIEND"—VISIT TO BOXLEY—ANGER AND SORROW—VISIT TO YORKSHIRE—ORDINATION OF HIS SON A. AT LUDDENDEN-FOOT—A BLIND CHRISTIAN—LAST NEW YEAR'S EVE—"A SPREE"—HIS SON V. CAPTAIN OF "GREAT EASTERN"—HIS SON W.'S WEDDING—LAST VISIT TO CHILWORTH—ACCIDENT AT LEITH-HILL—ILLNESS—LAST WORDS—"MARY," "JESUS"—ENTERS INTO REST. AGE 84—86.

JANUARY 9, 1858.—Visited Mr. B., surgeon, who has been sadly depressed, fearful of not obtaining pardon. I told him that he could not be as bad as myself, and that it was such rebels that Jesus came to seek and save. On my way, I gave a young gentleman in the omnibus a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," and conversed with him on the love of Christ. He told me that his father was a clergyman in Norfolk, and had told him that he knew many instances in which "The Sinner's Friend" had been made useful. This young man had only been brought to feel the value of a Saviour within the past year. I was very thankful to the Lord for this opportunity of speaking good of his name. He daily loadeth me with benefits.

JANUARY 15.—Trouble, trouble awaits us, but the Lord is our shield. He has defended us many, many years, brought us through fire.\* My heart never ceases to feel

\* My father was subject to occasional depression of spirits, producing painful but totally ungrounded anticipations of evil never realized.—ED.



great sorrow for my past sins. I trust in the sacrifice of Christ, still I mourn inwardly.

JANUARY 18. — Prayer-meeting this evening. Gave "Sinner's Friend" to persons in omnibus. Repeated many hymns in omnibus in going, and psalms in returning from Surrey Chapel.

JANUARY 23.—Walked from Camden Town to St. John's Wood, then walked in Regent's Park, and from thence walked all the way to Heath Cottage, a great feat. 24.—This day, seventy-two years ago, I first entered the old house, Maidstone, as a little errand boy. Dear N. and self enjoyed prayer alternately (alone) in his study.

FEBRUARY 8.—Prayer-meeting this evening at Surrey Chapel. Offered the first prayer; not in a spiritual frame. After prayer-meeting went with N. to Exeter Hall to hear Mr. Gough.

FEBRUARY 22.—Prayer-meeting. A temperance meeting afterwards in Surrey Chapel. I took the chair. About 1,500 persons present. Dear A. made a most impressive speech, detailing his own experience and the way in which he had been brought to sign the pledge. Also the mercy of God in having rescued him from infidelity and brought him to seek the Lord and become a minister for Christ. A. alluded in the most touching manner to his dear mother's teaching in his youth. Dear N. also confirmed A.'s testimony of his dear mother's teaching and example of a consistent walk as a Christian.

MARCH 1.—On March 1, 1816, Dr. Day came to visit me for the first time, to assure me that if I would take a medicine he would prescribe I should, by the help of the Lord, be enabled to conquer the hankering after strong drink. I took three hundred and fifty bottles of that medicine, and from the 22nd September, 1816, to the present day, not a single drop of wine or spirituous liquor has ever passed the surface of my tongue. Praised be the Lord.

MARCH 14.—My birthday. Completed my eighty-fourth year. How great has been the mercy of God throughout the whole of my long life! But my heart aches with the deepest sorrow that I have so deeply offended against so good a God. Have mercy upon me O Lord!

MARCH 22.—Went to Surrey Chapel prayer-meeting. Remained afterwards at the temperance meeting. About 1,700 present. At the close, I told the people to begin their temperance life at the foot of the cross, to seek to have Christ in the heart, then they would have strength to resist temptation to evil.

MARCH 24.—Went to Tract Society; spoke warmly of Christ. An elderly lady there appeared so benevolent in her countenance that I said to her, "Madam, you are a Christian, I am sure of it. I see it in your face." She smiled. The attendant behind the counter introduced me to her as the author of "The Sinner's Friend." She immediately gave me her hand, expressing much pleasure in having met with me, as she knew "The Sinner's Friend." It was a most agreeable meeting with a stranger Christian. In the omnibus I gave two copies of "The Sinner's Friend" to a lady who thanked me by my name, but she was a perfect stranger. On going to Camden Town I distributed "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus." In the evening my dear Mary and self went to the tea meeting of members P. Q. R. I gave a short address, enjoining the people to seek to have the Lord Jesus to occupy their hearts.

MARCH 30.—Went to Exeter Hall temperance meeting; chair occupied by Mr. Cruikshank. N. spoke. My name mentioned as a teetotaller of forty years.

APRIL 6.—Pain in my eyes, lip and nose, somewhat reduced; but the pain in my heart on account of sin no better, particularly pain of remembrance of sins committed under forty years of age. God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake, is my continual cry.

MAY 5.—In omnibus gave six "Sinner's Friend" to a pious female. She gave three of the copies to three persons in the omnibus. We had some Christian conversation; most pleasant. I felt quite thankful for so unexpected an opportunity of speaking a word for my gracious Lord.

MAY 18.—Wedding ring. My dear Mary's first wedding ring being completely worn asunder, I presented her with a new one this day, which I placed on her finger with a heartfelt kiss of love and gratitude to Almighty God for his great mercy in having continued us to each other so many years as husband and wife, with love to each other more than ever. Married fifty-one years, eight months and three weeks.

MAY 20.—This day, 20th May, 1804, I spoke to my beloved Mary the first time, without knowing her name or where she resided. Praised be the Lord, this romantic circumstance led to a discovery which produced on next day an introduction to herself and mother, at the Ivy House, St. John's, Worcester, and ultimately to our happiness in union of heart to heart in connubial love.

JUNE 17.—Praised be the Lord, I have Him for my defence—Christ the occupant of my heart. Rev. Dr. Legge, from China, called this afternoon and cheered our hearts respecting our son S.

JUNE 19.—I feel it quite time to be prepared to meet my God; but O the meeting—a holy God and an unholy rebellious sinner! Nothing but the sacrifice of Christ can possibly deliver me from the lowest hell. I look to Christ at once for deliverance and salvation. My eyes, my heart, my soul, are up to Thee, O Jesus, my rock and my defence, my everlasting hope.

JUNE 25.—This afternoon dear Mary and self went in an open carriage to the "Spaniards," Hampstead Heath, to a tea entertainment. N. and C., &c.

JUNE 28.—Temperance meeting this evening at Surrey Chapel, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair; a crowded attend-

ance. Mr. Benn made a most witty speech. N. and A. spoke.

JULY 12.—Excursion to East-end, Minster, Sheppy. Dear Mary, self and A., went by steamer. We drank tea on the green lawn; noble sea before us. 13.—We sat under a cliff close to the sea, A. sketching, dear Mary reading Livingston's wonderful book. 14.—We sat under the ash-tree on the lawn, A. finishing sketches. Dear Mary read to us the 145th psalm and 15th chapter of St. John's gospel. Invited the landlord's niece to prayers this morning. 15.—Dear Mary and A. enjoyed a row on the sea in the custom-house boat, most politely lent them by the officer in command. Tea on the lawn. Sang, "Praise God." 16.—Breakfasted on the lawn. Returned home this afternoon by steamer. Dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thankfulness and praise.

JULY 19.—Forty years ago this day, by the grace of God, I was strengthened to give up ale and porter (continuing the use of table beer, soon after given up also), and from that time to the present hour, blessed be God, not a drop of intoxicating liquid has ever passed the surface of my tongue. "O to grace how great a debtor."

AUGUST 8.—Dear Mary and self attended the Congregational Church this morning. In the evening we repeated hymns, and dear Mary read one of Wilkinson's sermons, then I engaged in prayer, and we praised the Lord with thankful hearts for his great mercies towards us.

AUGUST 9.—The Lord's Prayer. Mr. T. referred to the simplicity of its language yet the weight of its meaning. It breathed a filial spirit, "Father;" a catholic spirit, "Our;" a reverential spirit, "Hallowed;" a missionary spirit, "Thy kingdom come;" an obedient spirit, "Thy will be done;" a dependent spirit, "Give us this day our daily bread;" a forgiving spirit, "As we forgive, &c.;" an adoring spirit, "Thine is the kingdom, &c."

AUGUST 13.—Evening party at Mr. Freeman's. In the

course of the evening sang three hymns. Mr. Saunders gave out the words, and Miss F. the tune on the piano. Mr. John Freeman read the thirty-fourth psalm, and Mr. Webb offered prayer. Mr. J. F. then read the first chapter of first John, and J. V. H. offered prayer. Mr. Webb read the fourteenth John, and Mr. John Freeman offered prayer. It was a delightful spiritual meeting—spiritual communion.

AUGUST 17.—Praised be the Lord for continued health and a loving wife for whom I am unceasingly thankful—a precious gift whom I love better than ever. God be praised. Gave “Sinner’s Friend” and “Come to Jesus” and staidence to a poor blind man standing under the railway arch. His blindness brought him to inward light of Jesus. He is reading the Bible by embossed letters. Conversed with him about Jesus.

AUGUST 18.—Gave cabman “Sinner’s Friend.” The man placed his finger on the title, saying emphatically, “Jesus is the Sinner’s Friend.” Yet I allowed him to go away without speaking to him about Jesus. I was very sorry.

AUGUST 25.—To Cullworth. 26.—Wedding day. Blessed be God we have had to rejoice in fifty-two anniversaries of our wedding, and we love each other better than ever. 27.—To Leith Hill in a van fitted up most completely by H. Splendid prospect. Praised God for his protection each way. Gave “Sinner’s Friend” to persons on the road. 29.—To Womersley church. A faithful sermon. After tea we sat in the arbour repeating hymns and praising God. 31.—To Box Hill by railway, and up the hill by a neat van, and there partook of a cold collation. Gave three woodsmen “Sinner’s Friend.” September 1.—A. gave a lecture on Carthage to the workpeople in the mills. 2.—Again to Leith Hill, and enjoyed a most sumptuous repast and the noble scenery all around. 3.—Awoke with the heartache on account of past sins. Prayed

over several psalms. When we arrived at Heath Cottage dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thankfulness and praise.

SEPTEMBER 14.—This evening we had the great privilege of entertaining the elders of Surrey Chapel and their wives. After tea the Scriptures were read and hymns sung, intermixed with spiritual conversation. It was indeed a happy evening.

SEPTEMBER 16.—This morning we set off to Matlock-Bath. 18.—A boat excursion on the Derwent. Sang "Praise God" and several hymns. 21.—A boat on the Derwent—singing. Heart full of gratitude to God. 22.—My dear Mary, Mrs. F. and self, had a private prayer-meeting. 23.—To Haddon Hall and Chatsworth. 24.—Arrived at Heath Cottage. Dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thanksgiving and praise.

SEPTEMBER 28.—My dear Mary and self were overwhelmed by an unusual depression of spirits, anticipating some dreadful calamity. May the Lord give us strong faith to trust in Him to direct our course and keep us in the hollow of his hand. We have witnessed many a dark cloud arise and pass away.

OCTOBER 10.—My dear Mary's birthday. What infinite mercy the Lord has bestowed upon us during the last fifty years, through many a cloudy day, crowning us with loving kindness and tender mercy. Blessed be his name. In the afternoon dear Mary and self united in prayer and thanksgiving, each offering praises and prayer to our gracious God.

OCTOBER 13.—This afternoon dear Mary and self set out to visit Edward at Oxford. Found E. waiting for us at the station. Dear Mary and self knelt before the Lord with thankfulness for safety in our journey. 14.—Inspected the University Press; a wonderful stock of Bibles. Gave a "Sinner's Friend" to the foreman, who had been there forty years. 15.—Lunched with our grandson E. V. at

Magdalen College off a spread eagle and kidneys. 17.—Attended University Church. In the evening we all repeated hymns. 19.—To Heath Cottage. Thankful indeed were we to kneel with grateful hearts to thank the Lord for bringing us in safety to our peaceful dwelling.

OCTOBER 26.—Wrote to J. F. congratulating him for having decided for the Lord. Wrote N. S. a long affectionate note, telling him that nothing but the righteousness of Christ could save him.

NOVEMBER 14.—Enjoyed a private prayer-meeting; self and dear Mary both engaged in prayer. Heartily thanked the Lord for the blessing of a praying wife. I pray the fifty-first psalm every morning, beseeching the Lord to give me a humble contrite spirit, soul-sorrow for sin, with humble yet implicit confidence in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. I believe that I do indeed love the Lord most sincerely, with the most earnest desire to live to his praise in thought, word and deed, that every power within me may be devoted to his blessed service.

NOVEMBER 19.—Anniversary. God be praised for his great mercy in giving me grace on the 19th of November, 1818, to give up entirely the use of strong drink of any description whatever. During the whole of the forty years which have now passed away I have never had the slightest temptation to take either wine or spirituous liquor or malt liquor of any description whatever, but on the contrary have shuddered even at the smell of strong drink of any kind. Marvellous mercy! Praised be the Lord. The Lord has also mercifully sustained me during forty years as his servant, Jesus Christ ever in my heart, my only hope of salvation. The Lord has preserved me from bringing any disrepute upon his holy name, and has given me many opportunities of exhorting sinners to seek his face. Blessed be his dear name, dear to my heart.

NOVEMBER 27.—I not only with grief confess to the Lord that I have sinned deeply, but I enumerate my

dreadful sins, praying the Lord to give me soul-felt repentance, and implicit confidence in his dear Son.

NOVEMBER 29.—Prayer-meeting at Surrey Chapel. I addressed a few words of encouragement to young persons. A temperance meeting was then held in the chapel, Mr. Samuel Morley in the chair. A. preached yesterday at Guildford. May the Lord keep him humble and keep us humble also.

DECEMBER 3.—Tea-party of the elders of Surrey Chapel at Mr. Ruck's. We enjoyed spiritual converse, severally spoke experience. I was rather fiery, testifying love for Christ. Blessed be his name. Amen.

DECEMBER 5.—N. preached a sacramental sermon, opening the kingdom of heaven wide to all. Dear Mary and self remained at home this evening reading the Word, and each engaged in ardent prayer, thanksgiving and praise that the Lord had given us two sons ambassadors for Christ. O what unspeakable mercy.

DECEMBER 12.—My heart in agony all day on account of my sin in having spoken hastily to my dear Mary. I had no private reading the Scripture all day. Miserable.

DECEMBER 25. — Christmas day. Our family party. Sang "Praise God" after dinner. Gave "Sinner's Friend" in omnibus. In the evening A. exhibited magic lantern splendidly. 26.—This afternoon we enjoyed a private prayer-meeting at home, myself, my dear Mary, the Misses F., and A., all engaged in prayer alternately. It was a most blessed time, the Holy Spirit with us warming our hearts with heavenly love. We shall never forget it.

DECEMBER 30.—Surrey Chapel. Sixty new members admitted and four persons baptized. Praise the Lord. On returning at night we found our coachman intoxicated, and when he arrived at Camden Town he turned round and retraced part of the way. 31.—Sent for the coachman and reasoned with him about his conduct last night. He expressed great sorrow. This evening attended the watch-



night at Surrey Chapel. Upwards of two thousand present. Home at 1.15. The Lord has mercifully brought us through another year with much comfort, bestowing upon us grace to feel our sinfulness and his mercy. Before quitting Heath Cottage for Surrey Chapel, dear Mary finished reading the psalms, last chapters of Malachi and Revelation. Afterwards we knelt and prayed (each of us) with gratitude and praise. Our mercies and blessings unspeakably great. Thank the Lord for such a dear wife.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1859.—Praised be the Lord for health to commence the new year under the shadow of the Almighty, Jesus Christ the million times welcome occupant of each of our hearts.

FEBRUARY 7.—The Countess of A. with Mrs. S. paid us a spiritual visit. I read the 116th psalm and engaged in prayer. I was in a perfect blaze speaking of Christ and praising God. 15.—Tea meeting at Surrey Chapel. I made the first speech, telling them of Christ and of his mercy.

MARCH 7.—“The Sinner's Friend.” Blessed be the Lord, “The Sinner's Friend” has been the instrument of leading a man eighty years of age to the Saviour. This is recorded in the *Religious Tract Society's Reporter* for the present month. The poor sinner was once a wealthy solicitor, an infidel, reduced to poverty by intemperance. Had led a godless life till then. Why was it not my own case? It would have been so but for the grace of God. Mrs. N. informed us that a lady had also been brought to the Saviour by reading “The Sinner's Friend,” purchased of a pedlar.

MARCH 14.—This day I enter my eighty-sixth year in perfect bodily health, through the abounding mercy of God, to whom my soul pants with gratitude and praise. Six children and a grand-child breakfasted with us.

APRIL 21.—Good Friday. Mary and self alone on this day for the first time during many years, but we were

very happy in each other and the Lord. Praised be the Lord we are always happy together.

APRIL 28.—I want, I sigh, I pray for my heart to be well, free from sin. Praised be the Lord my bodily health is perfectly good. "O for a closer walk with God."

MAY 25.—Trip to Boxley church. This day dear Mary, self, N., C., A., and W., went by North Kent Railway to Strood, and from thence, in an open carriage, to Boxley church (near Maidstone), and lunched under a spreading tree. The day was remarkably fine. Tea at Chatham. Returned to Heath Cottage praising God for such a day of unmixed pleasure and protecting mercy.

JUNE 3.—Dear Edward's birthday, born 1808. Praised be the Lord for his mercy to dear E.

JUNE 11.—I called on Rev. Henry Townley. Affectionately received. Mr. T. had been very unwell. Gave a workman "Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus." Praised be the Lord I have now circulated gratuitously upwards of sixty thousand copies of "The Sinner's Friend" in various parts of the world.

JUNE 12.—I fell into a most frightful fit of anger. I was wickedly angry, and it made me quite miserable. I lay unhappy the whole night.

JUNE 17.—Excursion to a wayside inn beyond Hendon, with dear Mary, V., N., C., and W., the "Adam and Eve." We enjoyed a splendid tea in the garden after a pleasant ramble in the lanes. I gave "Sinner's Friend" to the landlady. We enjoyed the excursion exceedingly by the kindness of the Lord. Blessed be his name.

JUNE 21.—My heart mourns on account of sin, but the blood of Jesus cleanseth all. Once I was the most miserable wretch upon earth, but I have been restored by the grace of God. Once a dirty, wicked boy, cursing, swearing, mingling with the lowest scum of society, no friend to counsel or help me, and yet raised up, by especial grace, to be a deacon in the house of God, and author of

"The Sinner's Friend." God be praised for ever and ever. Amen.

JUNE 27.—I conducted the prayer-meeting and spoke warmly, then attended the temperance meeting and gave the first speech.

JULY 1.—A.'s departure for Luddenden Foot to preach the gospel of our blessed Lord. O may the Lord be ever with him and make him faithful and useful. 17.—Dear Mary and self had a private prayer-meeting for A. and N. August 14.—Prevented enjoyment of the sanctuary, but the Lord was with us in our cottage, and we united in praise and prayer, alternately pouring out our hearts before Him.

AUGUST 26.—Excursion to Luddenden Foot. At Wakefield A. was waiting for us. Arrived at Luddenden, we all knelt before the Lord with thankfulness. We attended A.'s new church, the first time we had ever heard him preach. A most searching sermon. What abundant cause for us to bless the Lord for having so evidently called A. to the ministry. September 6.—Dear N. walked from Halifax. My beloved Mary, N. and self, each engaged in prayer for dear A. His ordination took place this evening. He gave a most exciting statement of the way in which the Lord had led him to the ministry. N. gave the charge in a most impressive manner. My dear Mary and self had abundant reason to bless the Lord for the public testimony of N. and A. to the consistency of their father and mother as professed followers of the Lord Jesus. 7.—I am so overwhelmed with gratitude for the mercy of God, that I am ready to burst forth with songs of joy for his great benefits, a dear wife to cheer my declining years with her precious love, also for affectionate children. God be praised for so many choice and precious gifts.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Sabbath. A most exciting day. N. and A. conducted the service this morning. In the

afternoon N. preached again. Two or three hundred people following A. from open-air preaching to the church, singing the praises of God. N. preached again in the evening. Hundreds could not gain admittance. A. took them into the school-room and preached to them there. To witness both our sons engaged in the service of the sanctuary was most exciting to us. Praised be the Lord. 22.—Mercy upon mercy. This day, forty-three years ago, I discontinued the use of wine and spirituous liquors, not a drop of either has ever passed the surface of my tongue during the whole of those years. All praise to the Lord. October 2.—The Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time in A.'s church. 6.—Walked towards Sowerby bridge. A. erected a monument of stones in the wood as a memento. We sat down on the bank and sang "Praise God." I walked up the steep terrace afterwards, praising God. 10.—My dear Mary's birthday. Praised be God for his great mercy in having spared her to me during so many years, and that we love each other more than ever, the Lord Jesus the welcome occupant of each of our hearts. 11.—Knelt together in thanksgiving to our gracious God for his mercy during seven weeks five days that we had been with dear A. Found E., N., and W., waiting to welcome us home. Knelt before the Lord with thankfulness.

OCTOBER 31.—A.'s birthday. Praised be the Lord that he is now an ordained minister of Christ. November 3.—Walked to and from Highgate Hill (Andrew Marvell's cottage), and dined with N. and C. Attended Surrey Chapel in the evening. 25.—Body perfectly well, but my sin is ever before me. I pray God daily, hourly, to give me sincere repentance and humble confidence in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin.

NOVEMBER 26.—Disappointment. Eight times I have gone round by the railway arch to see the poor blind man (a Christian) to give him copies of "Come to Jesus"

and "The Sinner's Friend," and sometimes a shilling for Christ's sake. This morning I went again on purpose—he was not there. I have often conversed with this poor man about the love of Christ. He reads the Scriptures by means of raised letters for the blind. I have given him many copies of "Come to Jesus" and "Sinner's Friend" for sale for his own benefit, intimating to him that I did so for the love of Christ. Mr. Freeman, Mrs. F., and J., called on me. We passed an hour in spiritual converse. Mr. F. engaged in prayer. It was a delicious meeting. 28.—Went to railway arch to see the poor blind man. He was not there (the ninth time I have sought him). Gave "Come to Jesus" and "Sinner's Friend" to various persons on the pavement.

DECEMBER 8.—Dear Mary and self attended a prayer-meeting at the Sunday School Union. 14.—Prayer-meeting at Crosby Hall. 30.—Crosby Hall. A full attendance. Ten persons prayed. 31.—This evening dear Mary and self kept new year's eve at home. We prayed alternately, and at two minutes before midnight we knelt in silent prayer whilst 1859 was making place for 1860. We of all people had most abundant reason to praise the Lord for innumerable mercies heaped upon us during the past year. A. become a minister for Christ; N. continued useful in the Lord. Yet I have a constant heartache on account of sin. I have also a foreboding of some evil. This is very weak and foolish, if not sinful, doubting the mercy of that gracious God who has never left us even under the most trying circumstances. O for more faith!

JANUARY 1, 1860.—Dear Mary and self united with the disciples of the Lord this day in commemorating his dying love. It was a blessed time. N.'s text, "Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ." 12.—A spree. Dear Mary and self, with N., attended a communion service, at eleven o'clock, at Poultry Chapel; very many ministers present. Afterwards N. took us to

an eating-house in Chancery Lane, and gave us a good dinner in a superb room. Afterwards we attended a prayer-meeting in Exeter Hall. Afterwards we took tea with the old women at Rowland Hill's Alms-houses. Afterwards attended service at Surrey Chapel. A superb day.

FEBRUARY 7.—A blessed spiritual day. Dear Mary and self attended prayer-meetings at Crosby Hall and Exeter Hall. Lord Shaftesbury presided. Afterwards enjoyed a most delightful interview with Lord Roden. A day to be remembered with gratitude. 9.—Crosby Hall prayer-meeting. I offered fifth prayer. In the evening we attended Surrey Chapel. Then dear N. persuaded us to go to Exeter Hall to hear Gough conclude a lecture on temperance. A great treat of good things.

MARCH 1.—This day, 1816, Dr. Day was consulted on my propensity for strong drink, against which he gave a prescription, which I took daily until end of September following, from which time to the present hour (forty-three years) I have never taken even so much as a single drop of wine or spirituous liquor of any kind. Praised be the Lord.

MARCH 13.—The Lord is very merciful and gracious toward me in preservation so many years. This evening, 1811, I was delivered from the lowest hell. I was lying in intoxication at the edge of a canal, on a dark night, near Brierly Hill. A stone lay in the way, by the mercy of God, to prevent my rolling into the canal. One turn more and I should have been lost for ever. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who hath redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercy." O may I never forget his benefits. 14.—My birthday, enter my eighty-seventh year this day. Praise the Lord.

APRIL 6.—Good Friday. We all went to the Britannia Theatre to hear N. deliver a temperance lecture to the

working classes—about 3,000 present. Mr. Samuel Morley in the chair.

APRIL 16.—Alarming cough. My dear Mary nearly choked. Praise the Lord for preserving her to me a little longer. There appeared to be but a step between her and death. What misery might have come upon me, but I desire to put all my trust in the Lord though He slay me. In evening to prayer-meeting, Surrey Chapel. I offered the first prayer—very poorly. Shut my eyes in the carriage and repeated forty-one psalms and hymns and three chapters in the Bible, to keep evil thoughts out of my mind.

APRIL 20.—Sent a parcel of "Sinner's Friend" to Miss Marsh, Beckenham, also to St. Pancras workhouse. Sent them with prayer. Vine was this day appointed to command the *Great Eastern* on account of his skill as a sailor. He had no patronage.

MAY 1.—This day our son W. was married by his brother N. After breakfast prayer was offered by Rev. Francis Tucker. It was a deeply interesting service, and we had abundant reason to bless the Lord. 2.—N. accompanied us to a public meeting of Field Lane Ragged School. Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. The Bishop of Ripon made the first speech, succeeded by our N. 6.—A glorious Sabbath to be remembered with praise. Dear Mary and self after the morning service and sacrament remained in the vestry with dear N., and dined off sandwiches and tea. In the afternoon we accompanied him to St. James' Hall, where he preached to a very large congregation. Afterwards we returned to Surrey Chapel and attended evening service, which was over crowded. Our hearts were full of gratitude to the Lord for giving us so much enjoyment.

MAY 8.—To meeting of Band of Hope—Exeter Hall crammed to suffocation.

MAY 13.—At Surrey Chapel. Mr. Brownlow North gave

a most energetic address. 15.—W. with his bride returned to his new dwelling where we were waiting to receive them. After tea, prayer was offered that the Lord would bless them and dwell ever in their hearts.

MAY 20.—The first time of speaking to my dear Mary, May 20, 1804.

MAY 21.—Chilworth. Dear Mary, self, and A., intend going to Chilworth.

[This is the last entry in the 14th quarto volume of the Autobiography. When he went from home, my father always carried a small memorandum book in which he made rough notes for transcription on his return. The last he had for this purpose he continued to use during his illness, as he was then unable to write up his journal in the neat and distinct manner which distinguishes the whole of it. The following memoranda are copied from pencil notes in this his last pocket book.—ED.]

MAY 21.—N. met us at London Bridge. Received with hearty welcome at Chilworth. After dinner about twenty-six children assembled in the drawing-room, where dear N. baptized M.'s babe. The children sang and A. gave an address, most suitable. The children went at 7.30, each with an orange and piece of cake. A deeply interesting service, for which my Mary and self praised the Lord.

MAY 22.—N.'s birthday. Most lovely morning. Nightingales singing while I lay in bed. We all went to Leith Hill in open van. A fall. Ladder gave way with myself, by which I was thrown to the ground with a severe bruise on my right leg. Mercy that no bones broken nor hurt on my back, but pain very severe. Praise the Lord.\*

\* From the funeral sermon I extract the following account of the accident:—"On 22nd May last, we had a family excursion to Leith Hill. Walking on the breezy downs, my father declined my arm, showing me how firmly and quickly he could march in his eighty-seventh year, and imitated the gait of a soldier, he having been a volunteer at the time of the first French revolution. We boiled our



MAY 23.—Arose with great difficulty assisted by my dear Mary. Leg painful but better. Resolved to go home this day. 24.—Dear Mary so kind. 26.—Shaved myself. Praise the Lord that except the bruise which is black all round, my bodily health is good. O that my soul were in an equally comfortable state. I mourn on account of sin, but I pray the Lord almost hourly to forgive my sins, and give me more faith in the blood shed on Calvary. 27.—Swelling very bad—must have patience—two or three weeks. 30.—Dr. Carlill encouraged me about my leg, but says it will take many weeks for recovery. 31.—Three doctors—Dr. Carlill, Dr. Hillier, Mr. Quain—favourable opinion, but patience.

JUNE 1.—N., C., M., and H., gone to dine with their brother V. on board *Great Eastern*. 3.—Sabbath. N. called with C. on way to Surrey Chapel and prayed. After they had gone Mary and self prayed alternately for N. and A. as ministers of the gospel. The large print Testament and Psalms presented to me very useful at present time—my daily companions. My beloved wife so tender and kind. Praise God for such a wife. 4.—N.

kettle and enjoyed our pic-nic as we gazed on the lovely and extensive landscape. On our way back we stopped to rest the horses, and alighted. He always felt so well and strong that he was unconscious of the inevitable diminution of physical power attending four-score years, and would not recognize the dangers to which his advanced age exposed him. He drove his pony carriage himself until his eighty-fourth year, when he even went into Regent Street in the hour of greatest bustle. He would often go into the City alone to transact business, walking part of the way, and taking omnibuses, contrary to the expostulations of those who knew the peril. But conscious of no weakness, he did not like to be treated as if infirm. We always feared some accident. It occurred this day. When our backs were turned he endeavoured to regain his seat in the excursion van—the horses moved a little forward just as his foot was on the steps, which fell, and he was thrown backward. We were at once round him. He said he was not much hurt, and resumed his seat. But his leg was badly bruised."

called. Yesterday he asked the communicants at the Lord's Supper to pray for me. 5.—The patience and kindness of my dear Mary. Praise the Lord for so dear a wife. 6.—Need of more patience. Lord be pleased to grant it. 8.—On my bed. New Testament and Psalms great comfort—they cheer my heart. Dr. H. thinks the swelling smaller. Walked round the bed—praise the Lord. N. called—brought strawberries—prayed. 9.—My soul looking to the Lord. My dear Mary so kind—my comfort and joy. Walked round the bed going and returning from sofa, praising God. Sent twenty-five "Sinner's Friend" to E. 10.—Sabbath. Dear Mary read Scriptures—we repeated hymns and prayed together. Praise the Lord. 11.—Swelling not reduced. Doctor recommends opening. 13.—In doubt respecting operation. I fear pain. I am perfectly well in health. Praise the Lord.

JUNE 14.—Operation. Vast quantity of black blood poured out. 16.—Leg better. My dear Mary so untiring—in good health—praised be the Lord. 18.—Dear Henry Townley called—prayed with us—wept with tenderness—kissed hands. A. came. 20.—Leg no better—want more humility and patience. A. is a great comfort. 23.—Praise the Lord I am a little better. 25,000 volunteers reviewed in Hyde Park. N. called and prayed. 24.—E. came to see us and repeated hymns with us.

MONDAY, JUNE 25.—My beloved Mary so active, so kind—full of health—praise the Lord.

[The entry of June 25th is the last. Then follow some illegible marks, indicating a hand too weak any longer to guide the pencil. Amidst these feeble and obscure markings I can just distinguish the words "my dear wife." The following extracts from the funeral sermons preached by my brother and myself will complete the narrative from the time when the Autobiography ends.—ED.]

From a sermon preached by the Rev. Arthur Hall, in

the Congregational Church, Luddenden Foot, October 7, 1860:—

"A fortnight before his death I visited him for a few days. He said he had dreamt he had written two letters to a member of this congregation. He told me to take this message to him—'Tell him to decide for Christ.' Everything connected with this church interested him, and many were the prayers he offered up that the cause of Christ might flourish here. Never shall I forget his parting blessing. We felt that in all probability we should not see each other again in this world. He said—'I'm now waiting to go to glory. I can't recover.' On his expressing some fears, I said—'The devil would not have you—you would be always speaking of Jesus.' He replied—'Yes, I should be a nuisance to him.' Before I left he wished me to pray with him. How could I? Nothing but sobs were heard for some time. But—

'Tears are seen and sighs are heard,  
And thoughts regarded there!'

At the close of my prayer he said—'Amen—amen—amen!' My dear mother next prayed. The aged patriarch, propped up with pillows, lifted up both arms and poured from his soul a blessing on his son. It was not for worldly wealth and honours, but that he might be a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus. A parting kiss—a parting blessing—'The Lord bless you'—and with these words ringing in my ears, I wait the morning of the resurrection, when once more father and son will be united, where we shall meet to part no more."

From a sermon preached by the Rev. Newman Hall, at Surrey Chapel, on Sunday morning, Sept. 30, 1860:—

"For some time he progressed favourably, his general health being unimpaired. A slight operation was followed by erysipelas, and this, combined with an attack of congestion of the lungs, threatened to terminate his life within a few hours. The doctors recommended wine. My mother at once said the proposal was useless. Then it was suggested that beer might be less objectionable. My father who had been lying in a state of great weakness, apparently unaware of what was said, emphatically groaned out—*never! never!* Though wine was thought essential, and only twenty-four hours were given as the limit of life, to the astonishment of all, he rallied so as to leave his bed and go out in a Bath-chair. He came down stairs to dinner on Sunday, August 5th, and the next day was preparing to go to

Brighton. But signs of abscess appeared—and he again took to his bed.

"It was my great privilege to be with him very much during his illness. I was reminded of the similar honour and happiness I enjoyed in the case of my dear friend and father-in-law, Dr. Gordon. He, during eleven years 'grown familiar with the skies,' was now waiting to welcome the aged pilgrim who had so often prayed for him, and affectionately spoken to him of the Friend of sinners. For a short time the enemy strove to darken my father's mind with doubts as to whether he had ever been truly a child of God. I told him I could not remember the time when he was not habitually walking with God. 'Ah, but at a great distance.' Then after a pause—'But he has plucked my feet out of the net and established my goings!' 'What would be your answer if Christ were now to say *Locest thou me?*' He replied fervently—'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!' I read the following words of Rowland Hill on his death-bed. 'Modest words before God become us best; strong expressions of personal interest may do for some but not for all. I can see more of the Saviour's glory than of my interest in Him. God is letting me down gently into the grave, and I shall creep into heaven through some crevice of the door. I have no rapturous joys, but peace, a good hope through grace—all through grace.' He replied—'Yes—I've peace—I hope.'

"He said on different occasions—'If this should carry me off I've nothing to fear, nothing to ask for. This is not the experience of an hour, or a day, or a month, but of forty years.'—'I've been travelling to that home many years. To think of laying down this shabby tabernacle and having one all of white! Nothing to soil it—without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. No, nothing shall separate from the love of Christ.' I said—'What a difference between what we were and what we shall be.' He responded—'Yes, and what we *are*!' 'All things are overruled—this accident to bring me nearer to Christ, and it may be to bring me home.' 'You'll kiss this hand when I shant feel it.' But we shall meet again. 'Yes—we're on the same road—glory, glory, glory!'—'I've no rapturous joy, but I've a humble dependence on the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Reminding him of our motto for the year—'Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ,' he said—'I have prayed every day for many years that He would come and take possession of the heart He purchased with his blood.' I referred to his having been always ready to speak of Christ.—'Because the subject was always nearest my heart.' It was said that many who had been led to heaven by 'The Sinner's Friend' were waiting to give him a triumphal entry.

—‘O if I can but crawl in on my hands and knees I shall be very well satisfied. Lord have mercy upon me a sinner—this is my prayer every day, many times a day. I so grieve that I have so little grief for my sins. I’ve been a great sinner, and I need a great Saviour.’ On Sunday morning he said to me—‘Preach about Christ and his Salvation,—I’ve proved it. It’s not less valuable after forty years! Better than ever—I’ve proved it.’

“His thankfulness of spirit was continually exhibited. He regretted giving what he called so much trouble to those who felt it the greatest privilege to minister to him. One day while being fed he lifted up his hand. When asked if it was a sign that he declined any more, he answered—‘To praise God.’ I read a letter to him from a lady who spoke of the usefulness of the Portuguese edition of ‘The Sinner’s Friend.’ He lifted his hands solemnly saying—‘Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!’ Hearing of some instances of usefulness he said—‘Praise the Lord—He makes me to bring forth fruit in old age. How wonderful that I should make known Christ! There was a good woman who was told I had gone to pray with a sick man. ‘What,’ said she, ‘Mr. Vine Hall? Then I shall never despair of any one.’

“He still endeavoured to be useful to others. Within a very few days of his death he gave orders for various parcels of his little book to be sent for distribution to Christian friends whom he named. To his barber he said—‘You’ll not have to shave me much oftener. Here’s a little book. I wrote it years ago. It has been blessed to thousands. I hope it will be blessed to you. Follow its directions. Seek Christ with your whole heart. I hope to meet you in heaven.’ He sent affectionate messages to absent members of the family, enjoining them to meet him above. To his son V. he sent word—‘Tell him that while captain of the *Great Eastern* he must not forget that God placed him there. He must have Christ for his Captain, and then he can smile at the storm.’ To his son S. at Hong-Kong, who had been abroad upwards of thirty years and had often expressed his intention of returning to England to see his parents once more—‘Tell him how I love him—how glad I should have been to see him—but he must meet me in heaven.’

“SEPTEMBER 15.—He was evidently much weaker. I said—‘You are not so well dear father to-day.’—He replied, ‘I wish the last were here.’ ‘The promise of long life has been fulfilled.’ ‘Yes! long ago.’ ‘Your only plea is Jesus.’ ‘Nothing else.’ On Sunday morning, September 16th, I asked him if he had any message for the congregation. He replied—‘Give my Christian love to them; and thank them for all their affection towards me.’ After this he almost entirely

lost the power of speech, and it was very painful to witness his occasional but unavailing efforts to articulate. But in the afternoon, he turned his eyes towards my mother and myself as we were standing at the foot of the bed and said—'God bless you both.' We felt it a patriarchal, and a parting benediction.

"The next day he was unable to speak, though by the expression of his countenance and the pressure of his hand it was evident that he was quite conscious. On Tuesday morning he looked affectionately towards his sorrowing wife and several times uttered her name with considerable distinctness—'Mary! Mary! Mary!' A few hours after, having suffered much from difficulty of breathing he again made a successful effort to speak, and said with great earnestness—'*Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!*' It was very touching and very characteristic, this mention of the two names most dear to him—expressive of his earthly and his heavenly love. For upwards of fifty years his heart had been linked with that of his wife by ties never surpassed in strength and tenderness. For upwards of forty years the name of Jesus had been music to his soul. These two passions absorbed his whole being. He enjoyed all pleasures, performed all duties, loved all relations and friends, in connection with them. He had no aim, no affection apart. No one more domestic, no one more godly, he was an eminent illustration of 'the wise' referred to by Wordsworth in his poem on the skylark—

'Type of the wise who soar but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

"On Wednesday, after many hours' silence, when we thought he was no longer able to articulate, he suddenly began, in tones which could be heard in the other parts of the house, to invoke the name of the sinner's Friend. '*Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!*' was many times repeated, the voice gradually sinking to a faint whisper. The words of a hymn he had often sung were illustrated—

'I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last labouring breath;  
When dying, clasp Thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.'

"In the night during a short interval of consciousness his wife said—'*Jesus is with us.*' He responded earnestly—'*Always!*'

"On Thursday morning he seemed for several hours to be in the

act of dying. The effort to breathe was very painful. He endeavoured in vain to speak to us so that we could understand him. These words alone were distinguished—'Passing away, passing away.' Then—'Jesus! Jesus!' Then—'He is! He is!' I suggested 'He is here, He is precious.' He nodded assent, and we caught the word 'Pray.' We knelt round his bed in supplication that Jesus would speedily release his dear servant, and take him to join the great congregation of the saints made perfect. He earnestly responded—'Amen!'—lifting up his hands as if eager to be gone. Then after putting his arm once more round my mother's neck, he gradually sank into a state of stupor, out of which, on Saturday morning, September 22nd, at twenty minutes past five, he awoke into the immediate presence of the sinner's Friend.

"What welcomes greeted him! From many dear friends gone before, with whose hearts his own had beaten in warm response as they spake together of Jesus—from hundreds, perhaps thousands of ransomed souls who had been guided to heaven by his instrumentality—from the angels to whom he had been the means of giving so much blissful work in their 'rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth'—above all from Him, whose name had so long been music to his ears—the thought of whom had so long ravished his heart.

"Then did he verify the hymn he was so fond of, and which he often repeated with an enthusiasm which none can forget who ever witnessed it—

'For ever to behold Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine  
And see Him still before me—  
For ever on his face to gaze,  
And meet his full assembled rays,  
While all the Father He displays  
To all the saints in glory!

'Not all things else are half so dear  
As his delightful presence here,  
What must it be in Heaven!  
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,  
As now I journey day by day,  
Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are all forgiven!

' But how will his celestial voice  
Make my enraptured heart rejoice  
When I in glory hear Him—  
When I before the heavenly gate  
For everlasting entrance wait,  
And Jesus on his throne of state  
Invites me to come near Him !

' Come in thou blessed, sit by me,  
With my own life I ransomed thee,  
Come taste my perfect favour.  
Come in thou ransomed spirit, come,  
Thou now must dwell with me at home,  
Ye blissful mansions make him room,  
For he must stay for ever !'

' When Jesus thus invites me in,  
How will the heavenly host begin  
To own their new relation :—  
' Come in, come in,' the blissful sound  
From every voice shall echo round,  
While all the crystal walls resound  
With joy for my salvation !'

" He had told my mother where to find a letter for her to read after his decease. After many expressions of the most fervent love to herself, the letter closes thus :—

" Grieve not dearest that your ever tenderly loved husband is taken from you, only to be *restored* in the Lord's time, but rather *rejoice* that his soul is relieved from its tenement of clay, to be for *ever* with the Lord. Yes, for *ever* with the *Lord*. I hope there may be no presumption in this assertion, nothing rash, irreverent or bold—nothing unbecoming a poor redeemed sinner, in whose heart the Lord Jesus has held occupation so many years—ever a million million times *WELCOME* Guest—always the *delight* of my life, the *joy* of my soul.

" Our blessed and merciful God will never leave you, never forsake you. We have *proved* and *experienced* his *faithfulness*.



"As my soul has long mourned over my sin with deep repentance, my God has forgiven it too—but I have never forgiven *myself*, nor have I ever ceased to feel the deepest sorrow. But God be praised, 'the precious blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin'—yes, even from *my* sins, crimson as they are. And oh what special mercy that I have long been delivered from all fear as to the article of *death* or the *act* of dying. Whether my body expire in agony, or in peace and gentleness, I know the Lord will give me *dying* grace, and I wish to know no other will than His. I love Him too warmly to distrust Him a single moment.

"August 24, 1858."

## CHAPTER XVII.

LETTERS FROM 1825 TO 1860.

TO A NOBLEMAN—TO A YOUNG SAILOR—TO A GENTLEMAN STRUGGLING AGAINST INTemperance—TO A CLERGYMAN—TO COLONEL HOLCOMBE—TO THE FATHER OF HIS APPRENTICE—TO DR. GORDON—TO HIS CHILDREN, &c.

Extracts from letters to the Earl of \* \* :—

[This nobleman sought out my father for religious conversation, as referred to in the diary, February 28 and May 31, 1824. A specimen of the correspondence which was carried on for some years is given in the following letters, reprinted from copies in my father's handwriting.—Ed.]

August 22, 1825.

Often thinking of your lordship, it is no wonder that I should seek the pleasure of communing with you on the most delightful, the most important subject on earth or in heaven—the love of God in Christ Jesus. Yes, this is indeed as pleasing as it is exhaustless; ever new, ever reviving to the soul of him whose heart has been renewed by divine grace and attuned by the finger of redeeming love to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Happy soul! to be in such a case; and this I trust is indeed our happy experience, and I hope we shall each be held up by the hand of the Lord to exemplify in all our conduct that we are truly the children of the Most High. Ah! could we be but obedient in all things to our heavenly Father. And what then? Would such obedience entitle us to heaven? Would we risk it? No indeed, we would neither of us either risk our soul's welfare on this quicksand, nor attempt to deprive the Saviour of that praise which is due to Him alone as

the Way, Truth, and Life. Blessed be God that this way has been revealed to our wandering feet, and that we are now walking therein. Delightful road, terminating in endless bliss. Many deny the necessity of His operations to effect a change in the heart of man. They insist that a man by the due exercise of his own natural powers can resist sin and every evil propensity. A short time since I was challenged to define what I understood by this supernatural power, and whether I really believed in it. As this challenge was made rather publicly, I was obliged to stand forth and give a reason for the hope that is within me. Believe it? Yes; not only do I believe it but I can readily define it. "Do so, then," was the request. Why then I define it in one little word of only four letters—love. Love to God, implanted in my heart by Himself, being stronger than my own natural love of sin, when sin begins to stir and strives to come into action this supernatural affection immediately becomes opposed to it, and by its all-conquering power subdues the monster and saves me from the actual commission of evil. "I don't understand it," said my inquisitor. "No," replied I, "nor ever will till the Lord opens your eyes as He has done mine, and then you'll see great things indeed." Now this man is a Unitarian, amiable in disposition, and engaged in many works of charity, but dead to vital religion—a philosopher! I have not a particle of ill-will against Unitarians personally, but I dare not, cannot but condemn their views of the everlasting Son of God, and of the Holy Spirit. We must fight whether we like it or not. "He that is ashamed of me, &c." Ashamed of Jesus!—It must not be. May you and I, my lord, never blush to own our Divine Lord and Friend, even though we cannot honour Him so highly as we would and do indeed sincerely wish to do; nor may our knowledge of Him ever lift us up with pride nor lead us to condemn those who have not been so greatly blessed as ourselves, but may we become more and more

humble, more watchful, more prayerful, trusting alone in the righteousness of Christ for acceptance with God.

March 3, 1826.

You must forgive my manner of writing to you my lord, indeed you must, for I cannot confine myself within the narrow bounds of cold and formal respect, as then the feelings which so warmly abound in my heart would become frozen. O no, I must open the inmost valve of my heart and let out the spiritual fire which God in his abundant mercy has lighted up in my soul. I still find the word of God to be the increasing delight of my life, and although I have studied this precious treasury many years, yet I discover new beauties every day, and get therewith a clear perception of passages which had not before appeared to shine, or had been less regarded; this is a proof that the Holy Spirit enlightens by degrees the mind which could not in the first instance have encountered all the effulgence of divine truth. I rejoice in this gradual unfolding of the many folds which encircle the precious book; as the soul is thus continually receiving new enjoyment as well as renewed impulse to persevere in the search after hidden treasure, until it shall be fully disclosed in the court of heaven.

April 30, 1826.

Your lordship is pleased to acknowledge my poor supplications on your behalf, and you also entreat a continuance of them. So long as I live this I trust will be so, with thankfulness to Him who has favoured me with your friendship. I need scarcely ask a similar return, because I think that you will not easily forget one with whom you became acquainted in so singular a manner. I think it could not be an easy matter to forget those whom we have once laid up in our hearts as objects of entreaty at a throne of grace. Thanks and praises as high as heaven be to the

eternal Son of God that He still holds me fast in his powerful hand, and though temptations surround me on every hand, yet the Lord is not only on the right and on the left, but He is also in the centre as the spring and life of all my joys.

“ Within his circling power I stand,  
On every side I find his hand ;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.”

Yes, blessed be God, it is my supreme delight to feel his influences kindling a flame of sacred fire within me the moment I hear mention of his dear name, or come in contact with those who love his ways ; and I bless the Lord for daily opportunities of speaking to his praise to rich or poor. Yet, notwithstanding all this pleasant feeling and an increasing delight in his sacred word, and a burning desire to be sanctified in body, soul and spirit, still I feel the torment of a rebellious principle ever kicking and struggling to rise, but the strength of the Lord is an overmatch, and in Him alone I stand my ground. Even since I began this letter the Lord sent a poor youth in my way, and to him I also was the messenger of exhortation and encouragement ; and so, in one way or other, the Lord is daily pleased to honour me, whilst I sincerely, and I hope humbly, ascribe to himself all the praise. Being now surrounded by our seven children, all in health, and having an abundance of earthly good, we call upon our souls and all that is within us to praise the Lord, to whom I daily commend you.

July 1, 1826.

Your visit of yesterday has filled me to the brim. Surely we cannot be mistaken as to the reality, sincerity, or origin of these emotions ; they must spring from the source of all blessing or they would never lead to that source, neither could we by any mere notion on the subject of religion ever produce that internal thrill which arises

when the redeemed of the Lord come into contact with each other. I hesitate not to say that you and I, my lord, are peculiarly favoured in this way, and that of all the pleasures of earth, even the most innocent, there is nothing which conveys to our souls so much delight as meeting with a fellow Christian. How is this? Who has wrought this feeling in our hearts—hearts once alienated from God? Who hath done it? Why, the Lord himself; for we are, each of us, well assured that no reasoning on the danger of denying the Lord, not even the flames of hell singeing the very hairs of our head; no, not even this, could have turned our hearts into love. Then we are indeed debtors of the first class to the saving power of God, to whose glory I trust, through his own strength, we shall never cease to live. Blessed be God that I have seen you once again, and if it be his pleasure, I will certainly go to London in November, by your kind invitation to resume this great delight. My feelings are wrought up, and no wonder; a man brought out of hell cannot be indifferent when speaking of Christ. This evening the Rev. Henry Townley, missionary from India, is expected to take up his residence at my house, and as he is also one of those whom the Lord has rescued in the same wonderful manner as myself, I expect great pleasure. Mr. Townley once flourished in London denying the Lord, and visiting every gay scene of folly, but the same Lord just touched his heart, and he immediately gave up a profession producing £2,000 a year, to become a preacher of the gospel.

October 3, 1826.

I return my hearty thanks for your lordship's renewed and most welcome assurance of brotherly regard in the Lord Jesus, whom I continually entreat to protect you in the narrow way. Narrow and strait, too, to a disciple who may not pick and choose his ground, but must go

onward through fire and water, hill and dale, stretching forth the shield and sword, singing praises to the Lord. Happy they who can sing in the midst of battle, when the fight is strong, although victory be secure. I am often sharply tried, and were I not strongly defended many a dart would pierce my soul and bring me to distress, for no sooner have I ended some delightful conversation with the followers of the Lamb, and have myself been elevated even to heaven itself with the most rapturous feelings of ecstasy and delight, than some outward temptation or inward suggestion shows me how frail I am, and gives me to see, and feel too, that my heart is the dwelling-place of every kind of evil, which would break forth into positive action were it not for the superabounding power of the grace of God. O then how greatly am I indebted to that blessed Saviour who has condescended to reside in a poor sinner's heart to save him from ruin.

We cannot be too watchful nor too prayerful, and the older I grow (being in my fifty-third year), and the more I delight myself in the ways of the Lord, the more I feel the necessity of this kind caution of my dear Redeemer—"Watch and pray." And indeed professors, who talk as fast as I do and whose hearts are so full of fire, have ten times more need of watchfulness than others, because the devil is sure to cast darts and arrows thick as hail at them for whom his utmost vengeance is prepared, as against those who have given him the slip by deserting his ranks for the army of the living God. May you, my dear lord \*\*, be preserved on every side, with increasing love to God as a monument of his especial grace and mercy, bringing glory to his blessed name.

March 6, 1828.

Saints in Cæsar's household. Can anything which happens to lord \*\* be a matter of indifference to J. V. H? Can he witness the appointment of his noble friend

to a station near the king and not put forth a prayer that the blessing of the King of kings may attend it? O no, for he trusts that even yet it may please a gracious God in his mercy and unsearchable wisdom to make lord \* \* a great blessing to the British monarch and a burning and a shining light in the palace. Probably you have forgotten the conversation which took place between us when we were sitting together (at your last visit) talking of the love of Christ till our hearts were all on fire, and when you smiled at my warmth of expression, and at that time I said, "So great, my lord, is my love for the cause of Christ, that if the king were to ask me what would be the greatest favour he could confer upon me, I should say, Only let me speak to your majesty ten minutes about Jesus Christ and this would be the greatest favour your majesty could possibly bestow upon me or my heart desire. This favour, this blessed privilege may now be yours, my dear lord \* \*, and if so, O may the God of truth stand by you and give you utterance to open your mouth boldly in this great and glorious cause. The hand of the Lord is certainly in this thing, and you are sent by Him into the palace to accomplish his purpose; therefore fear not, for He says, "I am with thee, I will help thee;" "He that honoureth me, I will honour," and his word can never fail.

April 25, 1828.

I was favoured with a superb treat on Monday last, by the distinguished privilege of entertaining at my house that aged servant of the Lord, Mr. Rowland Hill, and five other ministers. Mr. Hill slept at my house. We spoke of your lordship with great thankfulness to God for what he had done for your soul. Mr. Hill spoke of you frequently with great pleasure. His nephew, Lord Hill, called on him after being made commander-in-chief, and entreated



his prayers. I am sure that Mr. Rowland Hill would be delighted beyond measure if your lordship were to call upon him to speak of Christ. The Duke of Kent did so. It is told to me that you (some time ago) wrote a faithful Christian letter to the king, which so deeply affected his majesty that he sent for your lordship and even wept at your faithful admonitions, and entreated you not to leave him, but requested you to accept a situation near his person, that you might have a more favourable opportunity of speaking to him on those things which regard his eternal welfare. O, my dear lord \* \*, I pray the Lord to give you a large supply of grace, wisdom, courage, and perseverance to glorify God in all your ways, that his name may be honoured through your endeavours to sound his praise abroad.

To Mr. J. S., a young sailor :—

May 30, 1826.

A kind and merciful Providence has placed you in my path and honoured me as his delighted instrument to seek your welfare. You are about to sail for India as an officer of the good ship F., and I beg permission to lay in part of your sea stock ; not beef, or biscuit, or poultry, or hams, but the bread of everlasting life, which will support and cheer your mind in the roughest sea. To this, I beg leave to add "Watts' Psalms and Hymns," "The Life of John Newton," and "Clarke's Promises," closing the whole with a mere trifle, "The Sinner's Friend." I shall also entrust to your distribution one hundred copies of this little work, and I pray the Lord to bless them. In addition to these commissions, I must trouble you to accept the loan of a few pounds, to be returned at your own future convenience, and I am sorry that my ability does not allow me to offer you a larger sum. And now, having made out my bill of lading, I must entreat your indulgence whilst I offer you the advice of an old sailor who has encountered

some of the most awful storms that ever rolled over the head of a poor guilty trembling sinner. Yet through all these dangers, the mercy of a gracious God has safely piloted me till my anchor has become fixed—firmly fixed on Christ. To Him my dear young friend, I most earnestly direct your eyes, your heart, your soul, and whatever difficulties may surround you, or however frightful the aspect of the billows, still the hand of God can, and will sustain you. But then He must be sought to for such protection, and whoever seeks will surely find. You are not obliged to go one single step out of the path of duty to find the Lord, He will be with you there as well as in every other place, if you wish to enjoy his favour. “The Lord is nigh unto all who call upon Him, He will be with them in trouble, He will deliver them, and honour them.” I have in my own person experienced full proof of these things, therefore I can safely and most assuredly commend this course to others, and I ardently hope it may please God to guide you from this day, till you are landed safely on the shores of eternal bliss. I have written to two eminent merchants in London, requesting letters of introduction for you to some persons at Calcutta, and having sent these letters forth with prayer I hope to be successful, giving all the praise to God, to whom I now commend you, my dear young friend, and subscribe myself, &c. At my house you will always find a hearty welcome.

To the Hon. S. T.:—

July 7, 1826.

I have witnessed your deep anxiety of mind, have heard you mourn on account of inward opposition to the grace of God, have heard you fervently exclaim, “Prone to wander—Lord I feel it,” and I have seen the tear of sorrow start forth as an evidence of the workings of your soul. My heart has beat in unison and my prayers have never ceased to be offered up to God on your behalf.

You will not wonder then at my troubling you with this letter to make inquiry after your bodily health, but more particularly after the health of your soul. Is the work of God going onward? Is grace triumphant, or are you yet only mourning a want of energy to resist every hinderance? O my dear, dear sir, only think of the uncertainty of our present existence, gone in a moment, and if gone without salvation, lost for ever. If my anxiety has led me to pray for you without ceasing, it now leads me to entreat you will write me the state of your mind, that I may become the honoured worker with the Lord to encourage you to trust in Him for all you need. Recollect my honoured friend, the many times in which you have sought my dwelling, or sent for me to tell me your sighings after holiness, and how invariably and affectionately you have pressed my hand as a token of the comfort you often received from the encouragement which a merciful God enabled me to give you, not merely the comfort of a sympathetic feeling, but that which rests upon Scripture promises, that the Lord will cast out none not even the worst who come to Him in the name of his beloved Son. If I had not had marvellous experience in my own person of the long suffering of the Lord, I might be unwarranted perhaps in speaking or writing so warmly as I usually do on this subject, but having formerly departed from the way of holiness, as far as to the very entrance of hell, I can testify more than others that the Lord is full of compassion and will and does reclaim the most abandoned sinner. Now, my dear sir, you have never gone into such depths of sin as I have done, and yet bad as I have been, still the Lord has restored me to health, to happiness, to character, and to an unspeakable love of his ways and of all His people. Is not this an exhibition of marvellous mercy to one who once revelled in sin? O the matchless goodness of God; for whilst my soul mourns on account of past iniquities, it rejoices to know that the

blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. I stand astonished when I consider that by the power of the grace of God, I have for almost ten years been enabled to resist taking even so much as a drop of wine or spirituous liquor, although for many years I was in the baneful habit of drinking one or two bottles of wine per day, and although I now partake of no other liquid than milk-and-water, or tea, or coffee, yet I never was more full of health and vivacity of spirits in my life than at the present time. But this has been effected by the power of God alone with means, and fervent prayer. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of those that fear Him, He also will hear their cry, and will save them." I have found it to be so in very deed and in truth, and it is my heart's desire to glorify the Lord by praising his blessed name at all times. May the grace and mercy of God heal all your mournings my kind friend, and give you health and peace.

To the same :—

September 1, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I feel confident that you are not offended with me for writing you a long letter on the 7th July, and though you have not favoured me with a reply, still I am in no way discouraged from addressing you again. Your present comfort and future happiness are of too much importance to be neglected merely because you have not replied to my letter, and it would be but a weak proof of the sincerity of my regard were I to be silenced on this account. No, my dear sir, so long as you do not actually forbid me to address you, I must and will seek after you as a tender father after a favourite son over whom he mourns with anxious and unceasing regard. Such are precisely my feelings towards yourself. I see your struggles for emancipation, and as a gracious God has

mercifully placed you in my path, it becomes a bounden duty in me to declare the goodness and willingness of the Lord to heal all who have become sensible of the need of such powerful aid as his own right arm has victoriously afforded to myself and others, in a case not very dissimilar to your own. You must not be offended with me for candour, inasmuch as your situation, my dear sir, requires plain dealing, yet in the most tender and respectful manner, united with deep compassion for your inward griefs and (hitherto) unsuccessful efforts to overcome what your better judgment sincerely detests. But, my dear sir, I earnestly pray you not to allow past disappointments to discourage you from further attempts at victory. I have myself been foiled a hundred, nay five hundred times for aught I know, and yet came off conqueror at last through the power of God, to whom be all the praise. No person can enter more fully or more minutely into all your case than I can do, as having endured the whole of the severe and bitter trials which attend the path of a poor sinner, enslaved long by the most cruel and heart-rending bondage that ever enchained a human being. Nothing but the arm of God saved me from self-destruction, through the temptation of the devil, who having enticed me into the commission of the very sin that my mind detested, then suggested that as I had disgraced myself before my acquaintances and servants, I had better get rid of the ignominy, by an act which would have plunged me for ever in hell. But thanks be to God who gave me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and made me a triumphant and rejoicing conqueror, to the glory of God. And you, my dear sir, you will also rise conqueror, or I am much mistaken, for the same Lord who broke my chains stands ready to break yours also, and I shall one day have the happiness of grasping your hand with unutterable joy at your happy escape. You will one day have to say with

the Psalmist, "The snare is broken and I am escaped, therefore will I praise the Lord as long as I live." But, my dear sir, such blessed effects can only be expected to follow the use of means, and if your heart be truly desirous to live above every besetting sin, you must instantly set out for the accomplishment of so desirable an object, which cannot be attained in a day, nor a week, nor a month; but complete success will assuredly crown your sincere and earnest endeavours to walk in the way of the Lord. Perhaps I cannot do better than open my heart before you and detail my own once miserable case, and thus convince you how truly desirous I am to assist you out of the snare of the devil. Sometimes I sank into the dreadful practice of drinking two bottles of wine per day, for ten or twelve days in succession, rendering myself unfit for business or society, as well as exciting such a nervous irritability of temper that I was waspish and cruel even to those whom at other times I most tenderly loved. After so terrible an indulgence and abuse of the mercies of God, I frequently (when quite alone) saw the most extraordinary phantoms dancing before my eyes, eluding my grasp, whilst strange noises and voices assailed my ears, drawing me into conversation, so that I became nearly like a person in a state of insanity, and when I recovered from these fits of intemperance, I was so enraged with myself that I could not endure the sight or conversation of my dearest friends. I have envied the very dogs in the streets. I appeared to be lost even beyond the reach of hope. At last the late excellent Doctor Day was consulted as to the possibility of affording relief to overcome so dreadful a propensity by the use of medicine. The doctor gave a favourable answer, and the Lord made me willing (may he do so with you) to submit to any trial, and I placed myself entirely under the care of this dear physician, whose

prescription,\* under the immediate blessing of God, accompanied with fervent prayer, enabled me in the course of six months to discontinue the use of wine or spirituous liquors. My life has been ten years redeemed from destruction as well as crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy, and I am now the living monument of the power and mercy of that gracious God who is become my light and my salvation, and who will become yours also, my dear sir, if you will only put your trust in Him and submit to be guided by his counsel. He will do so for the sake of his beloved Son. Arouse yourself then. Think what you are and are likely to be in society. But O think also what you must become if you live and die in sin. Pray write to me that I may give you further directions how to proceed as to the use of the medicine, and believe me to be your true friend in the Lord, most respectfully and affectionately,

J. V. H.

I took between 300 and 400 bottles of steel draughts in six months, and had I taken 5,000 the result would have been a rich reward. I have now dealt with you as though you were my own son. Think, O think of your poor soul. You may die to-morrow, or this day. O then set out instantly for the kingdom of heaven, and may the blessing of God attend you. You may be made whole if you are but willing. The way is now clearly pointed out to you by one who has proved the efficacy of that way, and who has been in a thousand times worse condition than yourself, but has been long restored to be a comfort and encouragement to others, and who prays the Lord to bless you with a firm determination to forsake every idol for the sake of Christ.

\* Sulphate of iron 5 grains: Magnesia 10 gr.: Peppermint water 11 drachms: Spirit of nutmeg 1 drachm. This forms one draught—two draughts to be taken each day.

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only Thee."

God Almighty bless you.

[The Hon. S. T. died almost suddenly. He met me in the street on a Monday, and said he was going to call on me in a day or two. He was taken suddenly ill, and in four days afterwards was a corpse. I fear unprepared. —J. V. H.]

To the Hon. and Rev. Sir F. J., Bart., Rector of M. :—

April 12, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—I do not take up my pen to please myself, but for the cause of Christ and for yourself also as his minister, for whom I have long cherished personal affection and respect. May I venture humbly and earnestly to implore you, my dear sir, not to give way a single inch to that arch-fiend Satan, who has arrayed himself in battle to oppose the gospel of the everlasting Son of God, who has appointed you over the Lord's people to deal out to them the bread of life, by which their souls may be nourished unto life eternal. Remember, my dear sir, that it is not the bishop only whom you are to withstand, but Satan himself, who has made use of various instruments to effect his hellish purpose to turn the ears of the people from the voice of love and mercy to seek destruction in the error of their ways. In His great and awful name I most humbly implore you, dear sir, (for your eternal welfare is indeed dear to my heart,) I earnestly implore you to stand up boldly for the fight, entreating the Lord to encircle you with his armour, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, and having done all, to stand. Not only your own soul is deeply involved but the souls of the people, and these will God require at your hands. We must never be afraid nor ashamed to



fight for Christ, or we shall never receive the crown which He has prepared for those who are faithful to his glorious cause. Do not hesitate to present the counter-petition with strong remonstrance, and a full and explicit declaration to stand boldly forth for the cause of the Lord. Do this and you will win the day, for the Lord himself will be with you to support and strengthen you; but O if you fly from the cross shame and confusion will follow, and darkness will overshadow your own prospects, leading to much sorrow. Do not despise the humble and sincerely affectionate supplication of one so unworthy your notice, though amongst the despised followers of the Lamb of God, by whom he has been snatched as a brand from the burning, and now subscribes himself, &c.

[The foregoing letter was written in consequence of the Bishop of R. having given the Rev. J. W. notice to quit, in consequence of a petition from some of the parishioners, who even determined not to have "that thing" (as they termed the gospel) preached to them. The bishop, without making the least inquiry of Mr. W. or of Sir F. J., as to the truth of the charges against Mr. W., immediately ordered him to quit within six months. A counter-petition was prepared by the lovers of the truth to be presented to the bishop.—J. V. H.]

Extracts from letters to his daughter Mary Emily:—

Maidstone, April 1, 1833.

A few words from papa will not be unacceptable to your kind heart, particularly if it be to acquaint you of the delightful recovery of your dear mamma. She had over-exerted herself amongst the poor. You will be much gratified to hear of dear S.'s welfare. Dear V. may be expected home about July, at which time you will be at home to welcome his return. And now having told you of earthly things let me hope you are not without earnest desire to know more of heavenly things, that Jesus Christ

may have the very highest place in your affections, and that you constantly pray for grace to love Him with all your strength and heart and mind. Commending you to his precious love, and praying you to accept mine, I remain, &c.

October 21, 1835.

I write with much pleasure to acquaint you with the goodness of God in preserving all of us in good health, attended with every blessing, sweetened with the love of Christ enriching all that we are allowed to possess, creating a constant flow of gratitude towards Him who is Himself the Fountain or rather the Ocean of our joy. O may our hearts be devoted and given up to Him to live to his praise in every thought and word and deed. After waiting many months we received most welcome letters from your dear brother V., now captain of the beautiful ship *Sandwich*, which was lying at Zanzibar when V. wrote his letter. The king of Muscat was there, and one day V. strayed towards the palace, and when he approached the guards they saluted him and let him pass into the palace, where, going suddenly into an apartment, he found himself in the presence of the king, surrounded by his courtiers. There was no retreating, therefore V. put the best face upon the matter and made a low congee to his highness, who immediately made signs for him to approach, and placed him near the chair of state, where stood two of the young princes in gay attire, with richly ornamented daggers by their side. Servants were immediately ordered to bring coffee and fruits, and after staying a short time V. took his leave; and the next day, early in the morning, the king sent a servant with a fine Arabian horse for V. to take a ride over the beautiful country, with a guide to attend him. V.'s ship is being laden with frankincense, myrrh, gold dust, elephants' tusks, &c., &c., some of which are so large that they are obliged to cut them into two or three pieces to enable the natives to carry them. What a kind

Providence to prosper your dear brother so that he should be entrusted with the command of a ship at only twenty-two years of age. V. was happily the instrument of great service to some French gentlemen who had come from the Isle of Bourbon to Zanzibar to establish themselves there, in consequence of a treaty entered into with some of the king of Zanzibar's agents. These gentlemen had purchased a small vessel at Bourbon, and laid in all manner of needful stores for their settlement, but when they arrived at Zanzibar they were told by a Captain Hassan (in the sultan's service) to go about their business. The poor Frenchmen were astonished, and not being able to speak Arabic or English (the only languages spoken at Zanzibar) they were on the very verge of being ruined. Dear V. suspecting that the king knew nothing at all about this business, and that it was only the act of the villainous Hassan, undertook their cause, and by speaking the French language he found out all their trouble, and translated their treaty into English, so that the king himself could understand it. He immediately discovered the villainy of Hassan, and instantly forbid him his presence on pain of being shot, and the poor Frenchmen were put into possession of what they would have lost had it not been for the happy circumstance of your dear brother understanding the French language. V. says this pleasing circumstance of doing good amply repaid all his labour in acquiring it. What a blessing it is to do good, and how thankful we ought to be to God for putting it into our power and giving us the inclination to do so! I hope you will love God more than ever, my dear M., seeing He is so very kind and merciful to us in surrounding us with blessings every hour. To his gracious care I commit you with earnest prayer, remaining, &c.

March 22, 1836.

Your kind letter was exceedingly acceptable as exhi-

biting your affection towards one who has loved you before you were born and ever since, with the most anxious desire to see you grow up in the garden of the Lord as one of his own tender plants, producing precious fruit to the glory of his great and holy name. And I do hope, and believe also, that you are indeed one of his own children, in whom the influences of his Holy Spirit are beginning to shine forth in the desire you express of being found in Him—Christ in your heart, your only hope of glory. Well, my dear child, this is a good beginning, and I pray the Lord to carry it on with mighty power, that you may daily grow in grace and rejoice in his salvation.

August 27, 1837.

I write to assure you of a father's love, often expressed in supplications to God for his richest blessings to be bestowed upon you, my dear affectionate child, and that you may be kept by his powerful hand from everything that might harm or distress or lead you into any kind of temptation. Blessed be God that your heart has been touched by the sweet and lively kindlings of his Holy Spirit, to draw you to the Fountain of all goodness, whence you may not only sip, but are enjoined to take large draughts of nourishment to your soul, that you may ever rejoice in heavenly love. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," is the language of the word of God, and all are invited to take of the water of life freely and without price. May the Lord incline you more to "taste and see that He is good," supremely good, and may you grow in grace and in the knowledge and enjoyment of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, your father's Friend, the sinner's Friend. In order to do this be ever on the watch against pride, and let your heart be humble in the sight of God, and then you will enjoy his love, for He delights to dwell with those who are of a humble contrite mind. I often think of your dear affectionate salutations

when I returned from, or was going to my occupations in business, and I see you now, at this very moment, before me with a sweet smile of affection towards your unworthy father, who loves you dearly, yes, very dearly indeed, my dear M., anxious, deeply anxious, for your happiness here and hereafter, where partings will be known no more, and where there is no sorrow, no sin, where Christ for ever reigns. I hope you have had an opportunity of distributing some of the copies of "The Sinner's Friend" which were committed to your charge; may the blessing of God attend every copy from your hands, and also a blessing attend yourself in such a pleasing occupation. It will afford you some pleasure (as it has done me) in the intelligence that the American Tract Society, at New York, have printed 20,000 copies of "The Sinner's Friend." A letter reached me a few days ago, stating that the Dowager Queen of England is distributing "The Sinner's Friend" with a liberal hand. Praised be the Lord, and may I be kept more humble than ever, that these things may not lift me up with self-complacency. I pray you to seek constantly, earnestly, prayerfully, and humbly, the favour of our God, who will bless you, my dear, dear M., for the sake of his beloved Son, to whose gracious care I heartily commend you. We are gratefully delighted to hear that you are so happy. The nearer you keep to the Lord the more will this mercy be increased towards you. It is indeed a blessed privilege, my dear child, to enjoy the love of God.

December 22 (Birthday), 1838.

A Father's love has sent me to the footstool of almighty grace this morning, to entreat blessings on your heart and soul, my very dear child, that whilst you are increasing in stature your soul may be increasingly enriched with heavenly wisdom, grace, and love; that the Lord may be your Guide, Protector, and Defence, and that Jesus may ever reign over and in you; that being a branch

in Him you may bring forth much fruit to the glory of God. Accept a very small expression of affection. Your father prays for you with a heart full of love that the God of all grace will make you one of the true daughters of Zion, and cause your soul to rejoice increasingly in the way of holiness and truth. Only make God your trust, my dear child, my affectionate M.

To his son V., commanding the *Velocity* :—

October 12, 1838.

Thank you for your interesting letter from the Cape, telling of your safe arrival through perils which make a landsman glad that his pillow is not placed on the back of old Neptune. Also much pleased with your quick passage to Rio, evincing skill and perseverance which are sure to carry all before them. It has pleased God to give you more energy and judgment than fall to the lot of most sailors. We entered into your disappointment in not meeting that great philosopher, Dr. Herschell, at the Cape. \* \* \* We are all well through mercy—all but myself. Retrospection drives me almost frantic. I pray God to grant to all my dear children more prudence and faithfulness, and to each of them a holy heart with constant dependence on Himself. May his blessing attend you, dearest V., in your responsible situation and preserve you in every danger, &c.

To Colonel Holcombe, Edinburgh :—

[The name is given instead of initials, as these letters are taken from a memoir of Colonel Holcombe, published by his family, entitled "The Change." Col. H. attributed his conversion, instrumentally, to reading "The Sinner's Friend." See Mr. Black's letter, dated June, 1839; on p. 200 of this autobiography.—Ed.]

July 6, 1839.

A letter from a total stranger may well excite surprise, but when the heart is full of heavenly fire and heavenly

love, it is no matter of surprise to rejoice in the discovery of kindred spirits, whose souls have been redeemed from sin and death by the same blessed Hand, whose mercy is over all his works, even to earth's remotest bound. Angels rejoice over ransomed sinners,—and if such be the exercise of the heavenly host, surely redeemed sinners should rejoice over each other, with a rapturous feeling which can only be known by those who have tasted that the Lord is good, and who understand that secret which is imparted to those to whom the Lord hath shown his covenant, but understood by none else. It is this feeling, my dear sir, which has caused my heart to rejoice over you, with humble gratitude to God for what He has done for your soul, as well as for my own, therefore I am irresistibly constrained, by the love of Christ, to unite with you in strains of boundless gratitude to our blessed Lord, for his wondrous mercy in having plucked us as brands from eternal fire. In early life, I was placed in circumstances to indulge in all the evil propensities of an evil heart; and being of a lively disposition, full of anecdote and fun, I was in all manner of excess, of dancing, card playing, dinner parties; taking the head of the table, keeping late hours, drinking to excess, and indulging in every kind of abomination, despising the voice of conscience, until at last, repeated and long-continued intemperance brought me to the verge of the grave; hell gaping to receive me as the reward of an ill-spent life; I wasting the substance which the Lord in his providence had bountifully bestowed upon me, and which I spent in riotous living, until I appeared to be lost, beyond hope. But God in his infinite mercy, had compassion on me, and at the twelfth hour, as it were, said, "Live,—I hate putting away." An arrow from the bow of sovereign grace was sent through my heart, or rather into its centre; and, being well barbed, resisted all the efforts of self and Satan to remove it thence. But, ah! the horrors of conviction! Ingratitude of the deepest dye

stared me in the face; scarlet and crimson sins stood arrayed against me. Where was I to flee? Torrents furrowed my cheeks—agony seized my heart—despair stood looking on—but gently a voice reached my soul, saying—Stop him from going down into the pit—I have found a ransom. Oh! what tumultuous rapture seized my heart at the bare thought of the possibility that such a wretch could be saved; then it was that I began to look into that blessed Book which I had dared to despise; and, there I saw that “the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.” But, that I may not be tedious, I will briefly tell you, dear sir, that the Lord mercifully gave me power over my besetting sin, and that now, two-and-twenty whole years have passed away, since even so much as a teaspoonful of wine or spirituous liquor has ever passed the surface of my tongue; and I find myself, at nearly sixty-six years of age, more full of life and fire, than when at forty I drank wine in bowls. My own happy deliverance awakened in my soul an intense desire for the good of others; and, having also studied the word of God with intense application, I prayed the Lord to instruct me to write something comprehensive of his boundless love, that I might be the honoured instrument of diffusing a knowledge of salvation throughout the world. The Lord enabled me to produce a little work which He has blessed in the most extraordinary manner; so that there are now four hundred and thirty thousand copies, extant in ten different languages, with a daily increasing demand. Indeed, the testimonies which are continually reaching me, of the happy results of this publication, are of the most overwhelming kind; bringing me on my knees with thanksgiving and praise, and with earnest prayer that I may be kept humble, under the dust of the earth, giving all the praise to Him who has done such marvellous things for, dear sir, your fellow Zion traveller,

J. V. HALL.



To the same:—

July 13, 1839.

Glory! glory! glory! to our gracious God! for his blessed, mighty, and even almighty work in your soul, my dear redeemed brother; plucked from hell by that saving hand which is never shortened, but is ever extended to redeem and save. You are, indeed, a monument of everlasting love; and your exquisitely-delightful letter, brought me on my knees, with it in my hands, with thankfulness and praise to Him who has done this marvellous work in your soul; and who will never leave you, nor forsake you:—no never. I apprehend that there is not a man in the world except myself, who can so fully enter into all your feelings as I do; but in writing to me your own progress in sin, and the subsequent conviction, contrition, sighs, tears, agony, even at the altar—in all these, it is as though you had been detailing my case, instead of your own. I have passed through the whole of these dreadful trials, and I look back with wonder at the deliverance which God, in infinite mercy, has effected for me. My heart is ever on fire for Christ: ever in a perfect blaze—a glow of heavenly ardour pervading every part of my nature—so that I am often lost in wonder, love, and praise. I am sometimes so overwhelmed with a sense of the change, that I can scarcely believe that it is the same body that used formerly to run to every excess of riot; and I cry out—

“Who could believe such lips could praise,  
Or think my dark and winding ways  
Should ever lead to God?”

I think that the whole of the 116th, 80th, and 91st Psalms belongs to you and to me, as if written on purpose for us: nor must we ever forget the 51st—this also belongs to us: and we should repeat it every day as long as we live, breathing out with intense desire, “Create within me a clean heart, O God.”

To the same:—

July 30, 1839.

Well! my new-found Christian friend! I have most carefully read and considered your candid, open-hearted, care-worn letter, and I see nothing in it to excite discouragement; but everything to warrant a full persuasion that you are truly under the blessed influences of the renewing grace of God. Were it otherwise, you would have none of these doubts and fears, nor would the intrusion of unholy thoughts, injected by the devil himself, give you any of that disquietude which now so painfully occupies your mind; and however trying this may be (as it ought to be), still it is an evidence of an inward conflict between sin and holiness, and your own memory will serve to prove that it was not always so, as it is now; therefore it should afford you this consolation, that however dreadful the battle may be, yet it is for the Lord that you are now fighting, as one of his soldiers, under the banner of his forgiving love—forgiving love! this is worth something—worth everything—as a passport out of an enemy's country into the kingdom of heaven. The Captain of our salvation is well acquainted with all our struggles,—knows every fear, watches every movement of our reckless foe, and sends us a guard of angels to preserve us from the hurtful snare, and imparts to his harassed servants the same principle of faith which David had, when he cried out, "Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net." (Psalm xxv. 15.) Like you I was the fiddle of every convivial party. I could take the head of the table, and sit all night, drinking, swearing, playing cards, and every abomination. At a ball I was always sure of a partner, because I could dance well, and was never tired; therefore the cry was, "Oh! we must have Mr. Hall, for he will keep us all alive." But, oh! how does my heart now grieve to think of these things; and how astonished

am I to think that God did not cut me down in my horrid blasphemies, and daring rebellion against him; and then to think of the wondrous change! The blasphemer—an ambassador for Christ! The drunkard—a Rechabite! The prayerless rebel—presiding at a prayer-meeting!

“Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song:”

The companion of the licentious—the friend of the pious! The bawler of profane songs—the author of “The Sinner’s Friend!” Oh! how does this exalt the glory of the grace of God, for nothing else could possibly effect such a change. How does it exalt his mercy—higher than the heavens. What reason have we then to fear, my dear friend, that God will ever leave unfinished that which He has so manifestly and so gloriously begun? Oh no, no, never. But then those evil thoughts; what are we to do with them? Why, my friend, you must do as I do with them, carry them to the foot of the cross, the only place to get rid of them. I was myself most distressingly plagued with fears on this account till I read “Owen on Indwelling Sin,” and here I found that the people of God harassed themselves by the expectation that they were to get rid of indwelling sin before they get to heaven, which can never be the case; and it should be enough for them to know that although sin dwells in them, yet, by the grace of God, it does not reign over them as it once did. This gave me quite a new light upon the subject, and made me content to be always fighting, trusting in the Lord. I remember also hearing a dear silver-haired preacher of the gospel comforting his hearers by saying, “The devil will worry the saints all the way down to the very gate of heaven; but, blessed be God, he can never get in after them.”

To the same:—

October 3, 1839.

My dear, pious, warm-hearted Christian friend, I fear

that my silence may have led you to think unfavourably of my profession of ardour in the cause of my gracious Lord and Master; but really your letter required more than ordinary consideration, inasmuch as it contains rather extraordinary matter for deliberation as well as decision. And now I must candidly and affectionately forewarn you of the great danger of your becoming overexcited by the new and most happy feelings which God has so mercifully wrought in your soul; and which, consequently, lead you to desire that all the human family may be made partakers of divine grace, and all live to the glory of God. So far it is well that such desires should be in your heart—evidences of a new birth, and earnestness of the love of God towards you;—but such hearts as yours and mine, brought up out of a horrible pit; such hearts do well to remember the injunction of our blessed Lord, “Be ye wise as serpents—and cast not your pearls before swine.” I well remember the time, at my first setting out in the divine life, when it appeared desirable to talk to everybody about this new and living way, and I was for doing wondrous things; not perceiving the net which Satan had spread for my feet, which were dreadfully entangled to my confusion and shame; but the Lord mercifully broke the chain, and entrusted me once more with a little grace, till I had learned, by painful experience, to walk more circumspectly, and so avoid the danger in future. I therefore, tenderly exhort you to be very careful, and not to entertain the project you have mentioned of introducing your pious plan to the Commander of the Forces, of prayer-meetings and public prayers at beat of drum and sound of bugle, &c. &c. &c.; and I think that Mr. Drummond will agree with me in this opinion, and in this advice. I would not throw a damp upon your warm and affectionate heart, but I must respectfully advise you to walk quietly before the Lord in the circle wherein the providence of

God has placed you, and by your holy life and conversation, show forth the praises of Him who has so evidently and so mercifully "delivered your soul from death, your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling." But you are still in an enemy's country, and therefore need to be guarded on every side, lest Satan get an advantage over you, even in your holy things; I beseech you therefore, to watch and pray, and deem me not unkind in giving you this admonition and warning, which I desire to do in the most respectful manner, with a heart full of love. I am constantly praying for you with the most earnest solicitude, that you may be kept from falling, preserved as the apple of the eye, and made to rejoice in the fulness of his salvation.

To the same:—

April 27, 1840.

My dear Christian friend—soldier of the Lord,—Your welcome letter afforded me sincere pleasure, as well as called forth thanksgiving and praise, that you have hitherto been kept by our Almighty Friend, and preserved in the hollow of his gracious hand. Oh! how vast are your obligations and mine, that we have not only been plucked as brands from eternal fire, but have now within us a flame of heavenly fire constantly burning with holy ardour in the service of our God. The Lord be pleased to grant, for his dear Son's sake, that this fire may never be smothered by the allowance of any secret sin—any lustful thought—any unhallowed desire—any longing, lingering look after those things in which we took such great delight, and of which we were only wearied when our satiated appetites could no longer revel in, or enjoy them. Still I have deeply to lament the intrusion, and too often encouragement, of unholy thoughts—the phantoms of former indulgences harassing my mind, driving me to cry out in an agony of grief, "Create within me a clean heart, O God,

and renew a right spirit within me," that every affection of my soul, every desire of my mind, may be made holy, and ever be devoted to thy blessed service. A sinner still I am, and I feel it; incessantly annoyed by evil thoughts flitting across my mind even when on my knees; and were it not that I do feel the Lord Jesus in my heart, and that He does live and reign there, I should tremble for the issue of the battle—the war against self; but He, blessed be his dear name, has promised that no weapon formed against my soul shall prosper. How the angels of God must have rejoiced over you at the first sign of your conversion to the Lord, and what exuberance of joy must they still feel at your continuance and energy in the ways of holiness, leading your dear little children to receive instruction in the way of everlasting life. May the Lord strengthen you more and more, which will be the case the more you feel your weakness, for the apostle says, "When we are weak then are we strong;" and however paradoxical this may appear, yet it is nevertheless perfectly true, well understood by every pilgrim travelling the road to Zion. I as much believe that I shall live with my blessed Lord for ever as that I know I am writing this letter, yet I would not presume to say that I am sure of it; but as the Lord has said, that "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also," I feel a humble confidence that I shall become an inhabitant of heaven, because my heart has been there many a year, and I think that I shall go where my heart is. Besides, Jesus Christ is in my heart, and he'll be sure to take it to his own home.

To the same:—

January, 1842.

My dear afflicted brother, why art thou cast down? Why is your soul so deeply afflicted? Do you think that God has forgotten to be gracious? that He will be

favourable no more, or that in anger He hath shut up his tender mercies? Oh, no, no! my dear friend, no such thing. God does not deal so, not even with his back-sliding children. Then hope thou in God, for the light of his countenance will once more,—and very soon too,—illumine your darkened horizon, so that you shall ever shout for joy. Do evil thoughts perplex and harass your mind, so that when you would do good, would serve the Lord, free from the attacks of bitter and biting remembrances of past indulgences in sin, these evil thoughts force their way into the mind, perhaps in the very act of prayer, and thus poison your communion with God, creating doubts whether your heart has undergone a change or not? All this is sorely distressing to a returning prodigal; but it is by no means uncommon, not even to established Christians, for they have often to cry out with bitter anguish, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin?” It is frequently so with me, my dear brother, even at the altar, when about to commemorate the dying love of my gracious Lord, &c. This appears to be a strange mixture, and would induce a fear of being a hypocrite, did I not know that a great change had actually taken place in my heart, and that my constant desire is to please my God. Then I recollect, that it is Satan’s grand business to worry his old friends who have deserted him, and that he ever goeth about seeking whom he may devour; and that nothing would please him so much as to catch one of his deserters, that their mouth may be stopped from praising the Lord. When I have been in this dreadful state, I have cried out to the Lord to cleanse the thoughts of my heart, and sanctify me from all my defilements, and especially from the corruption of the mind, and then I have regained my peace. But ’tis a terrible battle—a hard stand-up fight—no flinching—no turning the back upon our enemy—we must fight face to face and defy the

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devil, in the name of the living God, and of Jesus his beloved Son. I am obliged to fight every inch of ground, and blessed be the Lord that I do fight, making good use of that famous double-edged sword—prayer; for

“Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

Fight on then, dear brother, and you will be sure to conquer, the victory is certain; you cannot be conquered so long as you stand close to the banner of redeeming love. I have prayed for you that the Lord may grant you his all-powerful aid, and make you sing for joy. “Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart.” I am sometimes afraid that even Christians do not think half enough of the value of the blood of Christ. What, just available for twenty or thirty millions of souls only? Oh! my dear friend, were every atom which composes every star a soul, and were there as many more as could be multiplied by the utmost excess of figures, still the blood of Christ would outweigh them all, even if all were as full of sin as hell itself.

To his son A., on board the *Black Nymph*:—

March 4, 1840.

You are now, I trust, set at liberty from the ice of Odessa and breathing a warmer air than that of the Black Sea. I have felt deeply for your privations, but I hope you will derive real benefit from what you have experienced and that it will now be your pleasure to stick to business and home. We scarcely ever sit down to our comfortable meal without thinking of poor A., and wishing that he was with us and far away from the storms and dangers of the sea. Whenever the wind blows as it has done here during many weeks, we feel our hearts yearning after our poor sailor-boys, who perhaps would only laugh at us for being moved at a stiff



breeze, but we cannot help feeling for those (dear to us) who have but little care for themselves. How happy shall we be to see the *Black Nymph* reported off the Channel, and how right glad shall we be to feel the hearty squeeze of dear V. and A. after a long and unpropitious voyage. I hope your vexations have not driven you from your Bible, but have rather sent you to search more and more for the favour of God, that He may direct your path (even in the sea) to holiness and peace. Our prayers are increasingly put up for you, and you will be heartily welcomed at our family altar. Give my very kindest love to the captain, and tell him that I am constantly thinking of and feeling for him with many a heartache for his losses and vexations, but with thankfulness that worst come to worst he has a father's house to shelter him and a father's heart to receive him, and so have you, my dear A.

June 9, 1840.

Dear V. I hope is well and in better trim than when frozen up in Odessa. I hope that you also, dear A. are feeling something of pleasure from a warmer climate in the latitude of home—sweet home. You have much reason for thankfulness to a kind Providence in having spared your life, whilst your two school-fellows have been taken off into eternity in a moment. R. A. went only last year as midshipman, and fell from the main-top and was dashed to pieces. C. P., aged seventeen, your companion in swimming, was drowned off Australia whilst swimming after an oar which had gone overboard. How thankful you ought to be and most probably are, and I pray that your spared life may be an honourable one.

To the father of an apprentice, now Mr. Barcham, of Reading:—

Maidstone, July 7, 1841.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the honourable

termination of apprenticeship of your son. The whole of his conduct since he has been under my care has been of the most exemplary kind in every department which he has filled, with unceasing industry and the most inflexible integrity, ever studious and attentive to the best interests of his employer, walking steadily in the path of uprightness and truth, serving the Lord. Your son has deservedly obtained the esteem of every person in our establishment but none so much as of Mrs. H., myself and my sons, and we shall ever feel the deepest interest in his welfare. Often, again and again, have my petitions on his behalf been offered at a throne of grace, and I have now abundant reason to bless the Lord for having granted my request in having led your dear son by his Almighty hand and preserved him in the narrow path, a valuable member of society and a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. For these mercies I do myself praise the Lord, with earnest prayer that goodness and mercy may follow your son all the days of his life. I remain &c.

Extracts of letters to his apprentice—Mr. Barcham, now of Reading:—

JULY 7, 1841.—I heartily congratulate you on your birthday—but a thousand times more as the recipient of that free grace which has led you to rejoice in that blessed Redeemer whose intercession has obtained you guidance and safety for one and twenty years, the last five of which you have passed under my roof with honour to yourself, by conduct the most exemplary obtaining the richly deserved esteem of all around you. Often have I entreated the Lord on your behalf, and I do indeed return Him my heartfelt thanks for his goodness to you, beseeching Him to be with you every moment of your future life, making you a useful member of society and a blessing in the church of Christ. With sincere thanks for your unceasingly respectful demeanour to myself and all my family, and with the highest

gratification at your unflinching industry, great punctuality and attention to the interests of your employer, I beg your acceptance of a copy of Scott's Bible, and of D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, and pray that the Lord may make them a blessing to your soul.

NOVEMBER 14, 1846.—I congratulate you on the important step you have so wisely taken in becoming united to a dear partner who I have no doubt will prove a true help-mate through life. May the blessing of the Lord be richly vouchsafed to both. \* \* I am much pleased with your specimens of printing. I have no doubt you will succeed, with your great study to please. This is quite natural to you, therefore no *task*, merely *exercise*. I gratefully review the time you were with us. Your conduct was *always* most praiseworthy—affording me much comfort, as I had always the most implicit confidence, never weakened by anything you ever said or did. I commend \* \* to the care of Him who will never forsake him. I *know* Him, blessed be his Name, and I love Him too—and though I have been a sinner of no ordinary depravity, I can trust Him *implicitly*, without a shade of doubt, for the salvation of my own soul, and for the souls of *all* who come to God by Him.

MAY 15, 1847.—Your affectionate note was truly refreshing. I am thankful that while under my roof you imbibed no harm from my walk and conversation. Thank you again and again, for so much kindness, far beyond what I deserve. I deeply sympathize in your afflictions, but rejoice in your consolations. You are not aware how deeply you are indebted to God for having been kept from sins of youth—for though God pardons the vilest, yet the *recollection* is always a source of bitter anguish to the *pardoned* sinner, who cries out, as I constantly do, "My sin is *ever* before me." But, "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

MARCH 17, 1858.—Let me express my affectionate sym-

pathy with you in the removal of your darling son. But you know and *love* Him who has thus eclipsed your hopes, that your soul may be more firmly rooted in Himself alone.

\* \* I thankfully embrace the opportunity to remember and express with much gratitude the comfort you afforded us in your eight years' residence in our house, giving the most perfect satisfaction to myself and my dear wife, securing our Christian regard, which will continue to the end of life. May the Lord bless and comfort you is the heart-felt prayer of your fellow Zion-traveller—now in my eighty-fifth year.

Fragment of a letter without date, to a young Christian—  
A. W.

“Being confident of this very thing—that He who hath begun a good work in *you*, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” This is an unspeakable consolation, my dear young friend, which the trembling Christian often needs while fighting his way through an enemy's country; therefore these promises are placed on either side his path to cheer him onward. *Advanced* Christians need as much if not more, the gift of faith. But old as well as young *have* a blessed hope which kindles brighter and brighter into a perfect *blaze* of rapturous *assurance* that “He who hath begun,” &c. May this cheer your heart and make you soar above every fear, piercing every cloud, till your enraptured eye beholds a scroll in the Redeemer's hand with your own name inscribed, presented to yourself, with these indelible characters—THOU ART MINE. May this vision fire your heart with heavenly love, till you are absorbed in a perfect agony of joy. And why not? Is it too much for God to give or for a redeemed sinner to receive? Will not God, with Christ give us all things? Has not an inspired apostle said, it had not entered into the heart to *conceive* what God had prepared for those who love Him? Then why not expect holy pleasures far beyond the utmost

stretch of thought? The Lord never trifles with his children, nor kindles a spark of heavenly fire in their hearts without fanning it into a flame. Once I was young but am now grey-headed—but I never saw, heard, or read of any such thing as the Lord forsaking his chosen ones—bought with precious blood. O no!—*never*, NEVER, NEVER!

To his daughter M. E. :—

December 22, 1841.

A father's heart yearns towards you, my beloved M., with praise to God for such a dear affectionate daughter, and for goodness and mercy in having preserved your life to another birthday. But a much greater blessing demands our highest praise, that by grace you are become a child of God, the best of fathers, whose tender care and powerful arms will ever defend the objects of his unchanging love. May you, my beloved child, together with your dear affectionate husband, ever abide under the shadow of the Almighty, so that when your earthly parents are removed you may find your rest and happiness in God and be made ready for the inheritance of the saints in glory, where I trust you will meet and be for ever with your affectionate father.

To his son E. :—

Clifton House, Rotherham,

July 9, 1842.

We had to exercise a little decision in leaving Hull, as the good people would willingly have entertained us courteously, but we were anxious to visit Mrs. W., whose reception of us was most gratifying. When I apologized for coming unexpectedly, she stopped me short by saying there was nothing but gratification throughout the house, for there was not a servant but would have felt it a great pleasure to have got up at twelve o'clock at night to open

the door to Mr. Hall. O what reason, dear E., have I to bless and praise the Lord for giving me favour wherever I go. O for a humble heart. This is very pleasant, and the more so as they are pious servants, and it is this blessed holy principle that has engendered in their hearts love to your father, because they believe that he also loves the Lord. Ah! the blessed love of Christ, how it constrains his true followers to love one another. We had about eighty passengers to Hull, of all sorts, some gentle and some simple, some educated and some not so. Your father went to work as usual with his little book, and on presenting the first to a lady, a resident in Jersey, she immediately said, "I know that little book well, and I purchased a copy yesterday at Nisbet's to give to a poor young woman." Upon my informing her that there was an edition in octavo, she replied that she preferred the small edition for a particular reason. "And pray, madam, what is that particular reason?" Imagine my gratitude, dear E., when she replied, "It was the small edition, sir, which was the means of the conversion of my brother." I gave many copies to different persons with very great pleasure, and prayer that it might please the Lord to accompany them with his blessing.

To his daughter M. E. and her husband:—

December 11, 1842.

You are affectionately invited by your poor old papa to accompany him to Gravesend on Wednesday next, to be his guests at Waite's hotel, and if you drive up to the Heath at eleven o'clock your intended host will accompany you in his own chaise, upon your courteous promise not to drive away from him, and so leave poor old "Jack" (the pony) and his master to find their way in the best manner they can. A letter from dear mamma—she is much better, anticipating a happy meeting with her children at Gravesend. Hurrah! Kiss the dear little trudge for his grandpapa.

To his daughter M. E. :—

December 22, 1842.

The Lord has spared you another year in safety, comfort and peace. Affectionately have you been watched over by your parents, and now the mercy of the Lord has given you a tender husband to cherish you. You are honoured also in being yourself a mother to a dear darling son, to be I trust with his dear parents for ever with the Lord. In addition, yourself, my beloved daughter, are the recipient of that divine grace which unites your soul to the everlasting Son of God. May He ever dwell in your heart a thrice-welcome guest, to lead you through the mazy path of life and finally to introduce you into his everlasting joy. Thus prays for you and for your dear husband, and for your beautiful offspring, your affectionate father.

To the same :—

May 19, 1843.

That best of all books which now lies before me says, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." The voice of nature, of a father's heart, says, "Comfort ye your daughter, your dear daughter Mary," her beloved mother's dear name. Well, dear child, I trust I may be enabled to comfort you with the assurance of my tender sympathy in all your concerns, spiritual and temporal, praying the Lord to bless you with the grace of acquiescence in all his will, even if it should disappoint all your hopes. Your heavenly Father is wise and holy and does not willingly or needlessly bring trials upon his people, for whom He loves He only chastens—not condemns. This trial in regard to your sweet boy is only to bring your soul closer to God, that you may depend upon his faithfulness to fulfil his own word, that all things painful or pleasant shall work together for the good of those who love Him, and who are enabled to say—"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," and love Him too. I feel this blessed confidence

not only in regard to myself but in what concerns you also, and I have no doubt the trial you have to undergo is closely connected with the mercy of God, to prove your dear heart by cutting off some of the fibres of pride which might have become strong branches respecting the beauty of your dear boy, had not this visitation been allowed to come upon you, not in anger but in love and mercy. Besides, in the midst of all this trial great alleviations are your dear husband's affection and the means of professional skill to arrest the threatened evil, which to a person in poverty must have remained without hope; and above all these things, you have a gracious Saviour watching over you to see that the furnace is not too much heated, and that you may be tried no further than He will enable you to bear. To Him, my beloved child, I daily commend you in earnest prayer, together with your dear husband and sweet babe.

Extracts of letters to his son N.:—

OCTOBER 22, 1844.—A. has been very ill of a fever. Poor fellow, he is quite set against religion. The sovereign grace of God alone can effect the desired change, but one duty is plain—to warn, exhort, and pray. My Christian love to Dr. Gordon, I pray for him continually. We do not always live to witness the efficacy or answer to our prayers, yet *sometimes* the Lord appears for us in a most *marvellous* manner.

NOVEMBER 11.—Through mercy, dear A. is improving in health, and has been reading his Bible and *asking questions* of his dear mother on religious subjects. We must all pray for him. Yesterday I had the privilege of re-opening the little room in Bonny's Court, and then of conducting the prayer-meeting. Will you get up a discourse on "having forgiven all *trespasses*." It is so great a comfort to your poor father, and may be so to others. The Lord grant it for Christ's sake.



DECEMBER 4.—This moment returned from the house of God, *my* God, where I have been in a perfect blaze for an hour and a half telling of the mercy of God to sinners. The Lord be praised for the opportunity and for the soul-felt pleasure. About seventy very poor people last week at Bonny's Court to hear what your poor father had to say of redeeming love. What a blessed privilege to *tell* of redeeming love. What a mercy to *feel* it.

A birthday letter to his son A. :—

October 31, 1845.

Twenty-one years ago we hailed your birth. This day you write yourself man. Our gratitude is given to Him who has preserved you through your boyish days. May God fill your heart with love to Him far more than you have ever experienced towards any mortal friend, and may his precepts be the rule of your life through all the rugged as well as the smooth paths thereof, that you may always have Him to support and defend you. Your father, dear, dear A., and your dear mother, have found by long experience that there is no defence like the arm of God, and no consolation equal to his promise. Let your now grey-headed father plead with you to set out this very day for the kingdom of heaven, that whilst your glowing energies are all alive to the things of time and sense (and necessarily so) you may never lose sight of the things of eternity, with earnest prayer that Jesus Christ may ever live and reign in your heart as He long has done in the heart of, dear, dear A., your affectionate father, &c. A very small token of love is enclosed.

To his son N. :—

May 26, 1846.

I take up my pen to write you in the midst of tears. "But why should my father shed tears?" I'll tell you, dear N. I have just been reading the thrilling tale of Joseph

and his brethren, and although I have read it so often yet it is ever exciting to the highest degree, and I cannot help it, old fool as I am. Talk of romance or tales of imagination, why nothing in the world exceeds this simple unvarnished truth. And then I began to think of the mercy of God to myself in an almost similar but far different respect, because I was not ruler of all Egypt; but God had raised me up to nourish a dear mother who had been by misfortune reduced from respectability and plenty to poverty; and then God sent me into a strange land (Worcester) unknown to any one, and without a shilling of my own; and there God gave me power and money and a heart of love to my poor parent, whose letters to me were often commenced—"My dear Joseph in Egypt, the meal is almost gone," and then through the Lord's mercy I was enabled most willingly to supply all her wants until she entered heaven, her last words (for two hours) invoking blessings upon her son. The recollection of all this made me weep again, as I now do, to think of the goodness of God towards me; and then to give me such a wife and to load me with temporal and spiritual blessings till my heart is overwhelmed with joy and sorrow; sorrow of the deepest kind at the remembrance of my past ingratitude to my forgiving God. And then again, to think of the excess of his goodness in making me a herald of salvation to hundreds of thousands of sinners in every part of the world! Oh! it is too much! The Lord preserve me from pride or self-complacency. But, oh! how I do love the Lord, his ways, his people, and how my heart does rejoice when I can speak a word for his holy name. Poor Okill is yet alive, but I think to-morrow may be his last: he is now a wonder to all his family—so changed! They see it with overwhelming gratitude. He appears to have no doubt of acceptance with God. This trophy of divine grace, once a tiger in temper, is now as a lamb,

so patient, so thankful, and is often heard to ejaculate—"Blessed Lord, blessed Lord!" I was once obliged to discharge him because his blasphemies were not to be endured. I am with him every day, always invited by him to engage in prayer, and then he holds my hand in his own and with a convulsive squeeze endeavours thus to express the grateful feelings of his heart. God be praised. Marvellous mercy! What a change, too, in M. One of his fellow-workmen—who works close beside him, in an apartment where there are thirty dissipated men, amongst whom M. was the worst—informed me that he stands his ground before them all, manifesting the power of changing grace; that they all wonder, but do not follow him. M., with a heavy sigh, told me that he used to pay a man to sing profane songs! The kingdom of God is full of wonders.

To his son A. :—

August 20, 1846.

Your father is amply and most richly repaid for his little exertion in leaving his bed at an early hour to enjoy a parting squeeze from his dear son, whose affectionate letter of this morning affords a thrilling pleasure to a father's heart, long accustomed to daily prayer for those whom he so dearly loves. Thank you, dear A., again and again for the sweet pleasure afforded me in reading your letter over again. I have so good an opinion of your taste that I shall purchase the "Jerusalem." I have no doubt it will afford me much gratification, as everything does which is connected with that spot, once the glory of the earth, where my Redeemer suffered every indignity to save me, and all mine I hope and pray, from eternal woe. The time will come, dear A., yes it will come, when you will rejoice in that heavenly love which has so long and so entirely occupied your father's heart, once a stranger to the love of God and far from any desire to know Him, but which by

sovereign grace, has many years been changed from darkness to light, to bless and praise redeeming love.

To the same :—

October 30, 1846.

I congratulate you on the return of a day on which you began an existence which has no end, neither to those who love God nor to those who hate Him. You, dear A., I hope will always be found amongst the former, for which a father's prayers never cease to be offered. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, these claim and have your warm regard. But there is One whom I wish you to love above all, and I pray that it may be so, that you may never be without a Friend, one who sticketh closer than a brother or father or mother. I am a living witness of his faithfulness, as well as a stupendous monument of the mercy to be bestowed upon all, young or old, white or black, who seek the kingdom of heaven with a desire to obtain grace to conquer sin. But there are earthly considerations also which demand our serious regard, that we may obtain prudence in the management of circumstances which unheeded sometimes prove the very reverse of every prospect which at one time appeared fair. Amongst these I would reckon the most important the selection of a partner for life. I would most strenuously urge you to take time to look and well consider before you get into a net which will enclose you, for better or (and it may be) worse, so long as you live. I got into some foolish scrapes when about your age, and most fortunately got out of them again, or I should most probably have been involved in ruin. But in all this there was a merciful Providence, although I was too blind then to perceive it or even think about it; but I can now estimate Addison's words—"Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe." May that same Almighty arm convey you safe, dear A., and support you in every temptation, and finally bring you into his everlasting kingdom, is the daily fervent prayer of, &c.

To his son N. :—

November 14, 1846.

When a single string of the body is out of tune we begin to utter discordant notes. How much worse is it when the soul becomes disordered, when carelessness or indifference obscures our view of that celestial light which is intended to warm our affections into a glow of heavenly ardour, blazing, burning with love to God. Nothing but a close union with Christ can possibly keep this light from becoming dim, therefore how needful for every believer to strive for a closer walk with God. I feel it, dear N., more and more every hour, and I pray to be ever on my guard that Satan may not get an advantage of me in my old age, and thus bring my silvered hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave. It is one of the greatest absurdities in the world for a professor to think himself safe because he is old. O no, Satan will worry the saints throughout their whole pilgrimage, even to the very gates of heaven ; but, blessed be God, he cannot get in after them. Why the cunning old chap is always at me exhibiting a black catalogue of sins, black as hell itself, which would obliterate even a glimpse of hope were it not for that reviving and encouraging declaration, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin ;" and when I say, "Satan, look at that," he assumes a horrible grin, expands his wings, and away he goes to frighten some poor wretch who has never been at the foot of the cross and taken shelter under the Rock of ages. What should I have done had it not been for the blood of Christ ? We want something more than a mere change of life, we want an indwelling spirit, full of love of the most exquisite degree, ever panting after God, everything within us completely new ; then it is that we shall not only possess hope but implicit confidence in Christ, and peace and joy. We have procured Bunyan's "Jerusalem Sinner," and also Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches

in Palestine," 3 vols., which, with Horne's "Critical Study of the Scriptures," will quite occupy our little time. Horne's work was exceedingly instructive to me a few years ago while I was daily rioting in "Scott's Commentary." Had I not received so much benefit to my own soul by the study of "Scott's Commentary," "The Sinner's Friend" would never, in all probability, have made its appearance; but the comfort which I myself had enjoyed created a sigh that others might also enjoy the same blessings, but which they would not be likely to do from want of time or the means of purchasing such expensive books, and this led me to a feeling of pity that the truths of the gospel could not be reduced into a nutshell, that people might see them in a moment without the labour of study. This idea had no sooner taken possession of my mind than a voice seemed to say, "You do it; for no man upon earth can say more about salvation than yourself, for you have been snatched from the very centre of hell, therefore do you do it." Now, as Satan had tripped me up more than once I thought it was one of his suggestions to lift me up with pride, as though I was now got to be somebody, and therefore might venture to open my mouth about the way of salvation, and not being quite ignorant of Satan's devices, I said, "Stand on one side, Satan, I'll have nothing to do with you, this is one of your tricks;" and having thus expressed myself, I began my usual hour of study of Scott's Bible, which I always studied one hour before breakfast, and by devoting only one hour (but always regularly) I was enabled to accomplish what I had before mentioned (three times the Old Testament and six times the New). However, the next morning the same injunction, "You do it," seemed to be addressed to my mind, but I repeated the same words again, to Satan as I supposed, and went on with my hour of study; but on the third morning, the command being reiterated, I shut my Bible

and on my knees entreated the Lord that if it were his pleasure that I should compile or write something to direct sinners to seek salvation that He would be pleased to instruct me what to say and what to write, and in an instant, without any study, my mind was directed to produce "The Sinner's Friend," which, having been dedicated to God, has been made a blessing in every quarter of the world, thus proving that from apparently very small causes great effects arise. On looking into the pages of Bunyan's "Jerusalem Sinner" the thought occurred to me that in the class of sinners Bunyan, Newton, and your poor father might be named together, only in that class your poor father taking the lead; but in the class of saints your father must be at an immense distance behind either of them, and yet not separated from the Saviour. O no, for I am sure, and all the arguments in the world could not convince me to the contrary, that Jesus ever lives in my heart a most welcome guest, dearly loved, my soul's unceasing joy. Yes, He is my never ceasing joy, although I never cease to mourn for sin—sins forgiven. This expression may appear very paradoxical to those who do not understand the subject, but I mourn because of my past ingratitude, that in the midst of an ocean of mercy I rebelled against the hand whence all my blessings came; but this does not in the least interrupt my confidence in pardon purchased by a Saviour's blood. What infinite mercy, dear N., that you as a minister for Christ are placed in a position to preach this blessed doctrine, forgiveness of sins that are past, to a lost and ruined world, and that not even the most abandoned shall be rejected—coming to Christ. May Almighty Grace bless and preserve you in every step you take, that you may be kept humble and watchful, especially against the temptation of popularity. Take care, be watchful. Dr. Gordon's conversion I pray for.

Baptismal Regeneration.—Mr. Sutcliffe, incumbent of

Knockholt, has published a work on baptismal regeneration. I send you a little bit :—"To say that baptism, the sign and seal of regeneration is either regeneration itself or productive of regeneration is just as absurd as it would be to affirm that a man had drawn up his last will and testament, and had made an equal distribution of his property, by merely signing his name at the foot of a blank sheet of paper." The mere ceremony of baptism will neither regenerate infants nor adults, nothing but the influence of the Holy Spirit can do this; at least such is my opinion. The ceremony of baptism did not regenerate me, for I was more the child of hell afterwards than I was before I was baptized, which took place about fifty-two years ago at Boughton Menchelsea, when I was twenty-one years of age, and knew just as much about the way of salvation as a cat, and the clerk who officiated at the ceremony knew about as much, for when we went into a public-house, near the church, after the ceremony, we took a glass of wine together, and the clerk, taking his glass in his hand, gave me a nod and said, "Here's to your good health, sir, and success to your undertaking." This was too much, and I burst into a loud laugh. So much for baptismal regeneration even to an adult. O what infinite mercy that God himself has since baptized me with the Holy Spirit, and created a flame of heavenly love in my heart ever burning with holy zeal for the cause of my gracious Redeemer, that I, a child of hell, am made an heir of heaven! Marvellous! God be praised for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.

To the same :—

December 4, 1846.

Your welcome letter afforded me heartfelt pleasure and gratitude to God for his tender mercy in making "The Sinner's Friend" a blessing to the persons you mention.



To God alone be all the praise. I knelt before the Lord with your letter in my hand, praying Him to accept my hearty thanks and keep me humble. But I have now got something for yourself, dear N. \* \* \* Of course, and very naturally, it afforded me great pleasure to hear this testimony of the fruit of your annual visit. I am lately returned from the church-meeting and am now sitting alone. Yet I am not alone for Christ is ever with me, at least I trust He is, for it is always my desire that He should be so, filling my heart with his own blessed and life-giving self. In Bunyan's "Jerusalem Sinner" I find my own case partly displayed, but not half so black as it really is. Yet this does not even for a moment prevent my faith in the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse millions of Jerusalem sinners. Yes, if every individual in his own person could have possibly committed all the sins of a million. No language can amount to my belief and perception of the mercy of God in Christ. Had there been any other way by which the justice of God could have been satisfied, it would have been brought into exercise; but when the sins of the human family overtopped the highest mountains, reaching to the very heavens, such was the desire (the will, John vi. 38, 39, 40) of God to save the world, that, I seem to hear Him say—and I desire to express myself with the deepest reverence, gratitude, and soul-felt repentance—I seem to hear Him say to his beloved Son, "Four thousand years have I been sending message after message, prophet after prophet, to this rebellious race, and yet they will not hear, but such is my desire, the compassion of my spirit, to save them from eternal ruin, that you, my beloved Son, you must go down and see what can be done;" and then I hear the Lord Jesus say, "Lo, I come" (or go) see Psalm xl. 7, 8. And I cannot for a single moment suspect the efficacy of such a sacrifice to atone for the sins of the whole world. But, dear N., I must be gone to business, or I could write for ever on this blessed theme, because I believe every

syllable to be true, therefore I should never despair of the foulest sinner that ever breathed, if I could only get him to come to Christ, who has warranted me in this opinion by his own declaration that none shall be cast out.

To his son A:—

April 13, 1847.

I take up my pen to answer your question, Whether conversion is effected by natural or supernatural power. As far as my own experience goes, I should say supernatural, and I think this is borne out by scripture, "The natural man cannot discern the things of God, because they are spiritually discerned." But this can only mean whilst he is in the state of natural darkness, and does not exclude his being brought into a very opposite state, so as then to seek the light. Well, but can a natural man do this of himself? No, but he can ask God to unlock his understanding, and destroy his unbelief, and subdue his prejudices. The promises of God himself are, "Ask and ye shall receive," no ifs nor buts in this matter. "Call," says God, "and I will answer." These are positives, without other condition than obedience to the injunction, "Call." You say, dear A., "I hope and trust that I may never embrace the character of a religious professor till I should be enabled to act up to my profession." Now, although you might not be able to act up to the profession of a religious character all at once, yet as soon as you began to feel the glow of heavenly fire warming your affections towards holy things, you would immediately evidence some profession thereof by seeking the society of some professing disciple, and in such case, there would be at least a private profession of a growing change in your mind, although you would not deem it prudent to make it public until you should become settled in the faith. I trust, dear A., you will be led in the first place to avoid everything which conscience forbids, and that you will gradually feel pleasure

in the pursuit of that which will endure reflection and afford solid and lasting peace. I never wish to (what is called) bore my dear children with religion, but would rather that they observe some marks, however feeble, of the grace of God exhibited in the life and conduct of their father and mother, and learn to believe that the path of holiness is the best. I am sure that I ought never to despair of any of my children being brought into the fold of God in answer to daily fervent prayer. It was so with myself, and I am sure that none of my children can by any possibility ever sin so deeply against God as myself, but I had a praying mother, who entered heaven praying for her prodigal son. Yes, dear A., my own now sainted mother entered heaven her last words prayer for her son, your own affectionate father. With soul-felt love. The Lord bless and give you a heart of prayer, beloved A., then you cannot fail.

To the same:—

June, 1847.

As you have decided upon returning home it may be, in the counsels of infinite wisdom, that I may be shortly taken to my beautiful estate above, and that your steps are directed here to be a comfort to your dear mother when I am taken away to be for ever with the Lord. His will be done. \* \* \* Happily the balance in my favour at the banker's this day is far more than I shall need for all my acceptances for the whole of the present month, but it would not be so were I not constantly upon the look out, notwithstanding that you and E. have sometimes thought me too sharp in looking after outstanding debts. The terrific disease now ravaging our country is a loud call for even Christians to prepare to meet their God. May you and I and all we love look to it, that our lamps are trimmed and our lights burning, grace in our hearts and waiting to obey the solemn call—Come to judgment.

I pray you, dear A., to be most exceedingly watchful of the company you keep. Think of the danger of dissipation for both worlds. I have no desire to bore you with religion, but I know by happy experience the peace and pleasure resulting from honouring the Sabbath, and I also know by bitter experience the agony of mis-spending it. Therefore, as your father, dear A., I warn and implore you to seek the favour of God. I am hourly preparing to leave all the excitements and engagements here for a mansion where excitement may be much higher than anything in time or space but without sin. Try to avoid everything, dear A., that would make conscience wince or prevent your secret communion with God. Your poor father has experienced the bitterness of sin, although through the mercy of God he has happily found the antidote—the precious blood of Christ. Read that beautiful chapter, second of Ephesians, “You hath He quickened who were dead, dead in sin.” Dead—not mere natural death, then there would be no resistance to the divine will, but it is spiritual death. Think of the power, but think much more of the love of God to obdurate sinners. Dead in sins, without Christ! Perhaps it may have been so even with us, dear A. Without Christ. Misery complete! No hope, nothing but fearful apprehension of all evil for ever! But now through Christ made nigh, nigh to God. But do we think what the blood of Christ implies? What suffering to bring us nigh! Do we lay these things to heart, dear A.? The eye runs over the words, “The blood of Christ,” but is the heart impressed? O the cost of that precious blood! The efficacy also of that blood. Peace to those who were at enmity with God. Peace also from the great anxieties of life; anxieties in every station, even amongst the rich, for they often have far more anxieties than the poorest of the poor. Access to the Father, what an honour! “Fellow-citizens with the saints and of the

household of God." Household of God! His family, his children! What felicity, what security against harm, safe from every foe. Household of God! "Habitation of God!" God reside in the human heart, in those hearts once in rebellion against Him? Matchless grace! How careful then we ought to be not to allow any other occupant to engross the heart created anew and quickened for the habitation of God in the person of his beloved Son. All our salvation depends on Christ. All blessings in, by, and through Christ. All our blessings in Him. To Him we owe all our deliverance in times of danger. Your deliverance from blindness or death when you fell on the steps in the tower at Tintern Abbey. I fear I may be tiresome to you, dear A., but my mind was so deeply impressed with the beauty and the vital importance of the second chapter of Ephesians that I could not refrain from writing you a few of my thoughts thereon. May the grace of God ever be with you, dear A., to keep you from all evil either in thought, word, or deed, that you may never have to grieve as your father does over the sins of early days.

To his son N:—

July 5, 1847.

I take up my pen to express my gratitude that just as I am about to leave the world the Lord should put so much honour on me. W. surprised me by reading in the "Missionary Magazine" that many hundreds of "The Sinner's Friend" were distributed during the voyage of the *John Williams*. This may not seem to thousands to be anything, but to me it is a *great* thing to be thus honoured in the South Seas. But all, all is of God! My heart is full of gratitude and full of grief—grief that I ever sinned against so good a God, and that my heart is still so full of evil. O what a day will that be when the soul is freed from such a body and wafted to an eternity of holiness. For holiness

I sigh with every breath—yet Satan poisons every hour. None but myself can tell how deeply I have sinned—yet of this I am sure—that it is to the glory of God to forgive the vilest penitent sinner.

To his son A., on his birthday :—

October 30, 1847.

To-morrow you enter upon another year, progressing to a state of eternal existence either for joy or woe. Which shall it be, dear A.? The way is open before you, and you have a map, the word of God, always at command, in which the bye-roads and pits are clearly pointed out, so that none may mistake or miss the narrow way, the strait path which leads to God. A father's heart and tongue pant and plead for you, dear A., that you may become a partaker of joys purchased by the Saviour's sacrifice for all who seek God by Him, not one cast out although sinners of the darkest hue. But when is the time to partake of this rich repast? Now, this very moment, for God waits to be gracious. O keep Him not waiting, my dear A., but close in with offered mercy immediately, and partake of the water of life freely without price and without any righteousness of your own. May the Lord help you to do this.

Acknowledging the present of a pony carriage :—

May 27, 1848.

My very dear affectionate sons, E., N., A., and W. I cannot express to you the thrill of grateful pleasure which your present has created in my heart as a sweet testimony of your united love to your father in his declining years. It is a precious gift indeed, and will never cease to be a source of inward comfort as well as of personal ease, when the exercise of feeble walking will be exchanged for a refreshing drive in the pony carriage so kindly furnished by filial love. But, my dear children, much as I value this testimony of your affection, I cannot allow so heavy a tax

upon your pecuniary resources, therefore I enclose a cheque for the probable cost, and I shall still always consider it as your present, and as such and only as such will your dear mother and myself enjoy the pleasure you have intended for us. Praying God to bless you all with the outpouring of his grace and Holy Spirit, I am, dear sons, your deeply obliged and affectionate father.

To his son N., in reference to Dr. Gordon :—

[This letter was in reply to one which stated that Dr. G. was on the point of death. But he unexpectedly rallied.—ED.]

January 17, 1849.

Glory, glory, glory be to God ! dear N., for his wonderful, magnificent, and merciful dealings with our dear departed friend. What an answer to prayer ! Who would not pray ? The dear doctor was a *good* creature before, but God made him a *new* creature. O what rapture, what singing must there have been amongst the angelic choir whilst listening to the fervent, earnest, soul-fired breathings of that dear monument and trophy of sovereign grace. What a splendid victory, what honour to our dear Jesus, whose compassion yearned towards him whom we, whom all, so dearly loved, and who is now for ever with the Lord. Your thrilling details of the sweet experience of our departed friend made us almost breathless with delight at the rich display of mercy, accompanied by the most gratifying testimony of a heart tuned by the finger of the Omnipotent himself to sound his praise. I felt the rising of my own soul silently ejaculating, "O may my latter end be like his," so full of peace in the midst of agony and pain, so complete and emphatic a reliance on the sacrifice of Christ alone for pardon and acceptance with God, so humble a view of self, so exalted a view of the Saviour. It exceeds all I ever heard or read of in my life. What consolation to survivors. What cause for thanksgiving. Let this console

all who watched around the bed where lay prostrate one of nature's choicest gems, a heart full of tenderness and love, ever bent on doing good, pouring in the oil and wine to the poor and wretched whenever they applied for that relief which was not only never denied but ever afforded most cheerfully without fee or reward, save the luxury of doing good. I feel thankful that we ever knew him, and have never ceased to love him dearly. We can never expect to look on his like again, at least not on earth, but in heaven we shall unite with him in extolling the mercies of redeeming love.

Extracts from letters to Dr. Gordon, Hull, when the latter was on his death-bed :— (See diary of same date, p. 256.)

January 22, 1849.

My beloved brother, now more intensely, affectionately regarded than ever. What a monument of mercy! It seems as though the flood-gates of a fathomless sea of blessings had been opened upon you to show forth, in your own individual person, the matchless power of divine grace to open your eyes to behold a Saviour's love, and to open your heart to receive it in all its plenitude of salvation. What thankfulness of heart does your case, my beloved brother, draw forth from those who have so often presented warm, ardent prayers for your precious soul. My poor petitions have long, long been offered on your behalf, that it would please God to unfold his love to your soul, that your innate practice of good to others, bodily, might be accompanied with an earnest desire for benefits of a more exalted kind. These prayers have been abundantly answered, exciting feelings in my own heart of wonder, love, and praise. And, my dear, dear Christian friend, what strong consolation to be fully persuaded that these heavenly blessings, this new nature, will never, never be taken away, for our God never trifles with his people, never breaks the bruised reed, never quenches the smoking flax;



and notwithstanding every attempt of Satan to obstruct the progress of this celestial fire, or even any coldness which might come upon ourselves, yet the Lord's purpose (our salvation) can never fail. Could that have been possible I should have fallen away long ago, for the temptations presented to myself, so in unison with my wicked nature, have been of the most frightful description, and would have ruined me for ever, and have grieved the Spirit of God; but for his own honour He has holden me between thirty and forty years in the hollow of his hand, and has kept me from falling. Praised be his name. This He will assuredly do for you, my beloved brother, should He deem it fit to prolong your life; and should He be pleased to take you to heaven you will be sheltered from every conflict and never cease to sound the praises of redeeming love.

JANUARY 24.—Those blessed guards, the watchful attendants in the mansions of glory, are all waiting to hail your admission into that blessed abode where sin, sorrow, and death, are equally unknown. O what unspeakable mercy to have had the heart and affections all prepared, all tuned, to unite in that angelic hymn—"Blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honour and power and might be unto our God for ever and ever." O, my beloved friend, with what rapture shall we meet each other in the company of our dear relatives and thousands of other trophies of the power of changing grace, and ever-living witnesses of a Saviour's love. Yes, we shall be there, because we have been purchased and paid for, sealed with an irreversible seal—"They shall be mine," &c. God be praised that we, you and I, my dear brother, know by inward evidence that we are amongst those who have passed from death unto life, and can never be separated from the Lord.

JANUARY 26.—Once more, my beloved, patient, redeemed brother, receive the breathings of a heart yearning towards you with tenderness and love. I think of you,

pray for you, and rejoice over you with heartfelt gratitude to our gracious God for the wonders He has wrought in bringing you to himself by his beloved Son. O what a precious Saviour you and I have found. O then let us praise Him together, uniting hand and heart, bowing at his footstool of love and mercy. But how is this to be done at so great a distance of bodily separation? Love can overcome obstacles and difficulties, even almost impossibilities. Now then listen one moment, my dear brother, and we shall meet each other with certainty and Christian love. It has long been my happy privilege to retire every day, when the clock has struck one, to have communion with my gracious God, to thank Him for preserving mercy up to that hour of the day, entreating forgiveness of my sins and imploring a supply of grace for all which lies before me; and at that time I pray also for all my Christian friends, and for my dear brother, Doctor Gordon. Now then, dear brother, all difficulty is removed which would prevent the union of our spirits in praise and prayer. You will receive this note before one o'clock tomorrow, therefore at that hour look me in the face (in spirit), press my hand in yours, or I will take yours in mine, and thus united we will call upon our souls to bless and praise the Lord for his mercy and grace in having changed our hearts and filled them with holy fire and heavenly love. At one o'clock this day I shall be praying for you and for those dear friends around you, and now commending you to our gracious God, I subscribe myself your affectionate brother in Christ Jesus.

JANUARY 31.—I learn that you are still detained on this side the celestial city, the abode of our beloved Redeemer. He keeps you here a little longer that you may bear witness of his power to change the heart and cause it to sing in the way of holiness and truth. For you do sing with a melody that excites the joy of angels, who, though unseen, unite with your redeemed soul in the praises of our gracious

and forgiving God. Sinners, amongst whom I am the chiefest of the chief, also bless and praise our God on your account, and with adoring wonder gaze at the purchase of another soul bought with blood, the precious blood of the everlasting Son of God. You, my dear brother, are indeed a wonder unto many, but the greatest wonder to yourself. This has been precisely my own case, and a much greater wonder than Dr. Gordon, for compared with the writer of "The Sinner's Friend," Dr. Gordon is innocence itself. But O the magnitude of divine mercy. Jesus came to save the lost, therefore I have been found. With secret, sacred joy, I meet you at one o'clock every day. I put forth my hand, I gently touch yours; I feel your kind, affectionate pressure, I look upon your face, I am at your bedside; I see the felicity which beams in your countenance and I hear you whisper the name of Jesus. O this is joyful indeed. And then I shall meet you in heaven! We shall be very close to each other, and although you may sing rather loudly yet my trumpet will surmount every other, because I have more to say of long-suffering and tender mercy than all the sinners in the world. God be praised. It is his own work. But I am not yet got out of the battle, for I have a terrible conflict to maintain every hour, and were it not that the Lord has equipped me (Ephes. vi. 11—18) for the war I should become a prey to the enemy of souls. But here (John x. 28, 29) is my strength, which can never fail.

To his son A:—

February 6, 1849.

Your father calls upon God to bless you, my dear A., with heavenly love, that when my worn-out frame lies panting on the bed of death, as soon it will, I may feel the pressure of your dear hand, and the filial kiss of a child upon my cheek, and the blissful assurance that your father's Redeemer is yours also. It is my constant prayer,

interwoven with every breath, that my whole life, every thought, word, deed and desire, may all be in strict conformity to my profession. I think I may truthfully say with Paul, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," for, by happy experience, I know it is the power of God unto salvation, even to me, the very worst of sinners. But our gracious God takes the worst to show his power and goodness and long-suffering, that the poor outcast, despised of all the world, may be a living proof of the blessed Saviour's own words, that He came to seek and save the lost. Wondrous grace!

Extracts from letters to his son N:—

JULY 3, 1849.—If the blood of Christ were not sufficient to satisfy all the demands of justice, He would never have been given by God for the express purpose that every penitent believing in Him should be saved. I believe this, but I do not wish to cease from sorrow on account of sin. I deeply lament my past sinful life, worthy of the lowest hell, yet hoping to dwell for ever in heaven. Should I possibly go to hell, Satan would soon turn me out, for I am sure I should never cease to cry out—"Jesus, Jesus, my all, my soul's desire," and then Satan would say to his myrmidons, "Turn him out, turn him out, we shall have a rebellion."

AUGUST 3.—O to be always ready? Last Sunday Mr. J. preached from "So teach us to number our days," &c. Mr. B. was present: on Thursday he was seized with cholera, and in the evening his soul fled. He was too ill to see even a friend. O to be ready! I had said to my dear Mary in the morning—"If the cholera attacked me I should say—Dear Mary—Christ is in my heart, and I love Him *dearly*, and He knows it. I repent deeply of my sins, and I trust implicitly on his own words—'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' This is my confidence for eternal life. My sorrow is heartfelt for past

sins, but Christ is the *strength* of my heart and my *portion* for ever. My love for the Lord Jesus is greater than *all other* affections. I do love Him dearly—He is *ever* in my heart."

OCTOBER 10, 1849.—Your dear mother's birthday. What mercy to have her continued to us so many years, yet so soon gone. But there is a state where *time* will be unknown, and we shall enjoy felicity *for ever*. I have been in an agony of joy this morning—feelings which God alone can understand—the results of his own splendid mercy. This morning brought me a supply of contributions to the full extent of my prayers for answering a call to procure Malagasy translations of "The Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus." I knelt before the Lord almost suffocated with gratitude; being all alone I wept aloud for joy that the Lord has never forsaken me when my heart has been directed to his glory. I pray daily that "Come to Jesus" and "The Sinner's Friend," may run together calling sinners to Christ. What mercy, what cause for humility that father and son should be allowed to be God's instruments in directing sinners to the Saviour! The nearer I approach the end of my course the more deeply I feel my own dreadful sinfulness, and I should derive very little comfort from a change of heart were it not that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed. Take heed.

To his son A. :—

December 1, 1849.

Dear A.—Dearer than ever for Christ's sake. I may well say with good old Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation"—vouchsafed to my dear A. It is an answer to our ardent supplications that our dear A. might be brought to enlist in the army of our gracious Lord, the Captain of our salvation. We are in want of expressions

to testify our joy, but the Lord knows how our hearts beat with gratitude to Him for this mercy to our dear A., in answer to many, many fervent prayers. May the Lord bless you with persevering grace, with watchful humility, and with implicit confidence in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. Your letter, read at the church-meeting, excited deep interest.\* S. took my hand with great glee to congratulate me, and then praised teetotalism as leading men to think, then search the scriptures, and then find their way to Jesus. We expect your return with anticipation of months of great comfort. You may have the duty and privilege to see your father depart in peace and hope of glory. The time must come, we know not how soon. It is very cheering to find how firmly you have been able to persevere in the ranks of temperance, especially in a strange land. But, dear A., our God will not only protect you, if you look to Him, but He will raise you in the opinion of those very persons who have not the courage nor inclination to abstain from a practice in which is not only no good but much evil. Daily I pray for you, dear A., that goodness and mercy may follow you all the days of your life, and Jesus Christ be ever precious to your soul, as He has long been to your father, in whose heart He ever lives and reigns. Blessed be his name. We have recently had a melancholy proof of the fatal consequences of intemperance in the ultimate ruin of Mr. R. H., of this town, once in high reputation as a most benevolent and skilful practitioner. Falling into habits of intemperance, this man, once highly respected and admired, sank into disgrace and contempt; at last, a short time since, he was taken to the Union workhouse in the last stage of poverty and disease, where he died the following day! I had frequently spoken to him, and given him "The Sinner's Friend," but the

\* See A.'s letter—on p. 264.

poison of intemperance had fastened upon him and hurried him to temporal and eternal ruin. I have personally known three medical men of Maidstone, all once highly respectable, die of intoxication. Awful! I received a note from Mrs. H., related to the private secretary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, stating that a copy of "The Sinner's Friend" was lying under the pillow of queen Adelaide at her death, given to her majesty by the archbishop, who has circulated many hundred copies.

To his daughter M. E. :—

December 28, 1849.

If I do not see you, my beloved M. E., with my bodily eyes, I behold you in the eye of my heart, earnestly praying the divine blessing to rest upon you and upon your dear little newly-arrived charge, and your other sweet children, and your dear H., all of whom are the subjects of my daily petitions at that throne where mercy and grace ever abound, free to all who apply in the blessed name of Him who purchased gifts even for the rebellious. Give my love to H., with the assurance that I remember him with warm affection and earnest prayer that the grace of Christ may be his constant joy, as a member of the church and body of our blessed Lord whose mercy endureth for ever. O, my beloved child, were not the mercy of God higher than the heaven is above the earth, your poor old father could have but little hope in any change he may have experienced, nor even in his deep sorrow for past sins, for the deepest sorrow could not possibly atone for the past; therefore it requires all the boundless mercy centred in Christ to wash away the guilt of sin of those whom the Saviour came to seek and save. Gracious God! What magnificence of mercy—"Save the lost!" "Save to the uttermost!" Well may redeemed sinners, such as your poor father, call upon their

souls and every power within them to bless and praise the Lord for having delivered their souls from death, their eyes from tears, and their feet from falling. But though we have been delivered from falling still we are not safe a single moment, but as upheld by the hand of God, Christ ever in the heart, there ever to live and reign, a welcome guest, the delight of our life, the joy of our souls.

To his daughter Eleanora :—

March 16, 1850.

As I suppose you have received Scott's Bible, I pray that our gracious God may make the reading of this splendid commentary as great a blessing to your soul as it has been to the soul of your now poor old father. It has been an especial mercy that I have been enabled to present a copy of this work to every one of my eight children, to whom I trust a large portion of the grace of the Holy Spirit will be poured out, that they may be indeed the children of the Most High. What pleasure does it impart to us that your dear husband\* preaches the gospel in all its fulness, purity, and truth. The Lord bless him in all his ways. What a blessing to have Jesus always in the heart. Under every trial or perplexity we thus have a Rock to rest upon which nothing can possibly remove. He is never unwilling to do his people good ultimately, though the blessing sometimes seems retarded almost beyond our strength, to try our faith whether we can really trust Him or not under every circumstance. Ah, dear child, this does indeed require great strength of faith, only to be had at the Fountain; but that Fountain is always open and always free for every thirsty seeking soul. May you find it, dear Nora, and rejoice in it also. May Christ, our dear, dear Lord, be ever the welcome occupant of your dear affectionate heart. Amen.

\* The Rev. Thomas Allnutt, curate of Bucklesham.



To his son N. :—

March 29, 1851.

No hope but in Christ, my *precious* Lord. I do indeed love Him or I am terribly deceived. Could I live a million years the holiest of the holy, still all my hope must be in Christ. I go to Him as a foul sinner, but He can cleanse the leper. It is said of the wicked "God is not in all their thoughts." Blessed be his dear name, He is now never *out* of mine, with a heart full of gratitude, yet mourning that I ever sinned against Him. "My sin is ever before me,"—so is the Cross. We do not always feel the *same* degree of grief for sin, but it is *always* in the heart of a renewed soul, and *intensely* so for a short time, as we cannot retain it long together in this *degree*. I experienced this lately while walking—and I felt joy even in sorrow, as it was evidence of the love of God to soften my heart.  
 • • • • We have had a painful case of discipline in our church—the oldest member, thirty-five years a member, suspended for intemperance. Ah, Lord, why not J. V. H.? He only stands as upheld by thine Almighty power. Take heed and never forget the hole of the pit. Better die in a moment than indulge one single moment of sin. Yet we are still sinners—I feel, even now, a greater sinner than ever, if not in actual deed, yet in the thoughts ever struggling in an evil heart—yet I do believe in the Lord, and love Him dearly. I want to be wholly given up to God.

To the same :—

July 26, 1851.

Although my eyesight is not quite so good as formerly, yet I could not allow the opportunity to pass without endeavouring to send the knowledge of the Saviour to the South Seas, by the ship *John Williams*, now on her way to islands far, far away. I wrote a long letter of sympathy, congratulation and encouragement, to queen Pomare, with

a bound copy of "The Sinner's Friend," in Tahitian, to care of Rev. E. D., who would present it and translate my letter. I sent also bound copies of "Come to Jesus," and "It is I," which Mr. D. would also translate. It occurred to my heart that there are many English sailors touching at the various islands on their return from the South Sea whale fishery, therefore I wrote letters to each of the missionaries at Upohi, Rarotonga, Savaii, Tutuali, Astutaki, Samoa, Tahiti, enclosing to each one hundred copies of "The Sinner's Friend," and twelve copies of "It is I," to be given to the sailors or others as opportunity may occur, and who knows what it may please God to effect on the minds of men, who would not receive a tract at home, but who, whilst crossing the world of water, may find Jesus the Friend of sinners, and return new creatures, praising God. I have this afternoon written a letter of exhortation, with a copy of "The Sinner's Friend," to the wretched woman, Sarah Barber, convicted yesterday, and sentenced to death for the murder of her husband. May the Lord accompany it with his blessing. My time, dear N., is so short, that I feel it laid upon me to be instant in season, or out of season, always at work for the Lord, which is my greatest joy. What splendid mercy to be blessed with such excellent bodily health and mental energy, at nearly seventy-eight years of age—Jesus ever in my heart, my soul's supreme delight. I cannot look upon my past attainments with any satisfaction, although I do certainly feel greatly thankful to have been allowed to do anything for the Lord, in whose service as an ambassador I have taken great delight, always glad of every fair opportunity to tell what He has done for my own soul, and what He will do for all who come to Him by his beloved Son. Next week I hope to distribute a few hundred copies of "The Sinner's Friend," to the emigrants to New Zealand, and Australia. Work to-day! We have much cause for praise, that A. is making progress in the

way of Zion. He engaged in prayer at our weekly prayer-meeting, to our surprise and unexpected joy, filling our hearts with gratitude to Him who had opened his lips to show forth his praise. We rejoice in your gem, "Come to Jesus." It will find its way all over the world, and when the author and his father have been forgotten, their little invitations to seek the Lord will still be flying throughout the land, entreating sinners to come to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. The Lord bless you, dear N. Amen and Amen.

To the same:—

December 31, 1851.

I had written a letter to the poor young woman, Sarah Ann Hill, committed for the murder of her infant, and I sent her a copy of "Come to Jesus" and "The Sinner's Friend." I wrote also to a poor woman at York Castle, condemned at the late assize to die for the murder of her infant child, and I sent her also "Come to Jesus" and "The Sinner's Friend." I wrote at commencement of present year to several poor wretches condemned to die for murder. To some of them a blessing was vouchsafed I believe. May the Lord add his blessing to my last attempt to save souls from despair. Last night, in a dream, I was in the very act of dying, fully sensible, and without pain, but intensely excited in giving expression to my full implicit confidence in the sacrifice of Christ to atone for my tremendous guilt. I felt as though I was really departing this life. I think I can say from the heart, I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He will not cast me off in my old age. I am full of health and energy, Christ in my heart, I can feel Him there, no mistake. O how I love Him and all who belong to Him by saving grace. Dear A. had a bible class of young men in our parlour last evening. O how delightful to his mother and father to hear them singing in the room below. "Wonders of grace to God belong," indeed!

Extracts from letters to his son N., from Penenden Heath Cottage, near Maidstone:—

MARCH 4, 1852.—On viewing the sweet prospect yesterday, looking with your dear mother on the beautiful hills, I could not refrain from sobbing with overflowing gratitude that the Lord had brought me through so many years of anxiety and toil, to repose in a garden of love, resting on the arm of my dear Lord who has not forsaken me in my old age, but has given me a sweet abode, and dear loving children, and a blessed wife to cheer my last hours, and help me to rejoice in everlasting love.

MARCH 13.—Every hour increases my gratitude for this lovely unassuming cottage for my temporary abode, previous to an entrance into a house not made with hands, where Christ, my precious Redeemer ever reigns. He reigns also, blessed be his name, in the heart of your poor old father, as “the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” I dare not say I am *sure* of salvation, but most certainly I have a very *lively hope*, and I’ll tell you why. My *heart* has been in heaven a great many years, and I think I shall go after my heart. Also because Jesus is the greatest delight of my soul and I am never so happy as when testifying of Him.

MARCH 28.—Praised be the Lord that I am sitting under the shadow of his Almighty wing, with gratitude for mercies beyond language to express. Here I am in what is called “Papa’s Room,” with the Boxley hills before me with all their loveliness and pleasing memories. The sun has just broken out after rain. A grove of trees is on my right near the window at the end of a lawn, which is separated by a low wall from a grass field beyond which we see Boxley Church. Lovely! The Lord be praised. I am now an “independent man” as people say—all the gift of a bountiful God. You must come with dear C., and Mrs. G., and witness our happiness here.

JANUARY 23, 1853.—My spiritual health is not what I

wish. I want to love God more and more, and to hate all kind of sin with unceasing anger at its least stir or approach. It appears to me far more easy for a wretched man to forsake his *way* than to escape his *thoughts*, and *this* is a terrible annoyance in *my* path. I mourn every hour, almost every minute, and yet I do rejoice in the ever blessed Son of God as *my* Redeemer and my never absent Friend. I am always thinking or speaking of, or conversing with Him day and night. Yet my sin is ever before me, therefore I rejoice and mourn at the same time. I should sink in despair if the blood of Jesus Christ did not cleanse from all the sins of the true penitent. But am I a true penitent? How can I know this? I not only think but I am certain that I do love all who belong to Christ because they belong to Him. Am I not therefore passed from death into life? Did I always feel a thrill of joy surpassing all other delight at the very name of Jesus? O no! far from it. Did I always love the company of the saints? No, I contemned them—even among my dearest relations whom I truly loved, but not for their religion. Well then I ought to believe that I am indeed the redeemed of the Lord and that He will never cast me off. But I am deeply sorry that I ever sinned against so good a God, and I could weep rivers of blood could *that* atone.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Athens! J. V. Hall speaking to the Athenians in their native language! Infinite mercy! The Tract Society have a most correct translation of "The Sinner's Friend" into modern Greek, and have resolved to print it in Athens. Paul proclaimed "The unknown God" there! Rejoice with your poor father, dear N., and praise the Lord! Paul and J. V. H.! Once an unbeliever, now declaring at Athens that Jesus is the only way to God! I was lost in ecstasy when I received the letter, and instantly prostrated myself before the Lord, with heart surcharged with thankful praise. \* \* What a day of remembrance is this to me. From September 22, 1816, to the present

day, not a drop of spirits or wine has ever passed my tongue. Thirty-seven years freedom from the lion and adder! Is it any wonder J. V. H. speaks of Christ with a language of fire? His heart is always in a blaze when he thinks of his great Deliverer, the matchless Son of God, whom he once lightly esteemed, but who now has full possession of his heart. Your dear mother and self live in each other and for each other, with increasing affection of forty-nine years, and praise to that gracious God who mercifully ordered and arranged all our progress, and has added blessing upon blessing, in Providence and Grace, with a numerous and dutiful offspring, all seeking Him more or less, with a lively hope that we shall all meet *as a family* in eternal joy. Much love to you all—*warm* from the heart.

JUNE 25, 1854.—We are rejoicing in the bewitching scenery of our cottage. All is resplendent by nature, but a thousand times more brilliant by the gift of grace to ascribe all to the bounty and rich mercy of God, the giver of all we enjoy. Not chance, nor our own acquirements, but the free, unmerited benevolence of God. A constant inquietude amid the enjoyment of prayer pervades my heart. The recollection of past sins, grief inflicted on others even those most dear to my heart, all these are bitter remembrances, even in my fairest moments, when surrounded by my dear wife and children—all happy except their father, in whose heart Christ ever dwells, and yet he is not free from the stinging feeling of remorse at having offended so good a God. But the time is fast hastening, very fast, when the anguish of the author of "The Sinner's Friend" will terminate in this world, with the hope of a joyful resurrection where a much loved Lord ever lives and reigns.

To the wife of his son N. :—

April 7, 1852.

With most pleasing anticipation we look forward to

your visit in a few days, to unite with us, dear Lotty, in praise and thanksgiving to our gracious God for the splendid mercies we are so abundantly allowed to enjoy. But then, although you are highly sensible of the blessings and mercy of the Lord, yet you cannot by any possibility of imagination enjoy the temporal mercies as we do, because you, through a kind Providence, have never known the trials, anxieties, fears, and crosses through which we have been made to pass during a period of forty years, at the end of which the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. And then—as if this were insufficient—the sweet addition of dear, loving, affectionate children, themselves also the children of God. O, this is indeed too much, because so utterly undeserved; and then, in addition to all this, the pardon of our sins—the love of Christ, the element in which we live and breathe. Dearest L., you must come and witness all this, and partake of it too, for we cannot enjoy our paradise alone. And your dear mother and husband also, how they will participate with rejoicing hearts in the blessings which God has so magnificently bestowed upon us in these our latter days, a few hours of peaceful rest before we enter that rest which remains for the people of God—such as I trust we are. I do think that I shall have a place in heaven, because my heart has been there many years, and I think I shall go after my heart.

To his son A. :—

June 28, 1853.

I feel idleness to be a most painful state—terrible contrast to sixty years of activity. In heaven we shall have ceaseless employ of the most ecstatic joy. O the anticipation! ever, ever, ever! Hallelujah! \* \* \* O to have such a dear wife is indeed a mercy both to myself and to my dear children. In my own heart I feel it more and more every hour I breathe, blessing and praising the Lord that after an affection commencing in the year 1804 it has

continued to glow with increasing esteem, respect and rapture up to the present time, far beyond the power of language to express. Then the children of this dear wife, all so affectionate, dutiful, and kind to father and mother. Why the very thought fills the heart with overflowing gratitude to Him who has given all. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

To his son E. :—

November 21, 1853.

I want everybody to love God, and place implicit confidence in his promises never to leave nor forsake those who trust in Him. Still we are poor tottering creatures, notwithstanding all our profession,—for the wind blows, and we hang our head; the storm arises, and we forget Him who directs its way. But O what mercy, that He knows our frames, and mercifully remembers that we are but dust, objects of his pity and regard—forgiving our sins, and blotting out all our iniquities as a thick cloud. Your poor old father, dear E., is the greatest monument in the world of the long-suffering and mercy of a gracious God, as well as of the power of changing grace, and also of the providence of Him who moves in a mysterious way. What abundant reason for me to call upon my soul to bless the Lord, who hath indeed crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercy. I have been walking round my garden this beautiful morning, praising the Lord, lifting up my heart to heaven with gratitude for so sweet a retreat in my old age. What infinite mercy—that at nearly the close of my eightieth year I am full of bodily health and mental vigour, my heart ever panting after God. O the blessedness of having Christ always in the heart. May He be so ever in your heart, dear E. ! How uncertain is life, how certain death ! This may be the last letter I may ever write you. I am quite ready for the Lord's will, whether it be life or death. I am in my



Saviour's hands, and I know He loves me, and I am sure I love Him. Bless the Lord.

Extracts of letters to his daughter M. E. :—

AUGUST 12, 1853.—Your dear mother and self inspected the British Museum—a world of wonder, but the most wonderful, the antiquities from Nineveh—the very slabs and images upon which Sennacherib feasted his eyes, and upon which Jonah looked. But what are these or any other wonders compared with the wonders of redemption! Therefore, dear M. E., your poor father is a much greater wonder than all which the British Museum may contain. Praised be the Lord that the greatest of sinners are not shut out of heaven if they do but come to God by his beloved Son. They can never be lost, for Christ himself came to seek and to save such.

AUGUST 18.—In the first place my heart testifies with lively gratitude to the mercy of God. O what mercy to have the eye and heart opened to see and appreciate the Giver of blessings innumerable and undeserved. You know, dear child, that it is a part of the life and soul of your poor old father to praise the Lord. I will say a little of myself, yet, I hope, without egotism. August 8.—It was my good fortune, or rather the kind providence of God, to give me an opportunity of speaking good of his name to two persons at Hackney, and giving them copies of "Come to Jesus" and "The Sinner's Friend." One of the persons said he hoped everybody would go to heaven. I told him there was but one way, and that without a change of heart not even one would go there, and besides that heaven would be no heaven to those whose hearts had not been renewed by divine grace. August 9.—I arose in good health, praising God for his mercy that (in answer to prayer) I had been engaged, in my sleep, in speaking good of his blessed name. This is always a source of most exquisite delight to my soul. In travelling to Hackney I gave away copies of

"The Sinner's Friend" and "Come to Jesus." We should never let opportunities slip or pass away unheeded, otherwise we not only lose the opportunity, but it may never return, and then, unavailing regret will assuredly follow.

MARCH 15, 1855.—Thank you very much indeed for your warm affectionate congratulations on my eighty-first birthday. Had God not been merciful and long-suffering too I should have been cut down half a century ago laden with iniquity. But I am spared, a monument of everlasting love, to prove that our gracious God has no pleasure in the death of sinners. What infinite mercy that our blessed Redeemer did not come to call the righteous, otherwise none would have been saved. I bless God with almost every breath that it is the panting of my soul that Jesus may reign supreme in every thought, word and deed. We look forward with hope of much pleasure from your visit to us. How happy we shall be in union of praise to our gracious God!

JUNE 24, 1856.—I attended the prayer-meeting last evening, and offered the first prayer. Satan was at the prayer-meeting and whispered in my ear, "How much more warm you were in prayer than usual." The wretch! I am not ignorant of his devices, for I have had a pretty deal to do with him in past times, and he takes care to annoy me every day, but he cannot pierce a certain shield which the Lord has given me. Still I am obliged to be ever on my guard, praying the Lord to give me a humble and watchful spirit, and never say to another—"Stand by, for I am holier than thou art."

DECEMBER 20, 1856.—Another year has your father been spared to witness the near approach of your birthday. May the rich blessings of Almighty Grace be vouchsafed you, dear M. E., and your dear H., and every one of your beloved children. Our grand-daughter E. is now with us. I went to the railway station, London Bridge, to meet her, and after closely watching almost

every face had the mortification to lose sight of her, and I journeyed towards Kentish Town full of vexation. I got into an omnibus at St. Paul's Churchyard, and on ascending Holborn Hill a young person was sitting beside me (whom I had not observed before) with a small parcel on which was written "Miss Hall." I looked in her face for the first time, and to my great surprise it was Ellen herself! My vexation was displaced by pleasure, but it was a singular incident. I took your dear mother with Mrs. G. a famous drive of two hours and a half yesterday, enjoying the beautiful day, praising God. I never go for a ride without first kneeling before the Lord to invoke his protection, and on my return I pour out my thanks for his mercy in having answered prayer. O, my dearly beloved child, it is indeed a good thing to feel God in the person of his beloved Son, ever at hand, ever within. Jesus has been the welcome occupant of my poor sinful heart many, many years, and my only expectation of eternal bliss rests entirely upon his atonement for the sins of the whole world. "Came to save the lost." Marvellous mercy. To save just such a sinner as myself. Seek Him, dear M. E., with the fullest purpose of heart, that in everlasting glory you may meet and rejoice with your affectionate aged father—in his eighty-third year ever praising God.

To his son N., on being called to the pastorate of Surrey Chapel:—

March 28, 1854.

How shall I begin to praise the Lord for his great mercy in the bestowment of a son to sound forth salvation in the very pulpit where Rowland Hill called sinners to repentance. No words can express what I feel for the goodness of God to us for so great a blessing. After pouring forth our heartfelt thanks our prayer was for humility, and to be kept where only we are safe, at the foot of the cross.

But we have to pray also for our dear son, that *he* may not be lifted up above measure, but be kept in a constant holy spiritual frame, looking momentarily to the Lord, to enable him to discharge his responsible duties to the glory of God. It might appear out of place that a mere *disciple* should venture to admonish a *minister*, but when that disciple is the minister's *father*, *he* may be allowed to remind his dear son that angels are looking upon him—that the Christian world is looking upon him—desirous that he should not only perform the duties of his station, but that his lamp should be always burning with a clear, unmistakeable light, evidencing that the grace of the Lord Jesus occupies his heart to the very full. My dear N. will pardon his aged father—not dictating, but most affectionately admonishing a greater watchfulness than ever, seeing that the honour of Christ himself is closely united with the walk and conversation of his disciples in the midst of a glowing profession and an ensnaring world. I will only add, may the Lord bless you, dear N., in all your ways, for Christ's sake. Amen.

To the same:—

May 22, 1854.

Your birthday. What mercy to be found in Christ, our eternal all. Praised be the Lord for his grace to my dear children, as well as to their aged father and mother, monuments of everlasting love—and to have one of them a minister of the gospel is indeed a blessing not often vouchsafed to kings or queens. The nearer I approach the eternal state, the more deeply do I grieve on account of sin. Still, I know my heart is changed from love of all evil to hatred of it, from dislike of holy things to a panting after God. He has delivered my soul from the lowest hell. It seems easy to *talk* about hell, but what is it to have *been* there as *I* have been. But I am here, a monument of changing grace, Jesus ever in my heart, a million million times welcome guest.—In the train I tried to open a con-

versation with a gentleman at my side, and referring to the rapidity of the motion, said—"This is one of the wonders of the world." "Yes." "But," I added, "Redemption is far *more* wonderful." "Yes," was said with an icy coldness which chilled my ardour so that we did not say another word, and my desire to speak for my Master was abortive. Yesterday in an omnibus I gave a "Sinner's Friend" to a lady who received it rather sulkily, but she *did* receive it, and I dropped another on the pavement with prayer for a blessing to accompany them. I wish to be always at work for the Lord.

To the same, on commencing his duties at Surrey Chapel:—  
July 17, 1854.

I am not insensible to the mercy of God in your transition to the pulpit of the sainted Rowland Hill. It is not only a great change but a great responsibility, pregnant with events of the most important kind. Woe to the ambassador if he be not faithful to the charge! He may well exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things!" Yet, his feet firmly on the Rock of ages, he may boldly express his confidence that—"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid!" The prayers of hundreds, nay thousands, have been offered for you, but by none more earnestly and affectionately than by your father and mother. We are now agitated with much anxiety on account of our own projected removal to London, that we may all as a family be united in the service of our gracious God. The time will very soon arrive when we shall be again separate, only for a short time, to be re-united in a kingdom of never-ending holiness and bliss. If there is one thing in the world which I long and pray for more than any other it is a holy, contrite, believing heart, full, over-full of love to my gracious Lord and Saviour, who has purchased me with his precious blood. To Him be endless praises. Amen.

Extracts from letters to his son E. :—

MARCH 6, 1854.—Your welcome letter afforded us much comfort from the affectionate manner in which you wrote to your aged father and mother. I am much gratified by your ready compliance with my request to free Mrs. F. : we shall never lose anything by kindness to the unfortunate. When your dear mother and self were refreshing our souls (repeating hymns) last Sabbath evening, just after tea, we were not a little thankful at the sweet certainty that our dear children—E. and his family, and others, were engaged in the same spiritual enjoyment—communion with a gracious God.

MARCH 17.—Your precious birthday-letter afforded us grateful joy, that our dear children—and their children—are walking in the ways of God, acknowledging the example of a father and mother spared to a good old age to witness the faithfulness of God to those who trust in Him. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thyself be all the praise.” Your tenderness and affection, dear E., is always a solace of great comfort to your father and mother, creating emotions only to be understood by parents in similiar circumstances to ourselves, whose hearts are surcharged with gratitude to a gracious God. We had letters also from N., A., and W., all producing praise and joy. Blessed be the Lord. And the inexpressibly loving letter signed by your ten children made my heart throb with thrilling gratitude that my grandchildren were affectionately thoughtful of their grandfather on his eighty-first birthday. May their father’s and their grandfather’s God be theirs also. May Christ Jesus dwell richly, lovingly, and belovedly in all their hearts, as He has long, long dwelt in the heart of their grandfather. My most especial love to each and all, and to dear A.

MAY 4.—Yesterday I sent you my old flute, which I have had in use sixty-three years. I think it will afford

your affectionate heart some real pleasure when *your* lips are placed on the same part where your father's lips have been exercised quite sixty-three years, to the enjoyment of himself and his hearers. We are continually cheered by nightingales in our garden. I pass up and down praising the Lord for his mercy—surrounded with every blessing—dear children—and a competency. But I grieve incessantly on account of sin. Once an unbeliever! Now, Christ ever in my heart, interwoven with my very existence—the joy of my soul—a million times welcome guest! O the power of changing grace!! Whenever I can speak a word for the Lord Jesus, I feel a thrill of ecstasy which cannot be described. No wonder—He has delivered my soul from the *lowest* hell. Infinite mercy!

OCTOBER 30.—I return L.'s letter with gratitude that you have been made an instrument of good to him. It is a great mercy that we have been blessed with children who love the Lord and delight to do good. There is so much pleasure to ourselves in chasing away the cloud of anxiety from others. I bless God this has often been my privilege. I can never be sufficiently thankful.

JANUARY 25, 1855.—Thank you much for your expressions of love for a father whose prayers have been daily offered nearly half a century for you. Your two dear sons E. and F. gratified us exceedingly as our visitors. I gave each of them a heartfelt affectionate kiss, and gently admonished them never to omit private prayer, to read a portion of the Bible daily, to avoid everything sinful, and to covet holiness as the sure path to happiness. You will have been gratified at the Chinese edition of "The Sinner's Friend," of which I gave a copy to each of your dear boys; also to each a copy of the Greek edition—in modern Greek—and it was no small gratification to hear these dear youths read the Greek language so fluently, with such perfect ease. May the Lord bless them in a most especial manner with wisdom and understanding in all

things, especially in the path leading to eternal glory. Your dear mother and self feel more than ever the goodness of God in having brought us together, and continued us in health and love more than half a century, surrounded by an affectionate family, amongst whom, dear E., we give you a prominent place. May the Lord bless you in return by the affection of your own dear children—is the fervent prayer of your affectionate father.

To his daughter E.:—

December 18, 1854.

Though relying entirely on Christ and feeling a glowing fire of love, I deeply deplore that I ever sinned against so good a God. Yet He is plenteous in mercy unto all who come to Him by his beloved Son. What mercy that Jesus came to save the lost! O blessed declaration, so suited to my case. God be praised. I seem to be always talking with the Lord in prayer and thanksgiving, for I am the greatest monument of mercy in the world, and can from the heart unite with David and say: "I will praise thee O Lord my God with all my heart, and glorify thy name for evermore, for thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell." I have been there in the depths of sin, but the Lord has loosed my bonds, and put a new song into my heart, and changed my mourning into rejoicing, and made me a new creature in Christ Jesus. But I must cease this ecstasy which operates upon me like electricity, the very name of Jesus kindling within my heart a perfect blaze of joy.

To the same:—

November 22, 1855.

I send you a father's sympathy in your mourning for the dear little saint now in full glory. I have never omitted prayer that you might be most amply sustained under your trial by Him who ordereth all things well.



I am sure it is well for the dear departed, for I never met with a child so blest with heavenly anticipation, as was dear little Dicky. We are truly happy in having enjoyed his sweet company in our own dwelling. We received pleasure from all his movements and conversation, so gentle, so kind, so patient, so good. And then to listen to his sweet voice in singing hymns, soon after he had retired to his bed. O it was delightful beyond expression ; and now we thank our gracious God that our dear little cherub is amongst the jewels which adorn the Saviour's crown. God be praised ! My heart is all on fire whenever I can find opportunity—which often happens—to speak a word for Christ. My soul burns with heavenly ardour and unspeakable gratitude and love. I am in a perfect blaze of thankfulness and praise, as the greatest monument in the world of the power of changing grace, and Almighty pardoning love. Still I pant for a heart from sin set free. Yet, blessed be God, the precious Redeemer has occupied my heart nearly forty years, a million million times welcome guest, ever there to live and reign.

To his son E. :—

May 1, 1858.

What infinite mercy continues to be poured out upon us, dear E., in the possession of health, strength, and vigour, at our advanced life, abundantly supplied with every temporal comfort, with grace in our hearts to feel and heartily acknowledge the Hand whence all our blessings flow. Added to all this we are blessed with dear most affectionate children to cheer us in our declining years, their hearts seeking—with ourselves—the love of God centred in his beloved Son. O what a blessing to have Jesus in our hearts, a million times welcome occupant, there to live and reign—to reign supreme. May this, dear E., be your happy experience, as also of every one belonging to us by

the ties of nature, that we may all be united to God by the ties of grace and everlasting love.

To his son A. :—

August 3, 1859.

May the Lord bless you in his service, and make you an acceptable ambassador for our blessed Lord, the King and Captain of our salvation. Jesus the everlasting Son, my only hope and trust. I feel a thrill of joy whenever I speak of Him, and long for an opportunity every day and every hour. I do not feel in a good writing humour just now, though I have a thousand blessings to record with thankfulness, especially for the splendid mercy that you have, dear A., been made an ambassador for Christ, with messages of love to the vilest sinners, none so much so as your affectionate father, J. V. H.—a miracle of redeeming love, a monument of saving grace. Praised be the Lord. Hallelujah !

To his son E. :—

December 23, 1859.

I pant and pray for holiness of soul, that I may ever live to the glory of God, and be a living witness of the power of divine grace over a once rebellious heart. I grieve hourly that I have so sinned against so good a God, yet I trust most implicitly in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. May the Lord bless you all for Christ's dear sake. May you all enjoy Christmas-day. My writing is almost unreadable—full of nervous feeling—but you will excuse an *old* man. We think of you particularly every Sabbath evening. We generally repeat twenty-six hymns each, then read the Scriptures, and then each offer prayer for all our dear children, and find the exercise good. The Lord be praised. Amen. I am now near the completion of my eighty-sixth year—looking to Christ alone for admission into everlasting life—a monu-

ment of a Saviour's love. Blessed be his dear name—precious to my soul.

From his last letter to his son A. :—

APRIL 6, 1860.—When you see a poor vile sinner evincing the smallest desire to return from the error of his way, half afraid to trust in the promises, let the case of your once lost father lead you to give him encouragement to trust in that gracious God who is not willing that any, even the vilest should perish—for there is no one too bad for Christ, whose precious blood is sufficient for all. You will forgive my preaching to you, dear A.—an ordained minister—and believe me ever, &c.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### HIS BIBLE.

[It was the constant habit of the autobiographer during many years to spend one hour before breakfast, winter and summer, in studying the Bible with the Commentary of the Rev. Thomas Scott. The edition he read was in three large quarto volumes. At the commencement of each volume he had a quantity of blank paper inserted on which to make extracts and to record his own feelings. These pages testify his careful and devout perusal of God's word, and furnish an explanation of that elevation of character and constant walking with God for which he was so remarkable. His strength of character, uprightness and diligence in business, amiability in the family and unceasing activity in the church, were derived from the constant study of God's word, illustrating the words—"He shall drink of the brook by the way, therefore shall he lift up the head." The following extracts have been selected from the MS. notes in Scott's Bible, and as there is sometimes a difficulty in distinguishing between the notes of Mr. Scott and those of the author of "The Sinner's Friend," they are inserted without any attempt at classification.—Ed.]

For the benefit of my dear children, my sons and daughters. October 24, 1822. I have now searched this blessed book to the end of the second chapter of the first of Peter for the third time, and my soul is filled with unutterable delight arising from desire and anticipation of beginning the Old Testament again, to search and enjoy more than ever the heavenly food so profusely prepared for those who love God, and who are by his especial mercy brought to live upon his holy word. This increasing desire to study the Bible (in preference to every other book) is the gift of God in answer to earnest prayer, and it has preserved me from thousands of evils. I therefore

affectionately entreat you, my dear children, to seek earnestly and constantly for this grace. My daily prayer has long been that the word of God may ever be the food of my soul, the increasing delight of my life, and the light of my path, that its precepts may be bound around my heart and fixed in the centre, and that the influences of the Holy Spirit may enable me to live according to the word of God in all things, that thus living I may live to his glory, and to the honour of his beloved Son. I write these remarks with fervent prayer that they may be made a blessing to my dear children when I (who was once the greatest sinner upon earth) am singing before the throne of God, as one of those who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. J. V. HALL. I have found the pearl of great price, blessed be God.

Began this New Testament, fourth time, December 21, 1822, finished March 1824.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1831.—My Bible. I come to my Bible like a child going to a tender parent for supplies. I put my hand on my heart, whilst my soul ascends to God in earnest supplication for the aid of his Holy Spirit to teach me in all things that I may understand the word and will of God, and become as teachable as a little child. Thus I begin the day; and, through the mercy of the Lord, have so begun my days for many years since I was first led to the Giver of all grace for heavenly food—the manna of my soul—the delight of my life—the joy of my heart. O blessed be God for such largeness of mercy to one who once dared to despise the sacred volume—that blessed book which is now, as it were, interwoven with my very existence, rising in my heart with almost every breath I draw. Upwards of fifteen years have I been thus employed—daily employed—and it is not in the power of language, nor in the power of angels, to express what I feel of the love of God in my heart, or the joy—the unutter-

able joy, in every opportunity of speaking for Christ; such opportunities are amongst my daily blessings, to high or low, rich or poor. O Lord, keep me humble and watchful, that I lose not this precious grace.—J. V. HALL, in my fifty-eighth year.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1841.—I subscribe to this again in my sixty-eighth year.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1849.—The same again in my seventy-sixth year.—J. V. H.

Abiding grace. Nothing spiritually good or acceptable to God can be produced from the heart of a fallen creature, except by the regenerating Spirit of Christ; where that is communicated all things necessary to salvation will in due time follow: yet, when or in what order, cannot be previously ascertained. Notes, John i. 10—13; Acts x. 1, 2.

Strangers admitted to the Lord's Supper.—Numbers ix. 14. If men are not prepared for the Lord's table, they are not fit for death and judgment.

The true temple of God. Let not the hypocrite or formal professor of Christianity, who is a stranger to the sanctifying influences of God's spirit, and who lives in secret or open sin, suppose himself a part of this living temple. Yet let sinners come to Jesus as the living foundation, that they may be built on Him, a part of this spiritual house, consecrated in body and soul to the glory of God. 1 Kings vi. 14—38.

The rejoicing believer is not terrified, though humbled with the consciousness of his own guilt and pollution.

The believer who has been with Jesus will return to his station in society to discharge his duty with new alacrity, from better motives, and to nobler purposes; yet he will still look forward to the day, when, being absent from the body, he shall be present with the Lord.

Important. The Lord is ever ready to answer the petitions of those who ask of Him heavenly wisdom and

spiritual blessings, how vile soever they have hitherto been.

“What doest thou here, Elijah?” We shall do well often to imagine that we hear the Lord inquire “What doest thou here?” In scenes of worldly dissipation, in trifling company, in riotous feasting, or where unlawful traffic is carrying on, the Christian can have no good answer ready.

Important. When men forsake the Lord they forsake their own mercies; and if they who have been trained up in the ways of God forsake his house and ordinances, and affecting to be wiser than their pious parents, turn things into another channel, associating with more fashionable companions, and seek to acquire the favour, assistance, or commendation of ungodly men, there is reason to fear that sudden destruction is coming upon them, from which they shall by no means escape.

Secret and earnest prayer is the approved and never failing method of obtaining relief and comfort in seasons of the deepest distress. 2 Kings xx. 1—11.

The protection of God. Those who seek the kingdom of God need not fear wanting anything truly good, for our heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of. When our families increase He will increase our provision, and it is our privilege to cast our care on Him, and to keep in the path of duty.

Usefulness. No abilities or diligence can render us durably and extensively useful to others if we do not take heed to our own conduct, that it be regulated according to the word of God. The leading persons in congregations should second to the uttermost the labours of the minister for the good of souls: their unanimity, forbearance and cordiality, their pious examples, family religion, and earnest private prayers should never be wanting. 1 Chron. xxii. 11—19.

Prosperity. Many have experienced, and some have

confessed, that when they paid regard to the services of God they prospered, but that everything went wrong from the time they were negligent in religion. (I confess this.—J. V. H.)

Heaven to one who hates religion. To the carnally minded the perfect holiness of heaven, of its inhabitants, its employments and its pleasures, and especially that God who there unveils his glory, would, proportionately, be more intolerable than the feeble beginnings of holiness in his church on earth, which excites their disgust, their uneasiness and their aversion.

"If I perish, I perish." Esther iv. 16. Let us rejoice that the righteous Lord reigneth, and upon a mercy-seat. To Him we have access at all times, and if we approach Him in the name of Jesus Christ we shall never perish.

Understanding. When the mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit, when a man walks in the light of God's comforting presence, and enjoys the secret pleasure of communion with Him, every outward comfort is doubled, every trouble is diminished, and he may pass cheerfully by this light from earth to heaven.

Hypocrites. Judgments and mercies make less impression upon them than upon the openly profane. Job xxxvi. 1—15.

Mourning for sin. Great tenderness of conscience and a disposition to mourn for sin with brokenness of heart distinguish the believer from all other men; he may be overtaken in a fault, nay he may fall into grievous transgression, but recollection fills him with anguish. Ps. vi.

Transgressors. "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways." Ps. li. 13. Nothing so animates the soul to teach the ways of God to sinners and to seek for their conversion as a deep experience of the bitterness of sin and of the freedom and pleasantness of the pardoning love of God.



Tenderness to wives. Prov. v. When a man is entered into the married state he should consider that he is bound to treat his wife with tenderness and affection, though she be not without fault and imperfections; not only because she is his own choice but because she is the woman that the Lord hath allotted him. He should therefore continually seek the blessing of God on their union and family by fervent prayer, and study to be cheerful and happy in her company and not allow a thought or desire to wander after any other person. "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest." Eccles. ix. 9.

A prudent Christian. The prudent Christian makes no ostentation of his knowledge except in his exemplary conduct and useful conversation, and in encouraging the dejected to hope and wait upon the Lord. Prov. xii. 15—28.

Our children. "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed and my blessing upon thine offspring."

Mere professors hear the ministers whilst they speak of doctrine, promises, and privileges; but when self-denying duties are mentioned they will not incline their ear but walk every man in the imagination of his evil heart. Is. lxx. 1—10.

Antinomian licentiousness and Pharisaical self-righteousness are Scylla and Charybdis, the fatal rock and whirlpool, and we need the Lord, the Spirit, to pilot us between them. Matt. v. 17—20.

Sin against the Holy Ghost. They who most fear having committed this sin are generally at the greatest distance from it.

Stony-ground hearers. How many do we think we know of this kind, and if we think we know them how very important it is that we ourselves are not like them.

Stubborn unbelievers have no place prepared in heaven and no friend to receive their departing souls,

or to welcome them at the resurrection of the last day ; indeed a far different place, "prepared for the devil and his angels," awaits them, and their enemy stands ready to receive them to himself, that where he is there they may be also. No sinful man ever found acceptance with God or admission into the mansions of felicity, who refused to seek them by the merits, atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, by reliance on his word, which is essential truth, and by seeking life to his soul by Him who is the life itself. It greatly concerns all the opposers and despisers of the grace proposed in the gospel seriously to reconsider this subject ; and all who are beginning to seek the favour of God and eternal life should especially direct their attention to it, that they may not delay to come in that way in which alone sinners can find access to a holy God. John xiv. 1—6.

**Self-denial.** We should remember that they who would set us against self-denial (for the honour of our Lord and for the good of others) savour the things that are of men and not those that are of God. Mark viii. 32—38. Such persons are very numerous and often fond of ridicule.

**Strait is the gate.** In the narrow way of implicit faith and obedience a Christian cannot pick and choose his path as men do in the broad road, but must go straight forward, neither turning to the right or left ; if he do, he will be scourged back again into the narrow path. When he meets an enemy he must face and overcome him ; when he comes to a mountainous difficulty he must climb over it ; if the road be rough he must still keep in it, and no tribulation or persecution must divert him from it. Therefore "few there be that find this way of life." Matt. vii. 13—20.

**Repenting sinners.** There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over even one sinner that repenteth. Jesus Christ himself declares this interesting truth, and

if He had not been an inhabitant of heaven before He appeared upon earth how could He have known the feelings which were excited in the minds of the holy angels upon the repentance of a sinner? And He never spoke an untruth. Luke xv. 7.

"Love one another as I have loved you." This commandment is still "new" and strange to most professed Christians, many seem never to have read it, few appear to understand, remember, or practise it; and because iniquity abounds the love of these few waxes cold. Instead of exercising candour in judging of our brethren, that we may take in all who appear to hate and repent of sin, to believe in a divine Saviour, and to love and follow after holiness, many seem to think that a rigorous zeal for an orthodox system, or some external forms, ought to swallow up meekness, candour and kindness to those who differ from them even in the smallest particulars. Men in general notice any words of Christ rather than these; and self-preference, boasting, and judging of others, supplant humble love which hopeth all things. But this haughty spirit goes before a fall, and some whom the Lord loves are left to feel and to show their weakness and folly to humble them. John xiii. 31—38.

A Deliverer. If we would have Jesus for a Deliverer, we must submit to Him as a Ruler and wait for Him as a Judge, else we shall perish with the Egyptians and not be saved with the Israelites. Acts vii. 30—43.

Chosen to salvation. If God has chosen us "in Christ to eternal salvation," He hath also determined that we shall obtain it in the way of repentance, faith, prayer, watchfulness, and diligent obedience, and it is the most fatal presumption to expect it in any other way. Acts xxvii. 21—44. I most heartily subscribe to this doctrine, and ardently desire to live every moment according to its dictates. J. V. HALL. October 9, 1819, and September 24, 1822.

Condemnation of the wicked of all nations. They who not having the written word have sinned against the dictates of their own consciences will be proved guilty and condemned by that rule: they that have sinned against the law of God which was made known to them will be judged and punished according to that law, and the professors of the gospel will be shown to have been either true believers or hypocrites according to the effects produced by the truth on their tempers and conduct. For if the very Gentiles were "a law unto themselves" and each other when they acted contrary to the "word of the law written in their hearts," how absurd must it be for any man to expect acceptance with God by a written law which he hears and disobeys, or by the gospel, when he does not practically believe it. Rom. ii. 7—16.

Predestination. The love of God in the hearts of those who were once at enmity with Him, proves that they have been "called according to his purpose" in order to be "conformed to the image of his Son," and made meet as his brethren to be joint heirs with Him. But none can have any ground to think themselves predestinated, called, or justified, or expect to be glorified, except they love God, bear the image of Christ, walk in his steps and aim to obey and honour Him; and whatever men may object to these things, they who are thus chosen, called, and justified, shall without doubt be eternally glorified, nor will a single exception be found to this rule though many will at length appear to have deceived themselves and others. Rom. viii.

Repentance. The Lord is at hand, the hour of death and the day of judgment will speedily arrive. The transient joys and sorrows of the present scene are not worth our solicitude, all our temporal and eternal interests are in the Lord's hand, we should therefore "be careful for nothing," except to know the state of our souls and the path of duty. Phil. iv. 1—9.

Repentance. Sorrow about sin and our eternal concerns

will be of no use to us unless it worketh repentance, and even repentance itself may be counterfeited and so not be unto salvation. Of all deceptions this is most to be feared, a partial and superficial repentance, an unbelieving and despairing repentance like that of Judas, a Pharisaical repentance which is presented as an atonement for sin, and the rival of Christ's expiation, outward penances, mortifications and observances, with an unhumbled and unreverential heart, apparent contrition without renouncing the favourite iniquity or throwing back the wages of unrighteousness, these, and other kinds of repentance are not unto salvation, but must be repented of either in this world or for ever in hell. But deep humiliation before God, hatred of all sin attended by faith in the righteousness, atonement, and intercession of Christ, a new heart and a new life, constitute repentance unto salvation never to be repented of. May the Lord bestow it on every one. 2 Cor. vii.

Children of promise. They who are born of the flesh, whether of Jewish or Christian parents, but not of the Spirit, and who in any degree depend for justification on circumcision, baptism or any personal obedience whatsoever, or even on creeds, however scriptural, or on belonging to this or the other church, however excellent, are under the covenant of works, mere Ishmaelites, bondslaves, citizens of the earthly Jerusalem, and under condemnation. But they who are "born of the Spirit," and so believe in Christ, trusting only in his merits and grace, are the "children of promise" and of the heavenly Jerusalem; they possess true liberty and are the heirs of everlasting felicity. Gal. iv. 21—31.

Propitiation. Christ is the propitiation for sin, for through the atonement of his sacrifice on the cross and his subsequent intercession He rendered a holy God propitious and favourable to sinners, so that "He waiteth to be gracious" upon the true mercy seat, or propitiatory, of which that above the ark was the mere type and shadow. All

men, in every land, were to be invited to come to God by this new and living way, and all who accepted this invitation were as much partakers of Christ as if He had died for them alone. 2 John ii.

It may encourage those who long after entire sanctification, to reflect, that their will and the will of God are now coincident. 1 Thess. iv. The whole of this note is worthy the most serious attention, and I humbly and most earnestly entreat my dear children to read the note with very great attention.—April 16, 1823.

Would we be preserved from *gross* iniquities, our hearts must be kept with all diligence, and our eyes and all our senses and faculties forbidden to rove after those things which *lead* to transgressions. We should fear, more than even a violent death, every action which may prejudice men against the gospel, and we should avoid all appearance of evil when we can do it without committing real evil. Luke xvii. 1—10. “A sad countenance” is no part of religion nor any ornament to the profession of it, and it often covers a proud hypocritical heart; but real piety should be accompanied by a decent and unaffected cheerfulness, springing from gratitude to God, reliance on Him, and the hope of heaven. Discourse tending to innocent mirth, to exhilarate the spirits, is not idle discourse, as the time spent in necessary recreation is not idle time. “Judge not.” We should “judge not,” but abstain from all rash and rigorous decisions about men’s motives and character; for our great business is to judge ourselves, and not to judge another’s servants.

“Honour thy father and thy mother.” No forms, notions, subscriptions to charities, building chapels or anything else which looks like faith, zeal, or piety, can prove that man to be a true Christian who neglects to honour his father and mother, or to supply their wants according to his ability. Matt. xv. 1—9. The blessing of the Lord always attends the observance of this duty. I know it by

experience.—J. V. H., 1849. The Lord mercifully gave me the opportunity, ability, and practice—to my dear mother—which He has blessed a thousandfold.

“Love one another with a pure heart, fervently.” I feel convinced that myself and other professing Christians do not obey this precept as we ought to do; I have therefore made it a matter of earnest prayer that the Lord would be pleased in tender mercy, to fix this principle of love deep in my own heart, and in the hearts of all Christians.—J. V. H., October 26, 1852.

“One shall be taken and the other left.” The time is speedily coming when they who have lived together in families, united in the most endeared relations, partners in the same employments, and even partakers of the same religious ordinances, will, in numberless instances be finally and eternally separated, whilst one shall be taken to heaven, and another left to perish for ever in hell. Luke xvii. 20—37. My children, my dear children, seek ye the Lord with all your heart, and all your strength, and all your soul, that we may not be separated in the great and awful day.—J. V. HALL, March 31, 1824.

“Pray always.” Men ought to pray constantly at stated times; to be habitually in that state of humble dependence, desire, and expectation which give life to prayer; to be frequently offering ejaculatory petitions; and to be always ready for prayer, secret, social, or public, when opportunity is afforded; and they ought not to faint or grow slack through delays, disappointments, difficulties, temptations, persecutions, and conflicts with indwelling sin, or even if foiled repeatedly in those conflicts. Luke xviii. 1—8.

The will of God. “I will in no wise cast out.” John vi. 37. O what a blessed portion is this to every trembling sinner. This implies an assurance that no degree of previous guilt, no inveterate habits of vice, no slavery to Satan, no secret decree of God, no involuntary mistake, no

feebleness in attempting to come to Christ would induce Him to reject a single person who applied to him for the salvation of his soul, depending on his grace, and using the means which He hath appointed. May this portion be as great an encouragment and blessing to all my children as it has been to their father.—J. V. H. April 17, 1823. And may all these selections be made blessings when I am gone to my rest.

#### EXTRACTS FROM BLANK LEAVES IN HIS OCTAVO BIBLE.

[This Bible was re-bound July 21, 1847, after having been broken by daily use. Before it was re-bound the Psalms had been read thirty-four times, the Gospels seventeen times, Epistles sixteen times.—ED.]

Wednesday morning, seven o'clock, October 14, 1840.—Is Christ really precious to my soul, or is He not? Is Christ dear to my heart, or is He not? Is it my earnest desire to have Him ever with me, or is it not? If called to die this very moment is my confidence firm in Christ, or is it not? What answer does my soul give to these questions? Surely I can truly say that Christ is indeed the altogether lovely, precious to my soul and my supreme desire—with the deepest sorrow for sin, yet with the most implicit confidence in that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin, even my sins. Then if called to die this day or even before I finish this entry, I am now safe in Christ, and a thousand years of holy living would not make me more fit for heaven than at the present moment, for I can enter heaven only an unworthy sinner having no righteousness of my own but all in Christ, for He is my sanctification, my peace, my way to God. Such are my thoughts at this moment with the word of God before me, and before I proceed to read its blessed contents. Blessed be God for this lively faith in his beloved Son. J. V. H.



Oh that all who profess themselves to be Christians were equally sensible of their entire dependance upon the righteousness of Christ alone for salvation. But this great blessing is the especial gift of God who is willing and desirous to bestow the same blessing upon all who ask, not one cast out, or I should have been that one.

Manasseh a wholesale murderer, 2 Kings xxi. 16, yet he, even he was pardoned, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12—19. All sins forgiven, 1 John ii. 2. Forgive their sin, 2 Chron. vii. 17. Cast all my sins behind thy back, Is. xxxviii. 17. No iniquity found, Jer. i. 20. God be praised for such exalted mercy, Ps. ciii. 11; such extensive forgiveness, Ps. ciii. 12. Sins not even mentioned, Ez. xviii. 22; xxxiii. 16. Blessed be God! Save the lost! Matt. xviii. 11; Luke xix. 10.

O Lord let thy word continue to be the delight of my life, the food of my soul. Unlock the eyes of my understanding, instruct my ignorance, destroy my prejudices, give me faith to believe thy word and grace also to obey its precepts, for Christ's blessed sake. Amen. March 20, 1842. J. V. H. in my sixty-ninth year. O my children ask of God and He will give you the kingdom of heaven. Long have I sought, found, and enjoyed this.

MAY 24, 1845.—I thankfully repeat this in my seventy-second year—twenty-nine years the happy redeemed servant of the Lord, Jesus ever in my heart a million million times welcome guest.

John vi. 14; xiv. 13, 14; xvi. 23, 24. This is worth looking after. See to it for your soul's comfort. It has been my comfort thirty years, and will be to the last moment. The earnest desire of God to save sinners—not the righteous. God, by his beloved Son, has saved me, J. V. H. March 14, 1847. I repeat the above, March 14, 1848, commencement of my seventy-fifth year. September 13, 1854.—In my eighty-first year I again

confirm all that I have previously written. March 6, 1855, I repeat the same. July 3, 1855.—In my eighty-second year I repeat all that is herein written respecting my hope and trust in the righteousness of Christ alone for salvation. If it were possible for me to perish, I should perish at his feet. Blessed be his dear name.

### MARGINAL NOTES IN HIS OCTAVO BIBLE.

Gen. ix. 16. "The bow shall be in the cloud and I will look upon it." When we look on the rainbow how overwhelming the thought that God is looking upon it also. xxxii. 10. "With my staff, &c." With my staff only I passed over the Medway to Worcester, 1804, where the Lord met and blessed me; and in 1814 brought me back again with a dear wife and children.

2 Sam. xii. 14. O how carefully should professors walk. May the Lord keep *us* watchful—ME!

Job xiii. 15. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Not easy to say or feel this when darkness is within and when temporal things are dark and cloudy. O for grace to believe and trust.

Ps. xvi. 11. "Pleasures for evermore,"—*holiness* the GREATEST of all. xxxi. 22. Yes! many a time. xl. 2. It was indeed a "horrible pit"—pit of hell. I have been there, chained. O what a deliverance! God be praised. J. V. H. 1. 15. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." O deliver me; June 17, 1843. August 1. I *am* delivered! Praised be the Lord: my trouble was indeed great. Shall I ever distrust the Lord? Ah! who can tell! li. 1. "Blot out, &c." *Red* lines across the entry. 3. "Sin ever before me." So is mine—source of constant sorrow of heart. lxiii. 3. "Thy loving-kindness better than life." It is *INDEED*! lxxi. 7. "A wonder unto many"—a wonder to myself! 9. "Cast me not off in the time of old age." He is my strength

and my salvation, the joy of my soul. J. V. H., in my seventy-sixth year. I gladly repeat the same in my eightieth year, 1853. The Lord is still my strength and salvation. Blessed be his holy name. Amen. I thankfully acknowledge the same again, 1854. lxxi. 24. "My tongue shall talk of thy righteousness all the day." I cannot help talking of the goodness of God. His praise is ever in my heart and upon my tongue. 1846, 1849, 1850—51—52—53. lxxiii. 28. "It is good for me to draw near to God." It is good indeed. J. V. H. I have found it to be so. May my children prove it also. lxxvii. 1. "He gave ear unto me." Often and often has the Lord done this for me when there appeared no way of escape. I have indeed gone through fire and water on the verge of despair. J. V. H. xc. 16. "Thy glory unto their children." To *our* dear children! 17. "Establish the work of our hands"—our desire to love and serve the Lord, establish this work O God in our hearts! cvi. 35. "They were mingled among the heathen and learned their works." Dangerous for saints to mingle with the worldly minded. Sure to get a stain and soul-ache. cix. 6—20. Cannot agree with these verses. cxviii. 5. "I called upon the Lord in distress." Yes, in the very *depths* of the *deepest* distress I called upon the Lord and He answered ME; blessed be his name. cxix. 132. Lord I do love thy name. I love thy ways, and I desire *ever* to walk therein. J. V. H. cxx. 4—7. "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler, the snare is broken and we are escaped." The snare is broken *INDEED*, blessed be the Lord.

Ez. xviii. 22. "Transgressions not mentioned." Gracious God! what infinite mercy. See Micah vii. 18, 19. "Cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." xxxiii. 16. This splendid mercy is quite overwhelming to a poor convinced penitent. He can hardly believe it, but it is true.

Matthew xxv. 25. "Hid thy talent." Mere profession by forms, but never speaking a word for Christ. xxvi. 67. "Spit on his face." Treated worse than the vilest criminal in our day.

Mark v. 19. "Go home to thy friends, and tell them." *Tell* them—don't keep it a secret. xiv. 65. All endured for *sinners*—for ME. J. V. H. May the remembrance of the sufferings of my Redeemer keep me humble, and watchful against all kind of sins. xvi. 7. "And Peter"—don't leave him out, he has repented.

Luke vii. 47. "Her sins, which are many." Many! Infinite mercy! many sins forgiven. viii. 39. "He went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done for him." Made no secret of the great change—a new creature. ix. 35. "This is my beloved Son, hear Him." Hear Him declare my *will*. John vi. 38—40. A *saving* will for poor sinners. xv. 20. "A great way off." The *moment* the Lord perceives the *smallest* sign of repentance, his arms are extended with mercy to the prodigal. xix. 10. Infinite mercy—save the *lost*. xxiv. 32. Other hearts "burn" when Jesus is named; I am sure *mine* does. J. V. H.

John xii. 17. "He called Lazarus out of his grave." Dead and buried: so is the lost sinner till Jesus calls, then he lives. xiv. 13. "Whatsoever ye ask." Life of my dear wife, February, 1827. The arm of death averted in a moment in answer to prayer of verses 13, 14. xviii. 22. "Struck Jesus." Struck the Lord of Life! Why was not the man himself struck dead? Infinite mercy!

Acts iv. 13. "The boldness of Peter." What a change in Peter. "Been with Jesus." O the blessing!—with JESUS, my Friend, and my Redeemer. J. V. H. iv. 20. "We cannot *but* speak." So with the renewed soul—we cannot *but* speak. ix. 4. "Saul heard a voice." *A voice!* "If thou wilt forsake thy sins thou shalt be forgiven."

This voice to J. V. H., March 14, 1812, when *he* fell to the earth. 15. "A chosen vessel." Sovereign unsought mercy. My own case. J. V. H. "*He prayeth.*" Who? J. V. H. *He prayeth.* What a change!

Rom. ix. 15. "I will have mercy on whom I will." God does not explain *why* He saves a sinner; but He *does* save, even the *chief*: He has saved MR. J. V. H.

2 Cor. xii. 7. "Thorn in the flesh." I feel this Satanic thorn unceasingly—a heart full of deadly evil.

Gal. ii. 20. "Christ liveth in me." In *me* also, and is indeed a welcome guest.

1 Tim. i. 16. "That in me Christ might show forth all longsuffering, for a pattern." In *me*, all longsuffering, as an encouragement to the chief of sinners—such as J. V. H.

2 Peter i. 14. "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle." Yes, very shortly. I am looking for it daily. 1846. Jesus,—my confidence and trust. September 10, 1859.

Rev. xiv. 6. "I saw an angel fly, having the everlasting gospel," &c. Fly—the most rapid speed to call sinners to repentance—the intense desire of God to save sinners. xx. 15. "Written in the book of life." O may *my* name be found written there.

[The frequent underlinings of favourite texts are an index to the state of his mind. The following will serve as illustrations—the words in italics being strongly, sometimes doubly and trebly scored. —ED.]

"*He delivered me from my strong enemy.*" J. V. H. "He brought me forth into a large place, He *delivered me.*" J. V. H. "*He brought me up also out of an horrible pit*, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established *my* goings. And He hath put a *new* song into *my* mouth." J. V. H. "The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be *four-score years*, yet is their strength

*labour and sorrow.*" Not so with J. V. H. at the age of 85. Praise the Lord. "*I am thine, save me. I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night. At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee, because of thy righteous judgments. Hold Thou me up and I shall be safe.*" "I say the truth in Christ, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart." So have I on account of sin. J. V. H. "*But where sin abounded grace did much more abound*"!!!! even to me. J. V. H. "*And such were some of you ; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.*" Boundless mercy!!! "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." J. V. H. Chiefest. "*Whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.*" A penitent believing heart.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FILIAL REMINISCENCES BY THE EDITOR.

PLEASANT COMPANION—COURAGE—FIRMNESS—DILIGENCE IN BUSINESS—PUNCTUALITY—CAUTION—MAXIMS—TESTIMONY OF MR. B.—AS A DEACON—GENEROSITY—TENDERNESS—AS A SON—AS A FATHER—SUNDAY EVENING AT HOME—LONG CONFLICT BETWEEN CONVERSION AND TRIUMPH OVER RESISTING SIN—WHY—ARGUMENT FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE—ANSWERS TO PRAYER—HIS CHRISTIANITY CHARITABLE, HUMBLE, AND ZEALOUS—HIS MONUMENT.

IN this supplementary chapter I propose to lay before the reader a few additional facts illustrative of my father's history and character.

John Vine Hall was born at Diss, in Norfolk, March 14, 1774, one year before the Americans drew the sword of independence, and sixteen years before the first French revolution. His father had accumulated considerable property in business but lost it by speculation, so that "little Jack," as he was called, was sent at eleven years of age to earn his own bread, as related on page 3. He often used to speak of his early struggles and hard toil when a mere child.

Those who knew him only in old age will not be surprised to learn that as a young man his company was much valued. He was innately courteous, both in disposition and manners a "*Gentleman*." He was a good musician. At four-score he still played well on the flageolet and drew from the flute a peculiarly rich tone; while the fine tenor voice he consecrated to "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," must have been a great

acquisition in the convivial circles of his earlier years. He was to the last witty and facetious, had a store of capital anecdotes, and could imitate to perfection the Scotch, Irish and Welsh diction.

The physical manliness and courage he manifested in youth aided him when he became a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He was always ready to help the weak against the strong. He often related how, on hearing the shrieks of a woman in the market-place at Maidstone he rushed to her assistance, and with one blow of his fist felled to the ground the ruffianly husband who was beating her, receiving for his reward a blow from the woman's patten, which left its mark on his forehead till the day of his death. He said that afterwards, whenever he saw a man and a woman quarrelling, he moderated his indignation by saying to himself—"Remember the patten!" He once pinioned a highwayman single handed, retaining him in his grasp till assistance came. On another occasion, returning home on horseback with a large sum of money, he saw a man apparently drunk rolling about a lonely part of the road. Suspecting a trick he pulled up, drew his pistol and threatened to fire if the man did not instantly stand aside. The click of the trigger put the pretended drunkard to flight. On reaching home he found his pistol had no priming. When the first Napoleon was threatening to invade this country my father joined the Yeomanry Cavalry, and at a grand review before George III. was selected as the best swordsman of his regiment to go through the exercise before his majesty. It fell to his duty as a volunteer to form one of the escort who guarded the conspirators tried at Maidstone for complicity in the mutiny of the Nore, from Maidstone to Sheerness. A celebrated German swordsman was at that time employed by Government at the Maidstone military depôt to instruct the soldiers, and gave an exhibition in the Town-hall before a large



company of the aristocracy and military. My father was urged to accept his challenge with naked swords. Using great caution, he parried all the cuts and thrusts of his adversary, and then seizing his opportunity, ripped up the embroidered sleeve of the German from wrist to elbow amidst the plaudits of the assembly. The professor, greatly incensed, demanded another trial, which, as he had lost his temper, was prudently declined. When more than seventy years of age my father often fenced with his son A. who vainly endeavoured to get a hit at him, so keen was his eye and so quick his hand even then.

Though in religion a Nonconformist, my father was in politics a Tory of the old school. When he became proprietor of the *Maidstone Journal*, the oldest newspaper and the chief Conservative organ in the county of Kent, he gave utterance only to the opinions he had always held. But he was sometimes exposed to the charge of inconsistency by those who regarded a preference for puritan worship as being necessarily connected with opposition to the principle of church-establishments. To these and other charges to which a public journalist is always liable he made no reply, and refused to sanction any defence by others. He took no part personally in party strifes, but could not avoid party malignity, and when assailed, often in the most cruel manner, he would only say—"The Lord reigns." On one occasion of public political rejoicing, when almost the whole town was illuminated, he refused to put so much as a candle in the window, as he did not agree with the prevailing opinion. There was an immense bonfire in front of his house, and the mob, wild with excitement, threatened violence unless lights should be shown. He was firm as a rock. Not a rushlight should appear. Presently threats gave place to blows. Scores of blazing firebrands were hurled at the house, five of which entered

the window of the sitting-room. There stood my father calmly picking them up and throwing them out again. Meanwhile the cook, a faithful old servant, had gone out unobserved with a message to the commandant of the garrison, and just when there seemed no hope of saving the house a troop of cavalry galloped up, and at the word "Halt!" the crowd dispersed. Happily no one was injured. I was then a child in the nursery, and retain a dim remembrance of that night of tumult and terror. My father in a letter written at the time says—"Some of the rascals came in front of the house next day, and grinning at the mischief, cried out in our very faces, 'It is not half enough.' O what times! But we must all be as adamant against these levellers. The consequences would have been dreadful but for the timely arrival of the gallant Sir John Browne."

As a man of business he was eminent for diligence, punctuality and caution. He made himself master of every department, and was never ashamed of anything which was necessary or expedient for him to do. Whatever he did, however trivial, he did thoroughly. He could not endure slovenliness or waste in little things. He was exact in the daily balance of cash, and kept a watchful eye to the stock in trade. He was never idle. On commencing at Worcester, he had to restore the character of the house. There was little genuine business, but as it would be ruin to be idle he used to take down reams of paper, count the quires and tie them up again; or he would rule paper hour after hour. One day he overheard a labourer who was passing, exclaim—"Hey! but that's a working chap—he's always at it!" "Go on, my good friend," said my father to himself—"that's right—spread it over the city." He frequently used to mention this in after years as a lesson to young men. He has been known to spend weeks together without leaving the house except for a place of worship,

diligently engaged from morning to night in carrying on an extensive and complicated business. Years would elapse without his having a week's holiday. He kept up this assiduity until he had worked off the chief portion of his heavy pecuniary obligations, and until his sons growing up rendered such close application less necessary.

He was punctuality itself. At seven in the morning he was regularly seated at Scott's Bible. At eight, to a minute, he rang for family worship. He never kept any one waiting for him a moment. He wrote with his watch open before him to secure exactness. When the time came, he would quit any occupation however absorbing and pleasant to keep the appointment of the hour. Nothing could draw him away from doing the right thing at the right time. From the business of the present moment he would let nothing deter him but some pressing claim of philanthropy, and this, being paramount with him, became the business of the moment.

His punctuality in monetary transactions was not less remarkable. No traveller called twice for his money. Conversing once with a banker about the interest charged on overdrawn accounts, my father remarked—"You never charge me any." "No," said the banker, "you never give us a chance."

He used to relate the following incident as a caution not to make confidants of strangers. Coming once from London by the stage, a fellow-traveller became exceedingly communicative to the passengers respecting the business which was taking him to Maidstone. His object was to establish a county newspaper on a plan which would not fail of crushing all competitors: and he was good enough to explain in detail all the secrets of his intended diplomacy, to the immense amusement of my father and his fellow townsmen. The talkative stranger concluded by asking Mr. Hall the names of the principal

booksellers in the town, that he might enlist them in his cause. Mr. H. included his own name in the list. The next morning he observed the would-be newspaper proprietor approaching his shop accompanied by a well known friend, and immediately placed himself in a conspicuous position at the door. The talkative gentleman suddenly stopped—made some observation to his companion—turned on his heel—and nothing more was heard of him or his project the secrets of which he had so prematurely disclosed.

The following were favourite business maxims—"Civility is cheap, and goes a great way." "Mind your business and your business will mind you." "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." "Watch your stock as you would watch a thief." "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." "There's only one way to do business, and that is the right way." "If a thing's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well." "Never back a bill, even for your own brother or father, unless you can answer two questions—When due, can I pay it, and am I able and willing to lose it? Beware of the plea—'It's only a form.'"

While by far the most diligent man in his house, he was never exacting towards others, nor indifferent to their infirmities. He was very unlike some employers, who seem only to calculate how much profit they can get out of their work-people, careless of the welfare of those who have helped them to prosperity. When he took the business at Maidstone he found there an elderly man who had acted as foreman during many years and who very soon fell ill. Nevertheless his weekly wages were paid him till he died, although he never came near the printing-office, the amount thus given to the old servant of a predecessor being upwards of £100.

Lest the feelings of a son should seem to bias my

judgment I am glad to quote a letter from Mr. Barcham, of Reading, formerly my father's apprentice and assistant. Unconsciously the writer does honour to himself while purposely honouring the memory of another :—

“Before I entered his service he frankly but in the kindest tone said, ‘If you come to live here you will find this a work-house and not a play-house.’ Though my experience fully confirmed this, I always found his service most truly pleasant, for I soon discovered the uncommon kindness, tenderness, and consideration of his nature. He was so courteous and considerate to all in his employ that they felt it a pleasure to serve and please him. If he ever had occasion to complain of negligences, it was done in a quiet and convincing way, without any of those outbursts which make a good cause weak. If any of the men came late, his reproof was by standing at the gateway watch in hand as they entered. I mingled as a youth with all his people, and in their freest conversation I never heard anything but the greatest respect uttered in reference to him. He was most forbearing to a fellow-apprentice whose conduct was a great grief to him, and with whom I was so disgusted that I then would have spared him no disgrace. But Mr. H. kept him his full time, treated him as a father, presented him with a bible at parting, and afterwards often wrote kindly to him. Sitting with him in his office day by day I heard his opinions respecting men and things and witnessed all his conduct in business. Most Christian and even lovely were his utterances. He was strictly honourable in all his dealings, and truthful to a degree in all his statements. I cannot conceive of any kind of littleness or meanness of which his noble soul was capable as a man, tradesman, citizen and friend; and yet he fairly looked after his own. He so overcame all constitutional failings that though I was daily in his company from 1836 to 1844 I never noticed a defect worth mentioning. I never saw him stand or sit about idly. I cannot conceive him in such an attitude, he was always at something. Yet I have known him patiently bear a daily inconvenience for months, rather than by speaking of it hurt a sensitive mind. He had all the excellencies of character ascribed to the “Successful Merchant” without anything hard or grasping. I could say of him what has been said of Williams of Kidderminster,—That he might be compared to a valuable ring, with grace in the centre like a large brilliant, while good temper, a ready utterance, lively spirits, &c., were so many gems surrounding it, altogether making as complete a jewel as I ever saw. He would forgive to seventy times seven. His

whole soul was love. He was one of the most humble and grateful of men. This was the more remarkable when I remember that he was one of the first tradesmen for high standing in the county town of Kent; senior deacon of a respectable church; at the head of a large business, one branch of which exercised considerable influence on the public opinion of the county; the friend and correspondent of many eminent persons; and continually honoured by God in hearing of remarkable cases of usefulness through his instrumentality. Though I served him with a faithfulness not beyond the average degree that might be expected from a young man influenced by the fear of God, yet he always expressed himself with a gratitude that arose, I am quite sure, not from the absolute merits of my service, but from an unusual degree of humility. This he expressed in many ways, and at the conclusion of my term, by a present of upwards of £20 worth of valuable books. And what he was to me I never knew him substantially different to any around him. His soul feasted on the word of God. His heart overflowed with deep-gushing love to Christ. He had a profoundly low opinion of himself in the sight of God. In a word, he was the most godly and excellent man I ever knew. But to the Lord be all the glory." (See letter to Mr. B., p. 373.)

As a deacon of the church he was as exemplary as in other relations. He ever cherished and manifested towards his minister sincere respect and affection. As treasurer he received and disbursed the pew-rents, and when the quarter came round, whatever might have been the delay in supplying his official treasury, there was never a day's delay in paying the ministerial stipend. He always supplied the pastor with books and stationery, receiving no payment and sending in no account, besides giving many other practical proofs how cheerfully and gratefully he endorsed the argument of S. Paul—"If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" Whatever the claims of his business, he was always present at the prayer-meeting on Monday and the weekly lecture on Wednesday, as well as at the deacons' meetings and church-meetings. Whoever else might be absent, his

pastor might always rely on him. His motto was—"God first, business next, pleasure last."

He was remarkably generous and unselfish. A striking instance of this was his transfer, to the benefit of his employer, of the offer of Alderman Christopher Smith to advance him money when required to go into business. The alderman was surprised and pleased, advanced the £1000, and renewed his promise to my father, which he afterwards nobly redeemed by lending him several thousand pounds on his personal security. (See p. 81.) It was no difficulty to him to do good to others—whether by speech or letter to instruct and console them—or by hand and purse to relieve their sufferings. He would often devote two or three hours in applying the "tractors" to those in pain, when he was so engrossed that no personal inducement whatever could have induced him to leave his business. He could not deny street-beggars even though he might suspect the truth of their tale. He used to say that even if an imposter should happen to get the money it would not be lost if given in the name of Christ. A "converted" Jew called on him once with a letter of introduction, and begged the loan of a few pounds, which were promptly lent in that Name. The Jew promised repayment—"As sure as I am a Christian." My father used to tell this with great effect, adding—"The Jew kept his word, he did not pay." He often scolded sturdy mendicants, but the scolding was an invariable antecedent to a gift. Accosted once by an Irish beggar he said,—“Now you know, Pat, that if I give you something you'll spend it in whisky!” “No, your honour,” replied Pat, “I've not had any whisky these three months.” “That's only because you've had no money to buy it,” rejoined my father. “That's true, yer honour!” said Pat, laughing all over. An extra gift, of course, was the reward of this reply, which my father often delighted to repeat. When he gave tracts to the poor he wrapped up pence in

them, and after his death his coat-pockets were found stored with this ammunition of love, without which he never went out of the house. Not only would he give generously from his purse but his heart yearned with kind sympathy to every one. He was always ready to hear patiently any tale of distress or anxiety. I have heard him groan in sympathy with one; I have seen him weep with another, and I have seen him in ecstasy of thankfulness with those who had good news to communicate—responding to their tale with “Praise the Lord!” Thus he literally fulfilled the injunction to “Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep.”

He had a most tender spirit. Any tale of suffering or affliction brought tears to his eyes. There were incidents in his own life which he had related hundreds of times, but to which he could not refer without choking with emotion in the attempt. This was specially so, when, in answer to our earnest request, he would sometimes tell us the tale of his first acquaintance with my mother, or of Dunk's deliverance. My earliest remembrance of him arises partly from this feature of his character. My mother was from home, and in the early morning I clambered out of my little crib into his bed and begged him to tell me a story. He told me about Joseph in Egypt with such emotion that I felt as if he himself had witnessed the circumstances he so feelingly described, especially Joseph's making himself known to his brethren, an incident over which my father wept perhaps as much as Joseph himself. Morning after morning the request was repeated—“Tell me again about Joseph!” and morning after morning the narrative was repeated with undiminished emotion. (See p. 380, 381.)

His affection for his mother was very strong. For many years she was supported by him, and when his pecuniary resources were very small he loved to minister to her necessities. He had sent at the usual time, through the



Post-office, a £5 note which was stolen. His mother anxiously waited till her resources were nearly exhausted. At length she wrote—"My son, Joseph in Egypt, the corn is nearly gone." Great was his grief. Another note was promptly posted in a letter on the outside of which was written—"This letter contains a £5 note. The last was stolen. Please let this pass—it is for a poor widow." It arrived safely. Often have his children heard him speak with choking utterance and streaming eyes of how this mother died with these words on her lips—"The Lord bless him—my Joseph in Egypt—the Lord bless him—bless him—bless him!" Verily the prayer was answered, and the promise literally fulfilled—"Thy days shall be long in the land." (See p. 25.)

In the domestic circle he was all tenderness and unselfishness—delighting to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of his family, but seeking no separate gratification for himself. I should think there have been few whose personal expenses were so small as compared with the measure of his outlay for others. To his wife (as the diary abundantly testifies) he ever showed the most tender and considerate affection, an ardent lover as well as a faithful husband to the very last. He entered with all his heart into the joys, sorrows and projects of his elder children, and delighted to romp with the younger. He treasured up with great interest specimens of our first efforts in writing and drawing. His generosity of heart led him to rejoice in the pleasures of others even though he could not share them. Many times when, through pressure of business, he was unable to join his family in their excursions of pleasure, he took the greatest interest in their comfort and enjoyment, tapping his barometer to see if the weather would be suitable, and parting from them at the door with the kindest expressions—then, on their return, meeting them so pleasantly, and hearing with evident delight and gratitude their accounts of a happy day.

The family scene on a Sunday evening, when parents and children sat round the fire repeating hymns, will ever be fresh in the memory of us all. He always commenced, the child on his left hand following, and so on, round and round the circle till it was time to break up for evening service. With what pathos would he repeat his special favourites, such as—"O for a heart to praise my God,"—"Guide me O thou great Jehovah," &c. And sometimes, with peculiar solemnity, he would interrupt the repetition by urging us to give our hearts entirely to God so that we might all meet, a redeemed family, in heaven. This hallowed exercise of speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs would then close by all uniting in singing—

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour  
Rest upon us from above.  
May we thus abide in union,  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford."

This "hymn-repeating" is continued by his children to the third generation, a valuable incentive to personal piety by those at home and a precious bond of sympathy with those afar off. My brother A. referring to these family gatherings writes: "Hallowed seasons these. Often when tossed upon the billows of the deep, or upon the still more dangerous depths of sin, has the returning Sabbath evening hour of hymns and psalms been to my soul like the sheet-anchor to a storm-tossed mariner. 'They are now engaged in repeating hymns, and I in the service of the devil.' Often have tears started at the thought. Such were some of the cables which bound our hearts to the family circle and held us in many a hurricane of temptation from being driven upon the rocks of sin. It

was the holy consistent life of my honoured parents at home that alone saved *me* from falling into the fearful abyss of infidelity. I had joined an infidel club. In my ignorance I deemed the arguments against the Bible conclusive. I *wanted* to disbelieve what marred my sinful pleasure. I began to inspect the lives of professors and tried to put them all down as more or less deceived or deceivers, as hypocrites and humbugs. But when I looked at home I felt that there, at any rate, were two whose lives were daily evidences of the truthfulness of their profession. I believe it would have rejoiced me to have detected a flaw in the religious consistency of my parents. But I could not, and their *lives* upset all the sophistry of the debating room. I said to myself—'Whatever others may be, I know that my father and mother are sincere—their holy lives persuade me there must be something in religion after all.'"

It is worthy of remark that whereas my father dated his conversion from March 14, 1812, it was not till Nov. 19, 1818, that he was finally victorious over his besetting sin. During upwards of six years the conflict lasted, and often the flesh seemed to have gained complete victory over the spirit. Was he then insincere in his religious convictions during that period? None who read the original diary can think so, few who read the extracts given in this volume. My own full persuasion is that from the 14th March, 1812, my father became a real Christian, in spite of his lamentable failures while the stern struggle lasted with the evil habits by which he was "tied and bound." Surely his example teaches the duty of long-suffering forbearance towards all who manifest any desire for reformation, however numerous and distressing may be their temporary relapses. In this respect the conduct of the Methodists at Worcester well deserves praise and imitation. (See p. 29, July 6.) God's forbearance with us should make us forbearing with our fellow-sinners. The

church should never sanction sin, but should never cease to bear patiently with sinners, and should never cast off its erring members so long as they have any compunction for their faults. Better to err on the side of charity than of sternness—to hold a fallen brother too long so as to incur the charge of complicity, than to cast him off too soon so as to plunge him into hopeless despair.

But how was it that the conflict lasted so long? How came it to pass that in spite of the Grace of God, the study of the Bible, the preaching of the gospel, the holy sacraments, the society of Christians, and earnest prayer—how came it to pass that again and again he fell so grievously, and often seemed so nearly lost? Were all human means used which were appropriate? In my father's case habit had become a second nature. Moreover, the occasional lust for wine had assumed the diseased form known as *oinomania*. For him, entire abstinence was essential as a preventive of excess. There were times when a single glass acted as a spark to gunpowder. The spark might have been withheld—but, when applied, the explosion was unavoidable. But this thought did not occur to his anxious and distressed friends. Still they placed wine and spirits on their tables, partaking of those beverages in his presence, and encouraging him to join them, only with the advice to be moderate—advice inapplicable to him. At length medical treatment was resorted to and medicine prescribed. But that medicine failed till abstinence was practised. The editor has often been applied to for the prescription (see p. 354) as if it were a cure for drunkenness. My opinion is that it may render total abstinence less difficult; but that total abstinence without the medicine will be successful, while the medicine, without total abstinence, will only encourage vain hopes and do more harm than good.

Had my father abstained altogether, from March 14, 1812, all that conflict, disgrace, agony and peril had been

spared. Would it have been unphilosophical or unscriptural if his friends had said,—“Brother! your safety requires you to relinquish these beverages entirely. It is especially difficult for you, with habits so inveterate, and a morbid craving so strong, to give them up. It is scarcely possible for you to do this if to your other difficulties is superadded that of standing alone, and being remarked in every society. It is easy for us who have not your infirmity. For your sake, then, we will join you in a resolution of abstinence. We will not hold before your eyes, and praise in your hearing, and enjoy in your presence that which we know you cannot safely drink yourself. We will not place before you a temptation too strong for you to resist. We will go further. We will abstain entirely. You will find it less difficult to act in concert with an association to which you are pledged in honour, than if you stood alone. Gratitude to those who make this self-sacrifice for you, will strengthen your resolution. We will pray that you may not be led into temptation, and we will pray practically by not ourselves leading you there. And so, trusting in God, whose grace works in connection with appropriate means, and in order to encourage you in what is for you absolutely necessary, we will agree with you totally to discontinue the use of these drinks as beverages?” Who can doubt that with my father’s deep convictions, earnest resolutions, and the help of Divine grace so evidently imparted to him, this course would have been successful from the first?

But as with many other useful discoveries, the thing which is simple when known, was not then conceived of. But it is different now. The simple method of cure by abstinence—the application to this special case of our Saviour’s precept—“See that ye *enter not* into temptation”—is well known, and is the means of rescuing thousands of drunkards annually. I am almost weekly applied to for advice by persons in the upper classes of society on

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behalf of some friend whose besetting sin is intemperance. Beyond the general advice which every Christian would give I have but one reply,—“The person thus ensnared must abstain, and his friends must show their sincerity on his behalf by abstaining too, in order to render it easier for him.” I venture to ask whether such a course would be opposed to that Christianity which says—“Unless a man take up his cross and deny himself he cannot be my disciple. Let no man place a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother’s way. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, is offended or made weak.”

In a private box opened after my father’s decease, a bottle containing a little sediment, was found wrapped up in a newspaper report of his temperance speech—narrating his own history. On the outside was written—“This phial is one of upwards of 200 of those out of which J. V. H. drank a preparation of steel in the year 1816. It is preserved like the pot of manna—to show the way in which the Lord delivered his servant out of the wilderness—out of an horrible pit—out of his besetting sin. O praised be the Lord. This medicine was persevered in from March 2nd, 1816, till about the end of September following—about seven months—and from September 19th, 1816, till November 22nd, 1836, the day of making this memorandum, not a drop of wine or spirituous liquor has ever passed the surface of the tongue of J. V. H.: and for the last eighteen years nothing stronger than tea, coffee, or milk has ever entered his stomach. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness. J. V. H.” Bending over these memorials was it fanatical if my brother A. and myself resolved by the help of God more fervently than ever to wage war against those pernicious drinking customs which annually destroy so many thousands of precious souls, and to which our honoured father so nearly fell a

value? Had he not been rescued, how useful a life, how bright an example would have been lost to the church—how precious a jewel would have been missing from the Saviour's crown? And what would his children have become?

My father's strong faith in the power of prayer was aided by several remarkable instances in his own history. On March 14, 1812, (see p. 24) when he seemed to hear a voice saying "If thou wilt forsake thy sins they shall be forgiven thee," a day which he always regarded as that of his spiritual as well as his natural birth, my mother had been more than ordinarily earnest in prayer, in consequence of the sad condition into which at that time he had fallen. Having, in the last extremity, implored some special succour when, without an almost miraculous intervention, utter ruin seemed inevitable, she went out on some domestic affairs, and when she returned found my father as described on page 25, "a new creature."

He often spoke of the preservation of my mother's life in answer to the prayer of faith, as recorded on page 215. But there was a circumstance in connection with that event which he has not recorded, and to which he seldom alluded, and that only in a very confidential manner. When he was at Worcester a nobleman much addicted to astrology, called on him and drew his horoscope. Any attempt to pry into that futurity which God in wisdom and mercy has hidden, is sure to carry with it its own retribution. It was so in my father's case. Amongst minor predictions, a very heavy cloud was to overshadow his path at a certain period twenty years distant. The bursting of the storm was to be the death of his wife. As years rolled on so many events occurred in accordance, as my father thought, with the horoscope, that he anticipated with much dread the period of the threatened cloud. This dread was increased as the time drew near, by symptoms of illness in my mother, from whom however he had concealed the

prediction. She grew worse and worse until the very day announced, when three medical men said that she could not survive more than a few minutes. Then it was he felt prompted to plead the promise—"If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." He seemed to hear the response—"Thy prayer is answered." The doctors now told him that their patient was just expiring. "No," said my father—"she will recover," and from that moment she began to amend. As I write this, more than thirty years afterwards, our dear mother is in good health, blessing her children and her children's children by her love, her prayers, and her holy example. "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer, —I am the Lord that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish, but confirmeth the word of his servant." Is. xlv. 24—26.

Another instance I will give in the words of my brother Arthur. "One department of his business at Maidstone was an extensive wine trade, handed down from his predecessor. Though an abstainer from wine from personal considerations, he did not then see any impropriety in the traffic, as he did not supply public-houses, but only the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The formation of Total Abstinence Societies led to the discussion of the traffic question. At that time I despised teetotalism and expressed my determination that when I had a share of the business I would push the wine department. When circumstances had led me to London for a time, my father saw the danger to which I should be exposed on my return, and in my absence determined to give up the trade, refusing to sell it as such, at a premium, and simply making over the stock at a valuation to another wine merchant. He earnestly prayed that the opposition I should certainly make to his act might be removed. That prayer was answered. Unknown to my parents, I had at the same time, in London, become convinced of the impor-



tance of teetotalism as an agent of physical, political and moral good, not then seeing its vast importance in a religious point of view. I determined to go home and sign the pledge in my native town, where I was well known as an enemy of total abstinence. I sent word that I was coming but did not explain my object. Before entering the house I went to the Secretary of the Society and signed the pledge. This detained me some little while. Well do I remember that night. My father had given me up as the omnibus had passed the door several minutes, and he was pleasurably astonished to see me enter. 'What makes you so late?' said he. 'I've been to sign the pledge!' I replied. My parents looked at each other speechless, my father's arms upraised in gratitude and astonishment. Their prayer had been answered. That night was a memorable one in my history. Signing that pledge was the first step to the cross of Christ, though I knew it not then. As with thousands so with me, it was my stepping stone to salvation." (See p. 264.)

His religion exhibited a remarkable combination of personal strictness, with charitable consideration of others. He had no relish for general society or for amusements which some devout people regard as unobjectionable. But he never made his own conduct a rule for others, or questioned the sincerity of those who differed from himself in reference to what was not absolutely condemned by the word of God. He would never tolerate conversation which had even the appearance of backbiting or slander. Nor could he endure any approach to angry altercation. He has often quietly left the room when even a pleasant argument has been carried on, as he thought, too warmly. His was the charity that "envieth not, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," but "hopeth all things and endureth all things."

The modest character of his Christian confidence and joy is illustrated by the following conversation, which he

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frequently quoted, between the Rev. Rowland Hill and himself. On the second visit of this eminent preacher, my father, in reply to an inquiry after his welfare, said, "I am just where you left me." "What!" said Mr. Hill, "got no further?" "No," said my father, "not a step." "Where was it then?" inquired Mr. Hill. "Rejoicing with trembling," was the reply. "Be sure and stop there," eagerly responded the venerable evangelist, "don't try to go a step beyond. I've met sometimes with people who got further than that, and when I have asked about them they had got away out of sight altogether! My old book says, 'Blessed is the man that feareth always.'"

This modesty of confidence was also illustrated by the following conversation which occurred a few days before his departure. Reference had been made by my brother A. to a meeting of the Tract Society at Maidstone some years before, when my father being in the chair, one of the speakers referring to the number of souls saved through reading "The Sinner's Friend," said—"What a clapping of hands there will be when the author enters heaven." J. V. H.—"When? Ah—if I ever get there!" A.—"Why—you don't mean to say you have any doubts? Are you not certain you'll get there?" J. V. H.—"Well—I've no doubts, because Christ came to save sinners and I am one. If I got up to the gate and any there should object to such a sinner going in, I can fancy another one saying—'O, but you *must* let him in—he has got a drop of the Master's blood upon him, and that cleanseth from all sin. No, I cannot doubt. I don't think the devil would much like me in hell. He would be saying—'Turn that psalm-singing, Christ-loving fellow out.'" Then he added—"Arthur—never give up hope for the vilest—your father is an instance of God's mercy, for he was one of the vilest." His favourite seal, an enlarged copy of which is stamped on the cover of this volume expressed his only

and habitual confidence—the cross, an anchor, and the words, “Other refuge have I none.”

I never met with any Christian who was so constantly bearing witness to the love of Christ. He was indeed “instant in season and out of season.” For many years he regularly visited the prison, and conducted a religious service weekly in the workhouse. He also occasionally supplied the place of his pastor at the week evening service. Among his papers I have found several of the outlines or “plans” which he prepared for these occasions. The following will serve as a specimen :—

“PSALM XCI. 13.

*‘The lion and the adder shall thou trample under foot.’*

“This must allude to the spiritual lion, the adversary of our soul. S. Paul says, We wrestle against ‘spiritual wickedness in high places,’ and S. Peter, ‘Your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about,’ &c. Sampson slew a lion, but he afterwards, though the strongest man upon earth, met with a lion which was too strong for him—his besetting sin, by giving way to which he lost his liberty and his eyes. Ah! many have lost their liberty, their eyes, and their souls also by being overcome by such a lion. David also slew a lion, but he afterwards also, like poor Sampson, met with a lion which was too strong for him, and which brought him into misery and disgrace. David also felt the sting of the adder, and in the bitterness of his anguish cried out, ‘Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation,’ and ‘take not thy Holy Spirit from me, but restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.’ There is not a Christian breathing but has had to contend with lions in his pilgrimage. Even Paul found this, as he testifies in writing to his son Timothy—‘I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.’ Then he trampled the lion under his feet. But where did Paul find his strength? Why in the living God, for he says, ‘All forsook me;’ all his friends ran away from him, but he says, ‘The Lord stood with me and strengthened me, and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.’ Christians may be, and they are too often, very severely tried by the lion of unbelief, especially when a cross providence arises which seems to threaten the means of obtaining their daily bread. Sickness overtakes them, or the threatened loss of the usual use of their limbs, and then the prospect appears so dark

and gloomy, that they are ready to cry out, 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Will he be favourable no more?' But the Lord does not forget nor overlook his tried or tempted children, for his promise of the mere supply of bread and water can never fail; and He will in his own due time enable them to tread upon the lion and the adder; and the Lord mercifully condescends to give this reason for it, 'Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.' What! Do you think the Lord will ever forget his word, that it shall not be fulfilled? Can his promise fail? O no, no! Heaven and earth may disappear, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. All that we have to do is to call upon Him. He is always ready to answer, for his word declares to those in trouble, 'He shall call upon me and I will answer, I will be with him in trouble.' Not like the world, for trouble is sometimes so alarming to worldly friends, that people are afraid to come near. Not so with God; He is ever ready, always at hand, to deliver. Not merely deliverances from outward trouble, but from inward conflict—which is often worse by far than all the outward trouble in the whole of a Christian's experience. How often has the Christian to cry out—yes, even the true Christian—how often has he to cry out—'When I would do good evil is present with me.' Where is he to go? Where? Why to that God who declares in this beautiful portion of his word, 'I will deliver him and honour him.' But the Lord does not stop here. He has got something more for those whom He has delivered—even long life and salvation. Now then, my dear friends, let us review all these mercies—our mercies. Here's a God; a Refuge; a Shield; a Buckler. Though a thousand fall around you, no harm shall come upon any of you, because you are under the protection of angels. Besetting sins—the lion and the adder—all under your feet, and Christ in your heart, and salvation made secure. Come then, all ye who are disconsolate and mourning, either in your circumstances or in your souls. O come to Christ, who has promised rest to all who are weary and heavy laden, assuring them that He has prepared a place for them, that where He is, their shall his followers be also. May God, in his infinite mercy, give you all faith to believe it, and a craving appetite to feed upon it and enjoy it. And to his blessed Name be all the praise. Amen."

But though my father frequently delivered addresses in workhouses and cottages, and, when urged to do so, to small congregations in school-rooms and occasionally

in places of public worship, his chief labours were with individuals. It was scarcely possible to be in his company a few minutes without hearing from his lips the testimony for God. He used to delight in placing in the hedges copies of "The Sinner's Friend" open at the page—"Sinner! this little book is for you!" Being reminded of this during his illness he said—"Yes! and I always stuck them up with a prayer." In coaches, steamboats, and on the roadside, it was his habit to present a religious tract to young and old, rich and poor, and generally to enter into conversation with them. That which would have been felt intrusive in most people did not seem so in him. So impressive yet so benevolent and courteous was his manner, that, even when the theme was uncongenial, he himself was listened to with interest. However busy he might be he was always ready to speak of Christ, and to engage in religious exercises. I have often seen him, when immersed in cares and labours, lay down his pen on the entrance of a Christian friend, speak to him for a few minutes with the utmost spiritual ardour on heavenly subjects, and then resume his work as if there had been no interruption. He often said he was like a bottle containing water and oil; when shaken, the oil is mixed with the water, but the moment the bottle is at rest, the oil mounts to the surface. Fervent love to God in Christ—to a living, personal, Divine Saviour and Friend—was habitually the dominant emotion in his soul, and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spake.

He concerned himself very little with abstruse theological questions. His all-absorbing thought was this—"God is Love. Jesus is the Friend of sinners. He has saved me—even me! He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. He is able and willing to save you!" This was the burden of his speech for nearly fifty years. This was the message which he sent all over the world by his little tract. And I feel I

cannot close this sketch in a manner more pleasing to himself than by quoting his appeal on the first page of that tract :—

“Sinner ! This little book is for You ! To give you Hope and Comfort, Joy and Peace.

“Only believe in the *willingness* of God to forgive *every* PENITENT Sinner, and pray earnestly to Him for mercy, and rest assured that if you are truly penitent,—NOT ELSE, He *will* pardon you, (yes, even *you*) for the sake of his beloved SON.

“REMEMBER—‘The Lord *waiteth* to be gracious’ unto you, therefore put away the temptations of Satan, who would have you distrust the mercies of God, and persuade you to believe that your sins are *too great* to be pardoned. This is *impossible* ; and the reason is, because *the blood of CHRIST cleanseth* us from ALL sin.” 1 John i. 7.

“ ‘ Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness madly dream ;  
The only fitness HE requireth  
Is to *feel your need of HIM.* ’ ”

“*Secret*, earnest *Prayer*, is the *never failing* method of obtaining relief and comfort in seasons of the deepest distress.

“A tender, broken, contrite heart ; a humble consciousness of having merited condemnation ;—an earnest application for mercy ;—these are things which accompany salvation, and *will always be received* by our gracious God.

“The reader of this little book must remember, that, of *himself*, he can do nothing to *merit* the favour of God ; but he need not be discouraged, for God is willing to bestow his Holy Spirit on *every* one who asketh ; and also to give repentance, faith, and the spirit of prayer to every seeking soul ; *none denied.*”

The mortal remains of Mr. J. V. Hall were interred in

H H

Abney Park, on the 26th September, 1860. His true monument, "The Sinner's Friend," is in every part of the world. The tombstone in the cemetery bears this inscription:—

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JOHN VINE HALL,  
THE BELOVED AND HONOURED AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND,"  
WHO ENTERED INTO THE JOY OF HIS LORD,  
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